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NOVEMBER 1, 1952 • FIFTEEN CENTS

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So He Took the Cobra Venom And Shot It into His Arm

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Bell Telephone System

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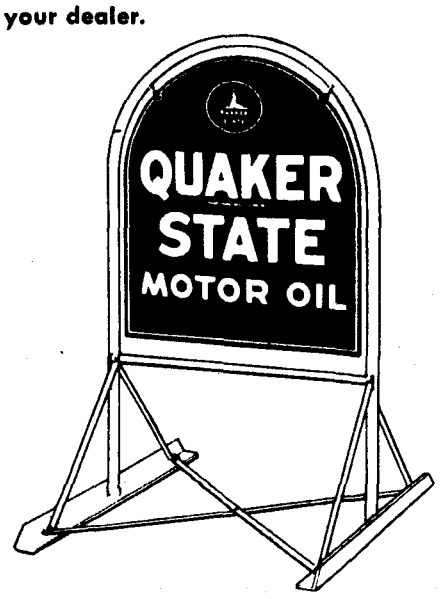

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November 1, 1952

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The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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The Cover

Mary Hartig is a Powers model who spends a good deal of her time applying make-up to her pretty face. In William Ritter's photograph she proves that cosmetics do not have to make a woman look artificial. This hasn't always been true of powders and paints, as you will see in a lovely-to-look-at history of make-up on pages 12 and 13.

Week's Mail

Mama & the Girls

EDITOR: Gabbing with the Gabors (Sept. 6th) leaves me disgusted and bewildered; disgusted because I have spent my money for a magazine that has nothing more worth while and enlightening to print, and bewildered as to why it was written.

It certainly wasn't for the average housewife like myself, who maintains a household without any servants. And as for the average male, I should think it would be somewhat frustrating to think that his wife is unable to loll around in beautiful filmy negligees and has to resort to such lowly tasks as rearing children and washing dishes.

It must have been written for the Gabors themselves.

MRS. G. WHITT, Whittier, Cal.

. . . I was just wondering about Mrs. Gabor's ability to teach her daughters how to handle men. Considering the number of divorces among this female quartet, Mama Gabor evidently failed to teach her girls how to keep their husbands after they once got them.

Of the two abilities, to me, this seems much more important.

NANCY SMITH, Whiting, Ind.

. . . I have read Gabbing with the Gabors several times now, and continue to find it the greatest waste of space that I have ever seen in Collier's. The pictures are nice, but never have I read such utter nonsense.

Do these beauties actually believe that a frequent change of husbands indicates one's authority on men? Many other people, I'm sure, have a very opposite opinion.

L. CRANDELL, Baltimore, Md.

. . . I am puzzled. If Mama Gabor taught her charming daughters how to handle men, what happened to those eight husbands? Did they have mamas too? GENEVA MONTS, Hope, Ark.

. . . If the Gabors consider themselves a simple, average family, I wish to consider mine strictly abnormal.

MRS. D. D. FRAZIER, Angleton, Tex.

Collier's tongue was firmly in its cheek, its eye on an interesting, if minor, social phenomenon. And if you don't take it too seriously, wasn't it amusing?

So There, Mr. Smith!

EDITOR: H. Allen Smith's article on women not being able to read a map (Inch and a Half to Go, Sept. 6th), burns me to a crisp.

My sister and I have traveled extensively, and since neither of our husbands knows the first thing about reading a map we do all the planning. What is so difficult about map reading, anyhow? We find it most interesting. We

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DECANTER

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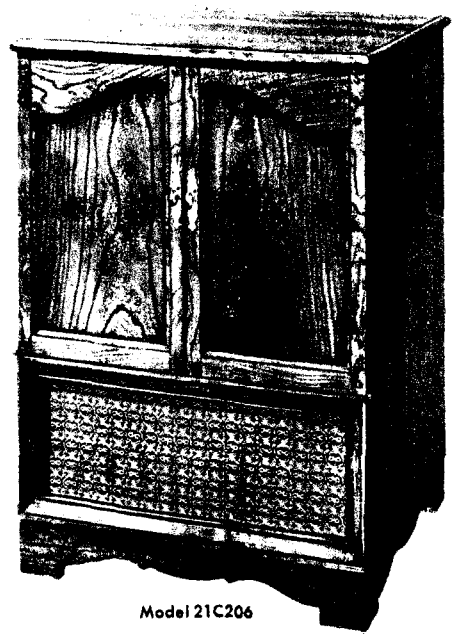

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

Week's Mail CONTINUED

can spend hours just planning a trip, and both our husbands will vouch for the fact we always arrive at our destinations without any wrong turns.

Just because Mr. Smith encountered a few women who did not know one route from another, I think he is most unfair in classifying us all as unable to read maps! Furthermore, I don't believe he knows as much about map reading as he pretends. Tell him when he is in Boston we'll be happy to give him a lesson. ALICE G. SULLIVAN,
Brookline, Mass.

Eye-Openers

EDITOR: The eye world must have been gratified to have the article, What You Don't Know about Your Eyes (Sept. 6th) read by your great audience. It should greatly benefit the nation's visual health and well-being.

Two additional points will interest readers: (1) You state that "glasses serve merely as a vision corrective for people with myopia . . . hyperopia . . . or astigmatism. . . ." Far more Americans—36,000,000, in fact—suffer from presbyopia, the waning of the eye's focusing powers affecting almost everyone of middle age. This condition means seeing difficulty at near and at the intermediate distances between far and near.

Happily, it can be reported that millions of these presbyopes have, by going to their eye specialists, successfully regained clear, comfortable vision through the use of bifocals, and that more than a million have had presbyopia's most improved, up-to-date alleviator, continuous vision lenses, prescribed for them.

(2) The article stated incorrectly that "cataract glasses are heavy and awkward." They used to be—before our company introduced its new, more compact, precision-made cataract lenses in May, 1952. ROBERT O. BARBER,
The Univis Lens Co., Dayton, Ohio

. . . As a practicing optometrist, I must protest against many features of Carle Hodge's article, What You Don't Know about Your Eyes.

An optometrist is not a technician who fits glasses, but a highly trained independent professional practitioner, licensed by his State Board of Examiners after five years of preprofessional and professional study in such fields as ocular refraction, orthoptics (visual training) and the conservation of vision.

It is well and proper to make the public eye-conscious, to warn it of the insidious progression of glaucoma, and to point out the necessity for ophthalmological care, and to stimulate an awareness of the more common eye diseases.

On the other hand, by not rejecting the use of "store-bought" glasses, by not stressing the importance of properly prescribed glasses and by ignoring the true status of the optometrist in the field of visual care, the public has been misadvised, misinformed and misled.
ROBERT H. HASKES, O.D.,
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Snafu in Korea

EDITOR: Thanks for presenting to the American public the actual facts concerning The Koje Snafu (Sept. 6th).

Never in the history of warfare have prisoners been coddled and appeased as in the case of the Koje Island prisoner-of-war compound. It is incredible to believe that a high-ranking American officer could be kidnaped and manhandled by his prisoners and no action taken against the offenders, as stated in your article.

If an American soldier here in free America were to make a verbal insult to even the lowest-ranking officer, he would be thrown into the stockade without delay. Yet, the Army high command on Koje allowed its officers and enlisted men to be insulted and assaulted by the prisoners, and continued to coddle and appease the Communist prisoners till the arrival of General Boatner.
E. L. PARKS, Columbus, Ohio

Perfect Form

EDITOR: The criticism of the hurdling form of Mrs. Blankers-Koen, by Pvt. Dee L. Harris (Week's Mail, Sept. 6th), is completely unjustified.

Being a hurdler myself, I know that if Mrs. Blankers-Koen had used the left-arm and left-foot form as suggested by Pvt. Harris, she would not have been able to accomplish all that she did.

Pvt. Harris need not jump hurdles in order to discover the balance offered by the opposite hand and foot motion. While walking, take notice of the movements of the arms and legs as they work against each other in order to balance the body. The form used by the Dutch star, along with the Olympics story itself, was near perfection.
R. W. KIESER, Philadelphia, Pa.

Voting Advice

EDITOR: There is so much literature now calling on people to register and vote that I would like you to remind the people to vote right also. I don't mean I want them to vote my way especially, but I have worked on the election board for years, and many people don't vote right.

If there are 20 amendments they vote no, no, no, down the whole 20, or yes, yes them all. We find as many as 20 or so ballots like that out of 200. No one can be thinking to vote like that.

Then there may be four names, and it says to vote for two. There will be a lot of ballots with all four names with an X in the box. When that happens no name gets a vote. They waste their time and ours.
MRS. M. MATTIAZZI, Chico, Cal.

The Annual Forecast

EDITOR: Thanks for the wonderful cover featuring Jack Scarbath and also for the Football Preview by Francis Wallace (Aug. 30th). A truly great forecast, and I'm sure Maryland will live up to the wonderful honor and praise that your excellent magazine has accorded the team.
ALBERT GARVEN, Elkton, Md.

. . . I intend to save that interesting football prophecy of Mr. Francis Wallace, for him to eat soon after Thanksgiving. But does he like his green summer produce dried—or pickled? D. S. MCMURLIN,
Stanford University, Cal.

We'll just withhold the picking of Mr. Wallace's post-Thanksgiving menu until the returns are in.

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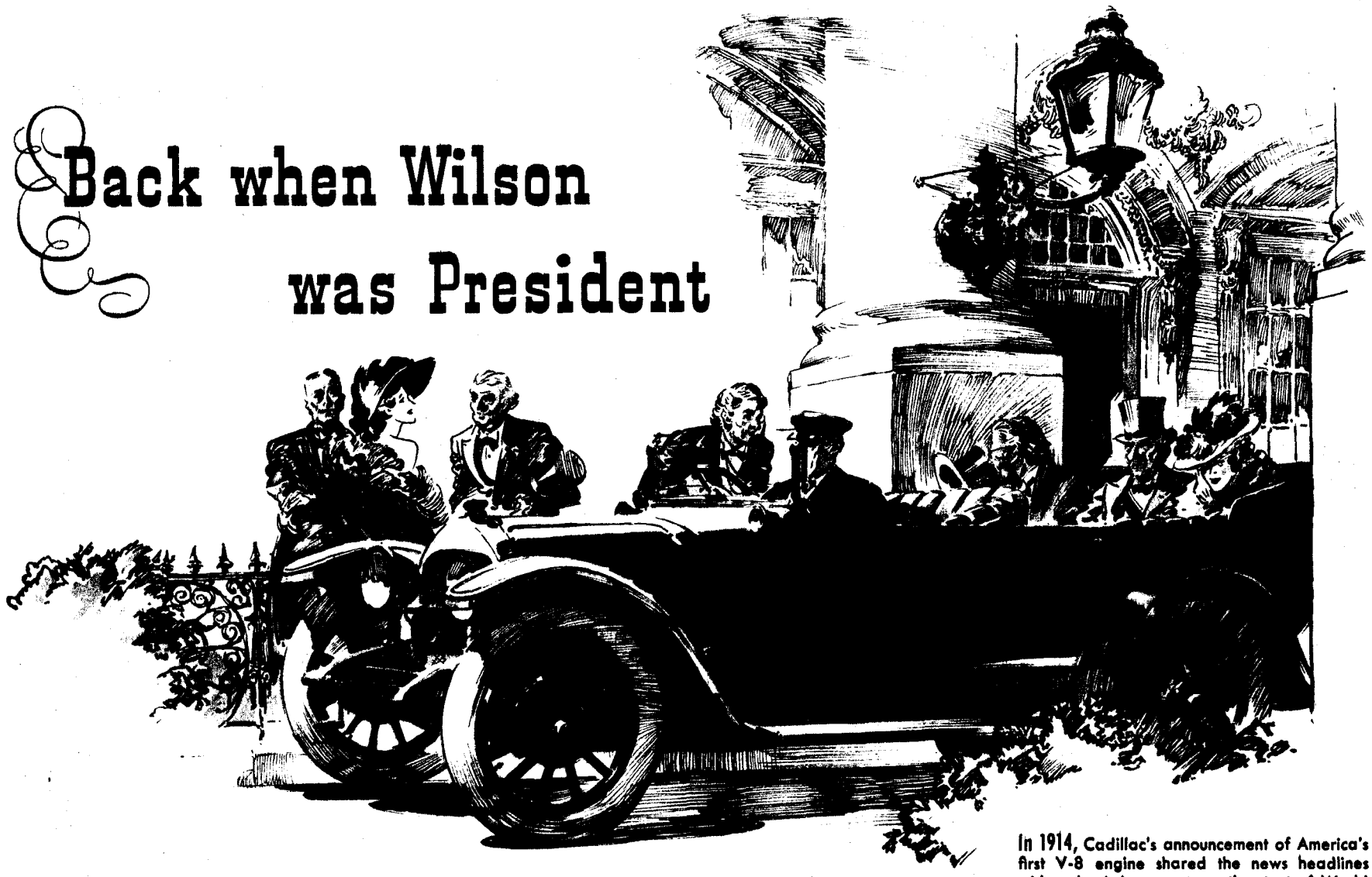
Back when Wilson was President



In 1914, Cadillac's announcement of America's first V-8 engine shared the news headlines with such stirring events as the start of World War I and the opening of the Panama Canal.

BACK WHEN Wilson was President - - and the 1914 Cadillac was the "Standard of the World," as it is today - - AC was already the established leader of the spark plug industry.

ACs have "sparked" the performance of every new Cadillac model since - - have been standard factory equipment on nearly as many new cars as all other makes of plugs combined.

AC's latest improvement is the patented *CORALOX* Insulator. It provides better insulator shapes - - better heat conduction - - better electrical insulation - - greater resistance to fouling - - surer firing throughout the entire heat range of the engine.

For smoother, surer, longer-lasting spark plug operation, vitalize your engine with ACs. There's a type for every make of car.

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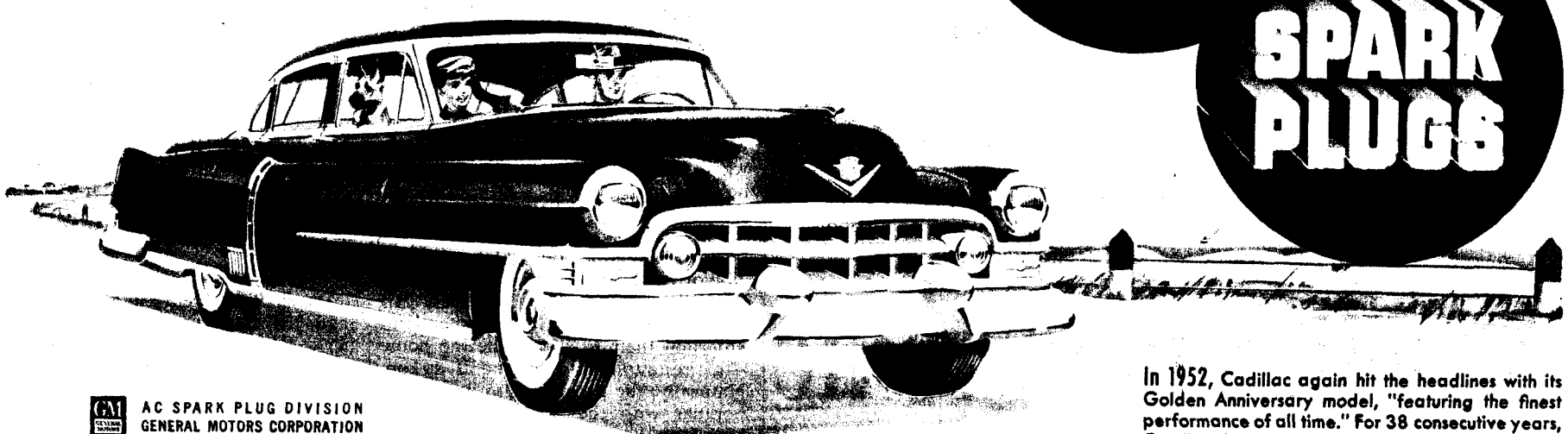
AC SPARK PLUGS



GM AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION
GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

In 1952, Cadillac again hit the headlines with its Golden Anniversary model, "featuring the finest performance of all time." For 38 consecutive years, Cadillac has standardized on AC Spark Plugs.

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oh-oh, Dry Scalp!

"JEFF ALWAYS HITS the headpin just right, but he'll never make a hit with that head of unruly hair. He's got all the signs of Dry Scalp. Dull, hard-to-manage hair . . . and loose dandruff, too. He'll bowl 'em over, though, when he starts using 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic . . . "

Hair looks better... scalp feels better... when you check Dry Scalp

GREAT WAY to start your day! A few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic a day work wonders. It checks loose dandruff and those other annoying signs of Dry Scalp because it supplements the natural scalp oils ...gives your hair that handsome, natural look. Contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients . . . and it's economical, too.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

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48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Both sides organizing motor corps to haul voters to the polls. Highly laudable purpose everywhere to get all voters to the ballot boxes. Like the Honorable Pat V. James, of Hot Coffee Corners near Laurel, Mississippi. Last time we saw Mr. James, a tireless patriot, was some years ago on election morn. Mr. James was sitting impatiently in his car at a filling station. What held that car together is an unsolved mystery. As far as we know, it had never been hit by a fast train, but it sure looked like it. Mr. James was eagerly toting voters pollward and homeward. "Fill her up," cried Mr. James. "Fill her till she busts with the explodin'-est gas you got and slick her innards with a mess of high-priced oil. Get movin'. I'm a-savin' the United States of America!"

★ ★ ★

The way we read it is that England's for Ike but admires Adlai. France favors Adlai but thinks Ike's a fine man. Italy's on the fence hoping they're both elected—just in case. Russia hopes they both hurry up and get lost. All we need now is to get the opinion of tens of millions of American voters.

★ ★ ★

Man we polled in California said he hadn't time to analyze the local political situation for us. Said that he had to hurry home and explain to his wife. "Explain what?" we demanded. "How do I know until I see her?" he demanded back.

★ ★ ★

Civic problems of major importance were piled high on the desk of the Honorable Joe Brooks, assistant city attorney in Little Rock, Arkansas. No sooner solved one than a couple more came in—by mail, phone, in person. At midafternoon Mr. Brooks was still swamped. The telephone rang. Here

was another. Lady wanted to know whether it was illegal to cut off a cat's whiskers. Mr. Brooks said no. Then he went home feeling a little defeated.

★ ★ ★

Romantic note from Oklahoma City. Mayor Allen Street designated a recent seven days as Take Her Out Week. His edict called upon all local husbands to entertain their wives outside the home —at restaurants, movies and so on. Naturally, the proclamation was pretty popular with the women. But Take Her Out Week wasn't a total success. Later, the mayor explained he didn't consider a picnic lunch in the park in keeping with the spirit of the idea. Particularly when the women had to spend hours getting the lunch ready.

★ ★ ★

Eben Greenlegg, of Danbury Quarter, Connecticut, has been in to see us again. Says he saw where a professor said there were seven ways to be happy. "Don't remember what they all are," said Mr. Greenlegg, "but if a fellow can stay out of debt he don't have to worry much about the rest of them."

★ ★ ★

The Agriculture Department in Washington has triumphantly ended its survey of the peanut-eating habits of the American people. Didn't find a sin-

IRWIN CAPLAN

gle family with an annual income of more than $7,500 that shelled its own peanuts. Bought them already shelled. Poor people still shelling their own.

★ ★ ★

If we were in Double Springs, Alabama, we'd probably vote for the Honorable S. Crittenden for mayor, even if we don't know his first name. His vote-soliciting ad won us: "I solemnly pledge you, with reservation, an honest effort to be of service to you and the upbuilding of our town."

★ ★ ★

And if you've heard this one, it isn't our fault. We hadn't. It's about a vacuum-cleaner salesman. His opening line to a prospective purchaser: "Lady, this machine is good. You could use it on Lady Chatterley's Lover and that book would come out Little Lord Fauntleroy."

★ ★ ★

At first quick glance it looked like a good idea. The conceiver of this idea, explaining a coldness that had sprung up between himself and wife, said that the only reason he had decided to ignore his wife's birthday was that women are very sensitive about their ages. But no, he didn't get away with it.

★ ★ ★

We shall now retire to a quiet spot to read the newest cartoon book—Collier's Kids. Two hundred hilarious drawings by 57 Collier's cartoonists. Two copies for five bucks. Four for ten. Any reliable bookstore. Hurry. Hurry. Hurry. ▲▲▲

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Measure of Devotion

IT WAS ONLY on rare occasions that Edna Allen permitted herself the luxury of hiring a woman to help her clean the house. But now, with the holidays just around the corner and Peggy on the way home from college for a long week end, Edna decided that the occasion was special enough to warrant it.

And so, for this one day, she "borrowed" a Mrs. Webb from one of her friends across town who employed her regularly.

The woman, a pleasant-faced person with a tremendous capacity for work, arrived promptly at nine. By noon the upstairs was done and Mrs. Webb had become quite talkative. By the time they'd finished the downstairs and were tidying up the kitchen, Mrs. Webb had covered the early chapters of her life and her conversation had largely to do with her late husband, Jerry Webb.

"I'll tell you, Mrs. Allen, there wasn't a finer man ever lived than my Jerry. He was always so thoughtful and so devoted to me and the children. Never did I have a birthday that he didn't bring me a little present and maybe a box of candy, too. He never forgot an anniversary either, and he was always bringing home little surprises for the children . . . .

"Where do you want these glasses, Mrs. Allen? On the top shelf?

"Yes, it was certainly a shock when poor Jerry passed away nine years ago. Well, that's life, I guess. One day you think you have everything—and then, all of a sudden, you have nothing . . . .

"I guess this will finish up the kitchen, don't you think, Mrs. Allen?"

After Mrs. Webb left, Edna Allen stood at the doorway and watched her as she walked down the street towards the bus stop. Then she turned and went up the stairs to her bedroom —slowly, because she suddenly felt quite tired.

For a long time she sat on the stool in front of her dressing table and looked at the photograph of Dick Allen that stood on the right-hand side under one of the lamps. He had a strong face and a determined one. He had always been so engrossed in the big problems of life that he sometimes forgot the smaller ones . . . flowers on her birthday . . . little surprises for their daughter Peggy. He had let their fifth anniversary slip by unnoticed—he had been working late at the office for days —and even though they joked about it afterwards, Edna recalled that she had felt a little put out about it at the time.

It wasn't until after the accident which took Dick Allen's life that Edna realized how deep and how complete his devotion had been. Her husband's New York Life agent, Paul Warren, came to the house to explain the details of Dick's life insurance. Each policy had its special purpose in the careful plan which Dick and Paul Warren had worked out together over the years. Her own lifetime income . . . money to pay what was left of the mortgage . . . Peggy's expenses through college. Yes, she thought, Dick had sometimes forgotten the little things, but the important ones he had remembered well.

Edna glanced at her watch with a start. Peggy's train was due in less than an hour, and she was nowhere near ready to meet her. She turned on the light on her dressing table and moved the photograph just a little closer to it . . .

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
51 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

Naturally, names used in this story are fictitious.

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Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM

STOPS BAD BREATH

AND

STOPS TOOTH DECAY!

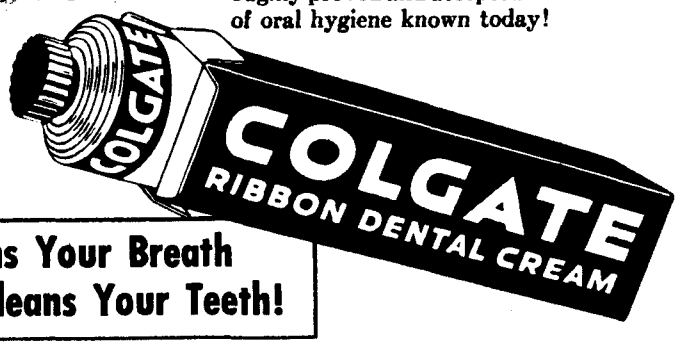
The Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating is the best home method known to help stop tooth decay! And Colgate's instantly stops bad breath in 7 out of 10 cases that originate in the mouth!

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM MAKES YOUR MOUTH FEEL CLEANER LONGER!

Brushing teeth with Colgate Dental Cream right after eating makes your mouth feel cleaner *longer*—gives you a clean, fresh mouth *all day long!* Scientific tests have *proved* in 7 out of 10 cases, Colgate Dental Cream *instantly* stops bad breath that originates in the mouth. And no other toothpaste cleans teeth more effectively, yet so safely!

AND THE COLGATE WAY HELPS STOP DECAY!

Colgate's has proved conclusively that brushing teeth right after eating stops tooth decay *best!* In fact, brushing teeth right after eating with Colgate Dental Cream stopped *more* decay for *more* people than ever before reported in dentifrice history! The Colgate way is the most thoroughly proved and accepted home method of oral hygiene known today!

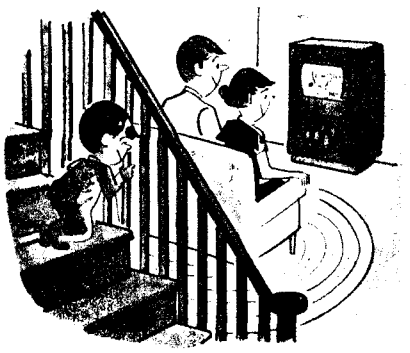


It Cleans Your Breath While It Cleans Your Teeth!

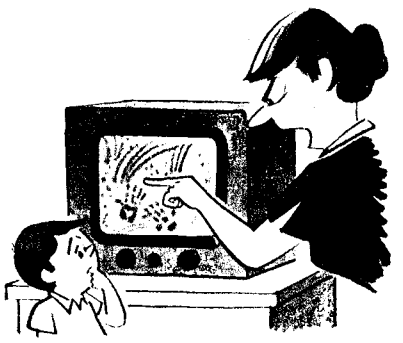
PURE, WHITE, SAFE COLGATE'S WILL NOT STAIN OR DISCOLOR!

Political TV

By STANLEY and JANICE BERENSTAIN



THIRD PARTY



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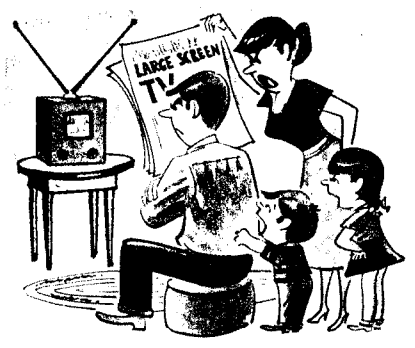

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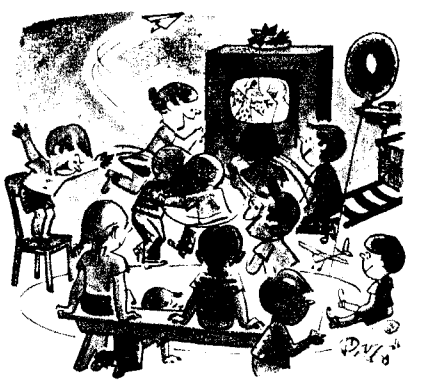

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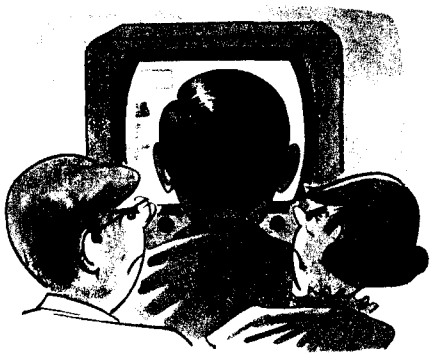

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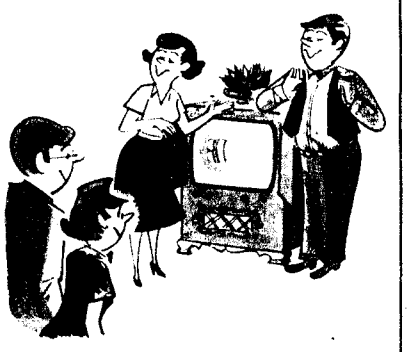
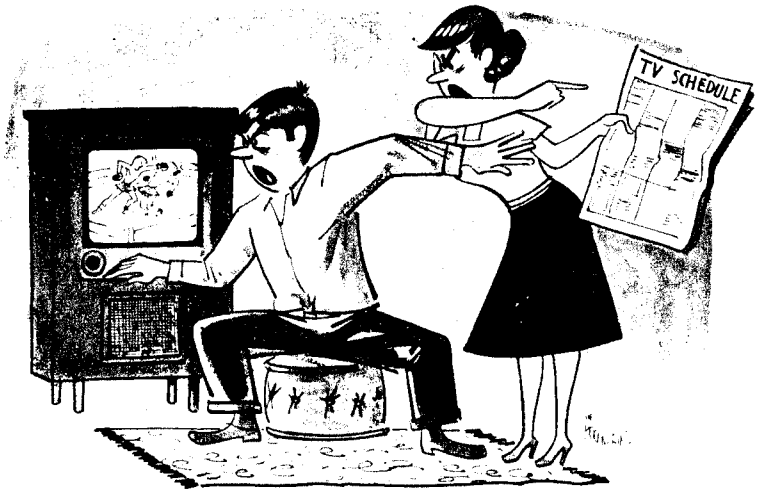


POINTING WITH PRIDE



THE GREAT DEBATE

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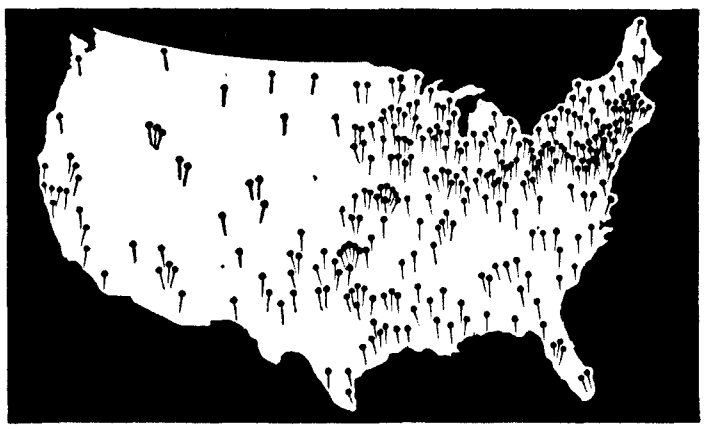
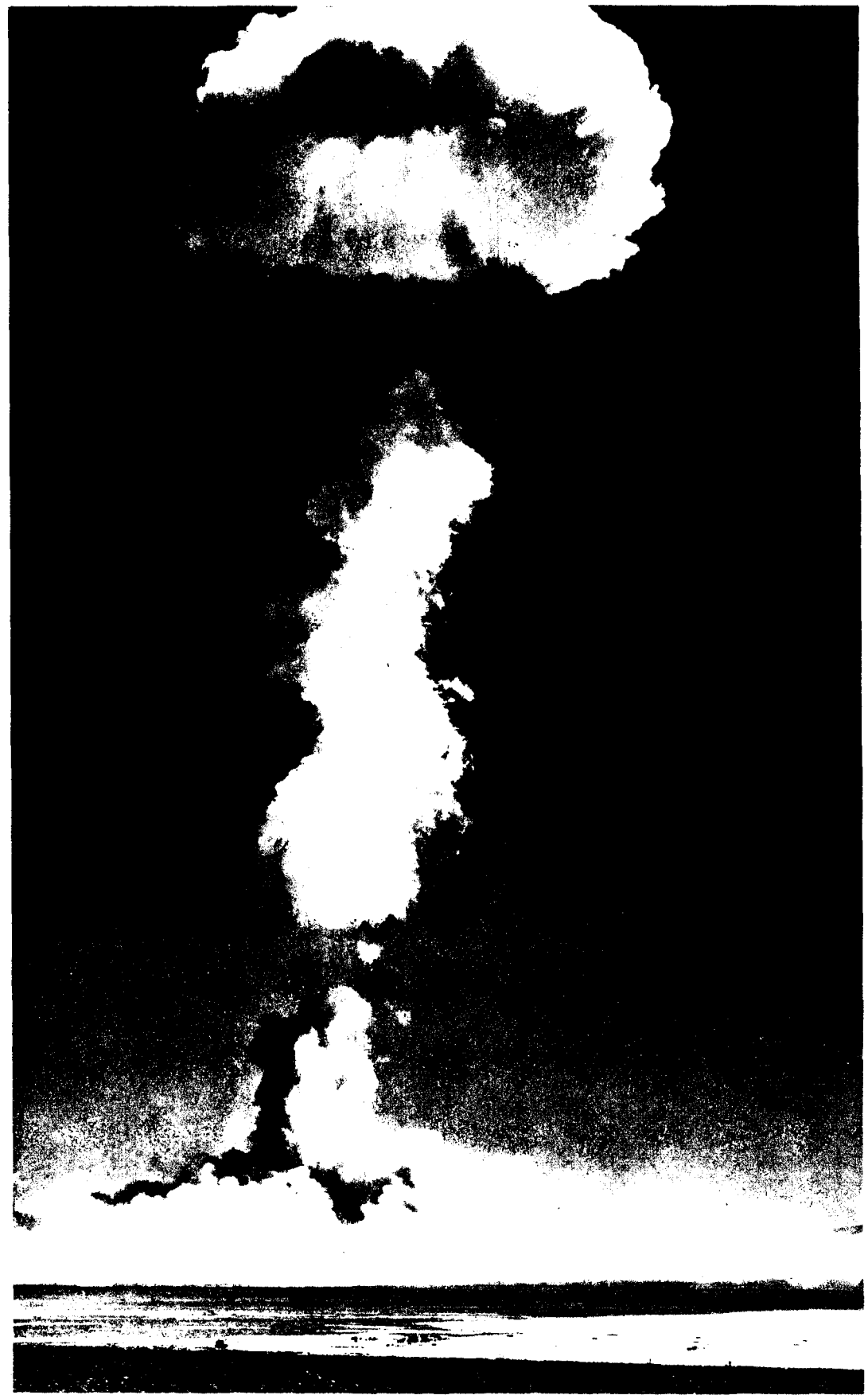
HOW DOES THE POWER GET INTO THE BOMB?

Uranium itself isn't enough. Preparing it for the bomb's A-power takes vast quantities of *electric* power. So do the planes, tanks and other huge Defense production jobs. On top of this, homes, farms and businesses are using twice as much electricity as before World War II. Will the electric companies develop enough power? The answer is YES!

As much electric power as Detroit uses will be needed by one A-bomb factory now nearing completion. Another new A-bomb project will use twice that much. Electric light and power companies are now building a giant power plant for one of these, and are ready to build a plant for the other — faster than the federal government could — *and without one cent of your tax money!*



New plants double U. S. power. The map pinpoints the new electric power plants and plant additions built by the nation's electric companies just since World War II. They give each American *twice* as much electricity as he had then. In spite of this, the people pushing for socialized electricity still talk "power shortages" as an excuse for getting government deeper into the electric business.



10 MILES FROM AN A-BOMB. *Picture taken a few minutes after an A-bomb test at Frenchman's Flat, Nevada. Note the top of the mushroom-shaped cloud is still rising.*

←**Battlefield in the struggle against socialism.** On the Niagara River, five local electric companies are ready to build a big new plant to develop additional electric power. But the job is being held up by those who want government to build the plant — even though that would take longer and cost Americans $350 million in taxes. Similar delays hold up new power at Hell's Canyon, Idaho, Roanoke Rapids, N. C., and Kings River, Calif. — wasting time, money and power. America's electric companies can provide this power — without one cent of tax money — *and without the threat of government monopoly or socialism!*

These facts are heartening proof that the experience and sound business management of the country's hundreds of electric companies are ready and able to meet the nation's biggest power needs. America's ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER COMPANIES*.

**Names on request from this magazine*

• "MEET CORLISS ARCHER"—ABC—Fridays—9:30 P. M., Eastern Time.

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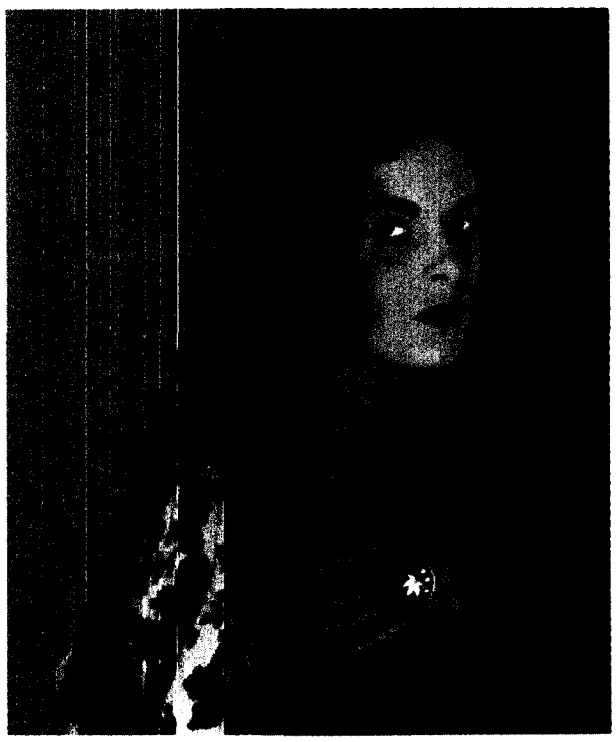
With Paint and

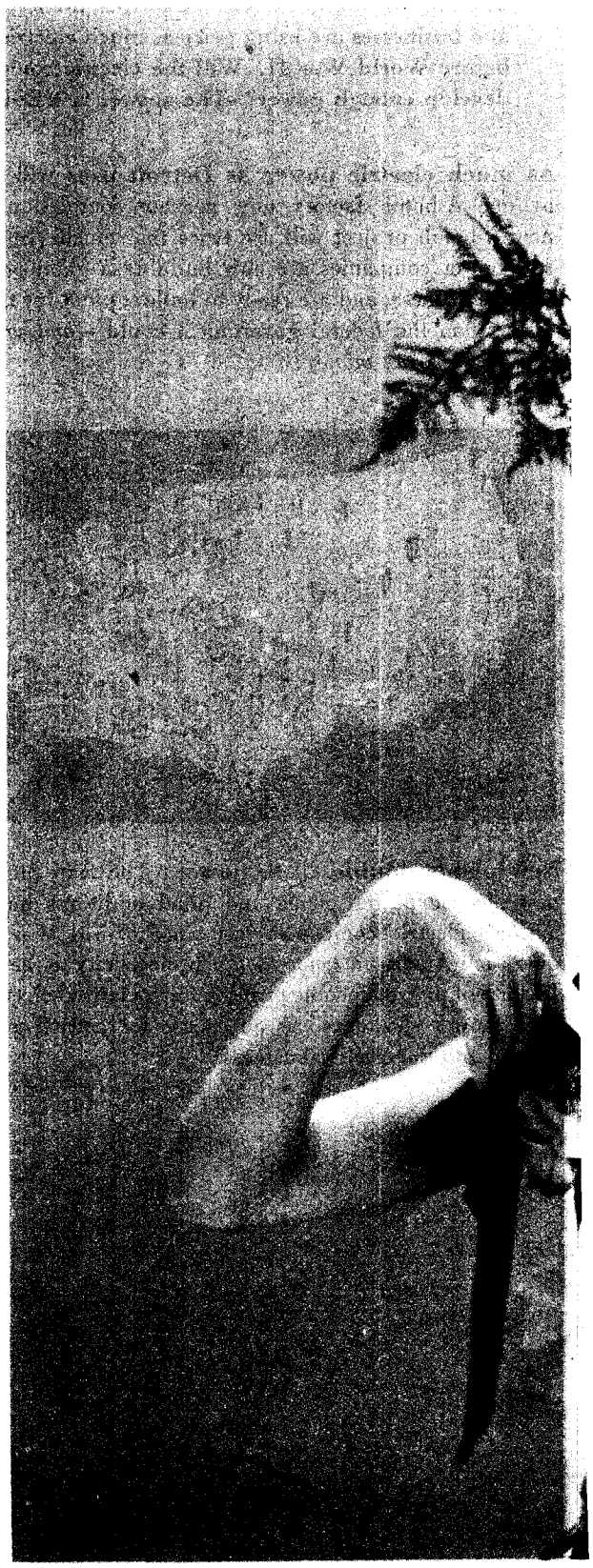
DECORATIVE make-up for the human face is older than recorded time. In the beginning it had nothing to do with beauty. It was used by men and women to keep evil spirits from entering the body through the wearer's eyes, ears, nose and mouth. But gradually, as the human race became more sophisticated, women realized that what was poison for the spirits was meat for the men. Make-up became a beauty aid, and cosmetics was born.

Until fairly recently such beauty preparations as lipstick, rouge and eye shadow were used to help women conform to rigid standards of beauty. Egyptian ladies of 1500 B.C., for instance, painted



Spanish women of the 16th century strove for a cold, aristocratic look. Sallow complexions were favored, and make-up was heavily used for eyes, brows and lips

Centuries ago, the Korean women sought for fragile effect with pale, subdued color in rouge and lipstick, and used both sparingly. Heavier emphasis was put upon the eyes and brows. Korean women still use very much the same style in costumes and cosmetics as their early ancestors did



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Powder Through the Ages

the sides of their noses with green malachite to make them seem long and straight. Similarly, women of the Indus Valley, in 500 B.C., found red-dyed toe and finger tips essential to social acceptance. And in sixteenth-century England, women swallowed ashes and made up with powdered white chalk in an effort to attain sallow complexions like Queen Elizabeth's.

In the nineteenth century, Americans, influenced by strait-laced British Victorianism, virtually gave up make-up entirely. But in the snappy 1920s, make-up came back, and for a time everybody tried to look like Theda Bara or Clara Bow.

Today, naturalness is the keynote. Charles Revson, president of Revlon Products Corporation, and an expert on the history of cosmetics, says: "Make-up has finally gotten around to individuals. Nowadays, each woman develops her good points in her own way. Look-alikes are passé."

With the help of fashion research consultant Michelle Murphy of the Brooklyn Museum in New York, Collier's has on these pages re-created some fashionable façades of other eras. With today's natural look, they prove that women have always been expert at making up their faces, but they can't seem to make up their minds. ▲▲▲

American women of '20s went through a "siren" phase, which called for heavy, almost theatrical use of all cosmetics

Modern girl prefers natural effect. She uses cosmetics to enhance, not hide, her own looks. Make-up is by Revlon

French ladies of Renaissance liked the dainty look, used beauty spots and eye shadow. Big item was the wig, adorned with as much finery as head could carry

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY SHARLAND

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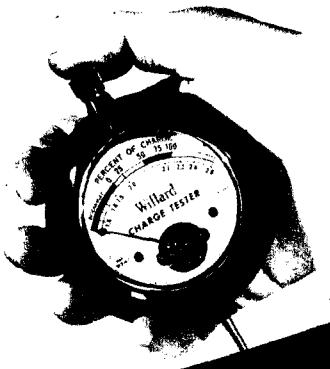

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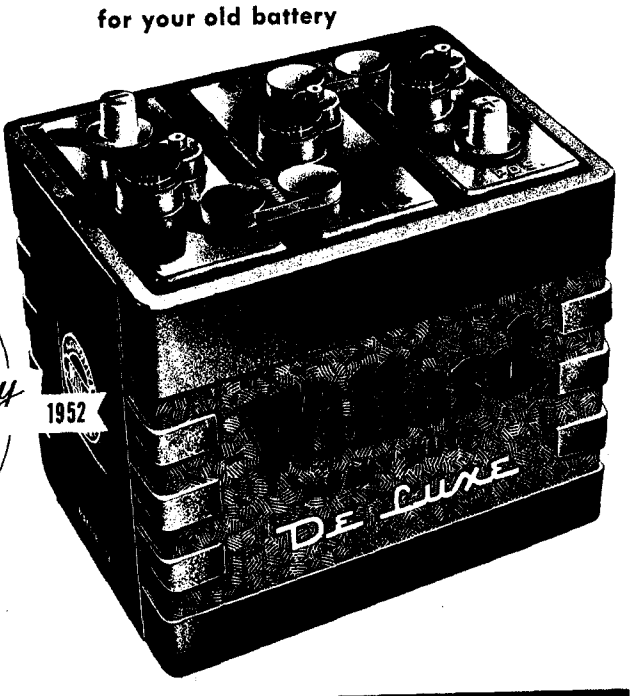

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Collier's, November 1, 1952

The New President Will Need
BIG BILL

By ERNEST BARCELLA

As chief White House receptionist, Bill Simmons is the man you have to clear before you see the President. In his job, Big Bill must be suave, skeptical—and, at times, even tough

BIG Bill Simmons is one White House functionary who isn't worried about the outcome of the Presidential election. Whoever gets elected, Bill can expect to keep his job; he's already a three-termer. Simmons is Chief White House Receptionist—or, as he puts it, "the President's doorkeeper." His is a more important job than he makes it sound. He functions as a greeter, guard, gift-accepter, general factotum, expediter and diplomat.

In somewhat the way that an ambassador is the President's representative in a foreign capital, Bill Simmons is his representative in the lobby of the White House Executive Wing. It's a tricky position, requiring special talents. Because no political Johnny-come-lately could fill it properly, the job is one of the most nearly permanent in the Presidential establishment. There have been only four White House receptionists in all the years since the Civil War; the tenure of Bill's immediate predecessor, the late Pat McKenna, spanned the Presidencies from Theodore to Franklin Roosevelt.

Simmons has held the post since F.D.R. asked him to take it in 1940 (at just under $10,000 a year) "because you are best qualified." No one has ever challenged his qualifications. He combines the alertness of a Secret Service agent (which he was until he became receptionist), the astuteness of a law graduate (which he is), the graciousness of the Southern gentleman (he's a native Washingtonian) and the ruggedness of a night-club bouncer (he's six feet two and packs 214 pounds).

Bill fits in so well with his surroundings that a newcomer might think for a fleeting moment that he was gazing on the President himself, seated at the far end of the Executive Wing lobby. The fifty-seven-year-old Simmons, imposing in appearance and distinguished in manner, sits behind a big walnut desk with all the natural dignity of a chief executive. The setting adds to the illusion. The desk is located in an alcove framed by white pillars. On the wall directly over Simmons' head is the great seal of the President; on his right is an American flag, on his left, the Presidential flag.

The impression used to be especially startling while Franklin Roosevelt was President. From a distance, there was a resemblance between the two men. Simmons actually posed as F.D.R. during the 1936 political campaign.

One day while the Presidential train was passing through Arkansas, Roosevelt became weary of waving to the crowds from his special car. Simmons—then a Secret Service agent assigned to protect the President—was approached by White

If you get past this desk, you're in the office of the President of the United States. Big Bill Simmons has been on guard at this post for the past 12 years

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY BUZZ BROWN

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Bill, as the President's last line of defense, keeps a loaded .38 always ready

House appointment secretary Marvin H. McIntyre, now dead.

"Bill," McIntyre said, "the boss wants to take a nap, but he doesn't want to disappoint the people along the trackside. Will you do him a favor and sit in for him?"

Simmons became President pro tem. Pince-nez and all, he sat by a window in F.D.R.'s own seat, holding a newspaper just high enough to hide his mustache and giving the well-known Roosevelt wave to the crowd.

Posed for Roosevelt "Cape" Portrait

A half-dozen years later—after he'd become receptionist—Simmons was summoned by Roosevelt. "Bill," the President said mischievously, "I want you to be President for a while." Before the startled Simmons could speak, F.D.R. added:

"Madame Shoumatoff has finished painting my portrait from the neck up. Now she's ready to paint the rest. You sit in my place."

So Bill pulled on the President's cape, strode into an adjoining office and sat while the artist completed the famed "cape" portrait. Thereafter, Bill lent his torso for other Roosevelt portraits. Both men wore the same size coat—44.

Simmons doesn't expect to perform any services of a similar nature for the new President, but he will perform plenty of others. His chief function is to greet all persons having an appointment with the chief executive, whether on-the-record or off-the-record visitors. Those whose names appear on the President's publicly announced appointment list are on-the-record. Off-the-record are those visitors whose names the White House prefers, for one reason or another, not to make public. Crowned head or ward politician, Prime Minister or dirt farmer—all must pass through Simmons' domain.

The traffic is consistently heavy. Judging by past records, the new President will have an average of 10 appointments a day. Since many of these appointments are for groups, the average number of callers will range from 26 to 50—more than 800 a month. There will be an average of seven ceremonies a week in the President's office or in the White House rose garden, for groups ranging from a half dozen to more than 300 persons. There will be labor, industry, educational, religious and civic groups; Four-H clubs, Boy Scout and Girl Scout delegations; student and veterans groups, and numerous others.

Few persons can see the President without an appointment—his family, Cabinet members, and perhaps the military chiefs. All the rest must call the White House. Many call; few are chosen. For every appointment made, 75 requests are turned down. If they weren't, the chief executive wouldn't have time for other "must" business—the daily meeting with his staff, daily briefings from the military and the Central Intelligence Agency, preparation of executive orders, messages to Congress, speeches, weekly meetings with the Cabinet and Congressional leaders, and the innumerable other tasks the President must perform.

For every person who calls on the President, there are a dozen who have appointments with other White House officials. Simmons greets them, too. But greeting White House callers is only part of Simmons' job. When some state's Peach, Orange or Cherry Queen calls at the White House with a gift for the President, it's usually Bill's job to accept the gift. He's also on hand whenever some delegation brings a crate of lobsters, a barrel of apples, a live turkey or even—as on one occasion—a park bench. Such groups seldom get to see the President himself. Bill serves to give such callers a pleasant how-do-you-do and thank you.

Sometimes there are unscheduled callers. A few months ago there was a gentleman who had been given the run-around by a government agency and had decided to take his gripe to the highest office in the land. Like anybody else who has neither an appointment nor credentials, the angry citizen was stopped at one of the gates to the White House grounds. He gave White House police such a persuasive argument that they telephoned Simmons—who, considering the case a worthy one, had the man admitted. Bill heard him out, then made an appointment for him with the chief of the government agency involved. John Q. Citizen marched off happily—he'd come to the White House to get justice done, and it was.

Of all the unscheduled callers, Simmons best remembers a group which showed up one morning during World War II. A delegation of sailors from Lieutenant Commander Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr.'s, destroyer stopped by to see F.D.R. himself. "Bring them in," Roosevelt told Simmons. In F.D.R.'s office, the leader of the group explained their mission.

"Mr. President," he said, "Lieutenant Roosevelt told us any time we were in Washington we should drop in at the White House and say hello to the old man."

F.D.R. roared with laughter. "So Franklin told you to drop in and see 'the old man,' did he?"

"Sir," the leader explained, suddenly flustered, "those were Lieutenant Roosevelt's words—not mine."

The gobs had a pleasant visit with F.D.R., then departed triumphantly to report to Lieutenant Roosevelt: Mission accomplished.

Simmons knows most of the White House callers by name and many others by sight. Sometimes, however, his resourcefulness is put to a test. For example, if a new foreign ambassador arrives to present his credentials, it's frequently impossible to recognize him among his retinue. Simmons' solution is simple. He walks toward the group, extends his hand and says, "Welcome, Mr. Ambassador!" It works, too. "The right man always seems to step forward," says Bill.

Except under special circumstances, Simmons doesn't disturb the President with phone calls or other matters until he has finished his dictating.

Simmons' first daily contact with his present boss comes when he delivers the daily weather report, which Truman reads carefully. He likes to plot the course of weather fronts. Simmons also sees to it that the President gets the final editions of morning newspapers.

Before the callers start arriving, Simmons is supplied with a typewritten list of the day's appointments—on- and off-the-record. He studies it intently and memorizes the names and appointment times of each caller. Before a visitor is halfway across the lobby, Bill is on his feet. He strides out, flashing a friendly smile that makes the ends of his well-groomed mustache twitch, and extends a welcome hand and a slow, Southern how-do-you-do-Mr. So-and-so calculated to make the visitor feel at home instantly.

One day recently while I sat with Bill at his reception desk, the official calling list showed only four appointments—an 11 A.M. off-the-record call by General Walter Bedell Smith, chief of the Central Intelligence Agency; successive on-the-record calls from Congressman Brent Spence of Kentucky, and from Senator J. Allen Frear, Jr., of Delaware escorting the governor of his state, Elbert N. Carvel; plus an afternoon appointment from a 300-member CIO delegation which the President would address in the White House rose garden after he'd met with its leaders in his office. (The President also had a 4:30 date with the dentist, but that didn't show on the publicly announced appointment list.)

Perfect Timing on a Busy Morning

At precisely 10:59 A.M., General Smith strode up briskly, exchanged greetings with Simmons, and hurried through appointment secretary Matt Connelly's office into the inner sanctum. At 11:14 A.M., Congressman Spence appeared. Simmons, who makes it his business to keep up with the news, recalled that Spence had just won renomination. He shook the lawmaker's hand and said, "Congratulations, Mr. Congressman; I see that things are going well in Kentucky." Bill engaged Spence in conversation just long enough to allow General Smith to finish his business with the President and depart.

Bill's telephone rang. "Tell them," he said, "to drive right in through the northwest gate." ("Them," it turned out, were Frear and Carvel.) A moment later, a head popped out of a nearby office and asked, "When do we entertain that prince—tomorrow or next day?" Bill had a ready answer: "Tomorrow."

Assistant White House Press Secretary Roger Tubby walked by Simmons' desk and, without stopping, asked if the microphone in the rose garden was in working order. It was, Bill said, but he'd check again. We walked to the portico of the rose garden. Bill tapped the mike with his pen, confirming his reply to Tubby. As we started back toward Simmons' desk, someone asked him whether the carpenters had put up "that platform" in the rose garden. They had.

At the end of the busy day, Simmons was joined by a pretty girl who works in the White House staff room, and they left together. The girl was his twenty-six-year-old daughter, Mary Catherine. Bill and his wife, Mary Louise, also have a son, Robert, a telephone worker. The Simmonses live in a big, white, rambling house in Arlington, Virginia, just across the Potomac River from Washington. Mrs. Simmons always bakes the President's birthday cake, and has always received a nice thank-you note in the chief's own handwriting.

Bill was at home with his wife on the

Unfamiliar VIPs arriving with an entourage can be a problem. Bill always extends hand, right man shakes it

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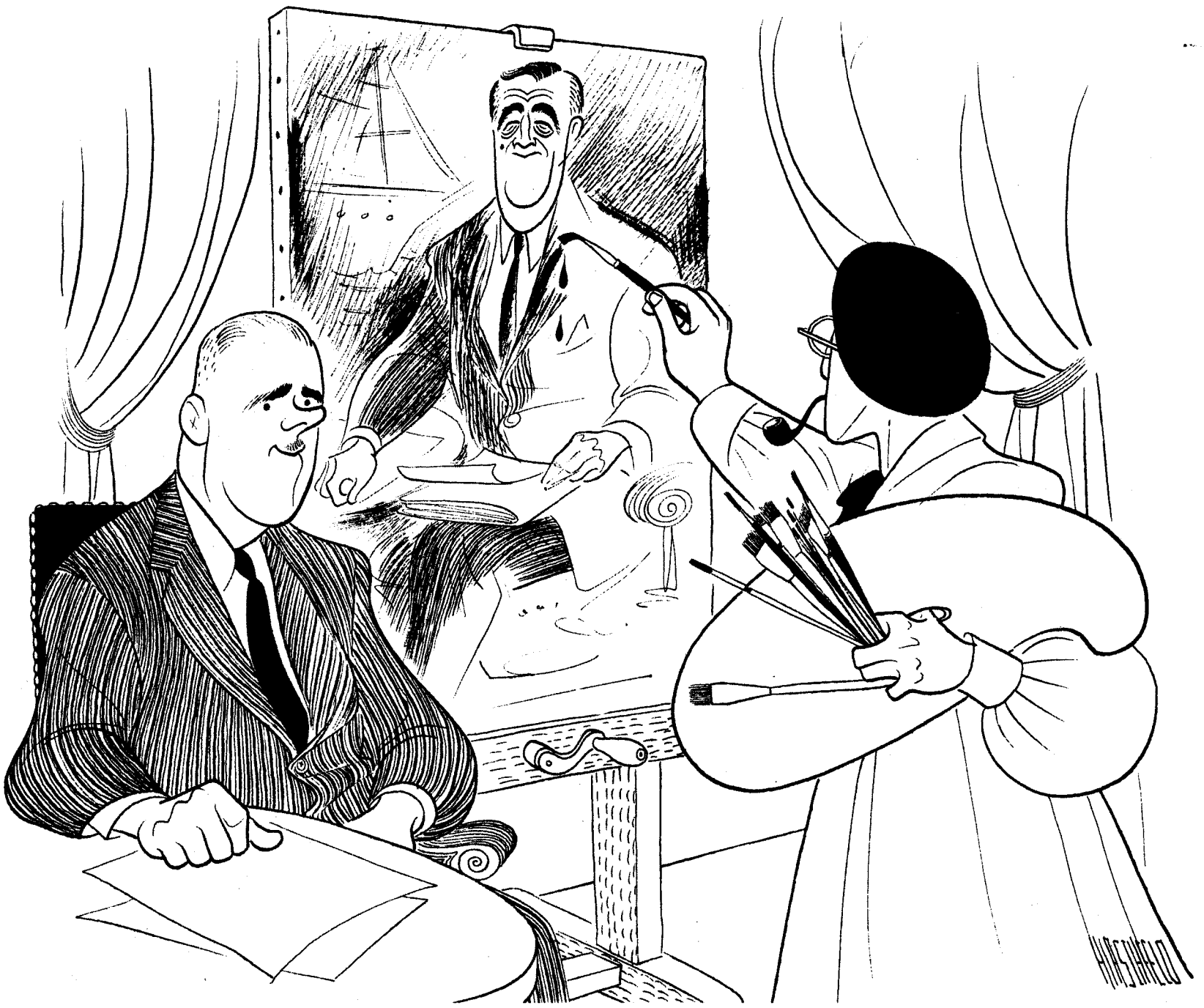

For portraits of F.D.R., President posed for head, Bill often lent his torso as model for the remainder of painting

fateful date of April 12, 1945, when he got an urgent call from the White House. "They didn't tell me what was up," he recalls, "but I knew President Roosevelt had died."

After Simmons reached the White House, he saw to it that Mrs. Truman and daughter Margaret got there for swearing in of the new President. Just before the ceremony, Bill realized that no one had thought of a Bible. He dashed to the office of William D. Hassett, then Presidential Secretary, plucked a King James Version from the bookshelves, returned to the Cabinet Room and handed it to Chief Justice Harlan Fiske Stone for the swearing in. Mr. Truman now has that Bible.

To Bill, the office of the President is sacred territory. For all of his outward gentleness, he is as resolute as a barrier of double-strand barbed wire —as some Boston newspapermen learned two years ago. The reporters were accompanying a delegation which had come to the White House to invite Mr. Truman to the mid-century Boston Jubilee. After meeting the group and checking over the list of names, Simmons announced politely but firmly that those whose names were not on the list must leave. That meant the newsmen. A few minutes later one of the listed Bostonians opened the door to the barred newsmen and invited them in. Simmons bristled. "They might run things in Boston," Bill said, "but they are not running the White House. Leave, please."

On the other hand, Bill has played the good Samaritan. One day in February, 1949, President Truman received 33 high-school kids from 17 Marshall Plan countries. A 34th—a seventeen-year-old boy from Turkey—arrived at the White House too late to join his group. Bill overheard the heartbroken youth say he had missed the biggest moment of the trip. "Come back at three o'clock," Bill told the lad. The boy was back at two thirty. Having cleared the way in the interim, Bill showed him into the President's office, where he got a hearty personal handshake from Truman—and, from Simmons, a fistful of book matches inscribed "Stolen from Harry Truman."

Sometimes even those most familiar with the White House get lost, and Bill comes to the rescue, as he did on January 22, 1947. Former President Herbert Hoover came to visit Truman and started for the wrong door. Simmons had to steer him right. The office layout had changed since Hoover left the White House in 1933. Although the ex-President had been back a number of times after that, he'd never become accustomed to the change.

Simmons doesn't volunteer advice to callers about what to do or say when presented to the President. If they ask, he instructs them to address the chief executive as "Mr. President," to relax and to let matters take their course—that everything will turn out all right. And he subtly reminds them about the length of their appointment, commenting that the President is a very busy man, operating on a split-second schedule.

During the postwar years, there was a frequent caller who later put his gratitude to Simmons in writing in a "Dear Bill" letter which said:

"In all the time that I have visited the White House during the past years, I have always counted with certainty upon finding at your desk a cheerful welcome and an obvious spirit of helpfulness. It has meant much to me. This note brings to you my good wishes for health and happiness—and a lasting gratitude for your unfailing kindness. Cordially."

The letter was signed "Dwight D. Eisenhower."

As for politics, Simmons is strictly nonpartisan at his job. Conspicuous among the knickknacks which cover the top of his desk are two small glass figurines which are symbols of his political neutrality: a donkey and an elephant. (But that's no knickknack Simmons has stashed away in the middle right-hand drawer of his desk. It's a loaded .38-caliber pistol, for use in the unlikely event that an assassin broke through the protective Secret Service screen and headed for the President's office. Bill, who's the last line of defense before the chief executive, has never had to use the gun.)

Nodding in the direction of the President's office, Simmons expresses his political philosophy this way: "To me, the man who sits in there isn't a politician. Once he enters the White House, he's neither Democrat nor Republican. He's the most important man in the world: the President of the United States." ▲▲▲

DRAWINGS BY AL HIRSCHFELD

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The Bowstring MURDER

What linked the atomic scientist to this bold jewel theft? Scotland Yard had to find the answer itself. Dr. Tempest could not give it to them. He was dead

By MAURICE PROCTER

UPON his arrival, the United States Treasury agent conformed to the usual practice of visiting detectives: he notified the local force of his presence. The local force, in this instance, was the London Metropolitan Police, and the station at which he presented himself was New Scotland Yard.

Because his mission was a "foreign inquiry," the Treasury agent, John Norton, was introduced to Chief Inspector Warwick of the Special Branch. And, from the beginning, Warwick was interested. Norton was chasing one million dollars in stolen currency, and the pursuit of money is always interesting.

It was a bright winter morning, and sunshine warmed the room as the American and the Englishman sat and talked—and took each other's measure. They liked each other immediately. Each man knew his business, and neither was noticeably vain about it. And they shared a relentless determination in their pursuit of criminals.

Norton had produced photographs of the man he was after. Warwick studied them. "Ralph Mercer," he said, reading the name.

Mercer had a bull neck, a handsome face and a carefree grin. Probably the pictures had been taken when he was beginning a term in an American prison, but he didn't look at all worried.

"Cheerful geezer," Warwick commented. "And he brought the money over here to make a deal? What's he after? Narcotics?"

"He never handles narcotics. He was a jeweler at one time."

"I see. But—a million dollars' worth of diamonds?"

"That's right."

"H'm." Warwick seemed doubtful. Norton waited quietly.

"Where would anybody steal a million dollars?" asked the Scotland Yard man. "From a bank?"

"It was lifted from a United States Treasury office."

"Stolen from the *Treasury!*"

"From an office belonging to the Treasury. It was money that had never been issued. I have the numbers of the bills."

"Did Mercer do the job?"

"No. He doesn't even know the money is stolen. It's top secret. If it leaks out, heads will roll in the Treasury."

"I can well imagine it. Just what happened?"

"A guy called Danny Bolinski started it. He's a hanger-on in a big criminal outfit. He located the money, but he left it alone for a while because he knew it'd be red hot. Then he heard that Mercer was trying to raise capital to bring a big parcel of diamonds from England. Mercer has a reputation with diamonds, and he's done a lot of illegal importing. Bolinski approached Mercer and said he was acting for his boss in the outfit. He said there was a million available to buy diamonds. Knowing the outfit, Mercer believed him. He got ready to come to England. Right on the deadline, Bolinski cracked the joint, got the money, and sent Mercer away with it before it burned his fingers. He knew Mercer would play it straight because he wouldn't dare double-cross the top man."

Warwick grinned appreciatively. "Oh, very neat!" he said.

"The only thing wrong with it, for Bolinski, is that we picked him up and made him talk."

"This will be *very* interesting. Diamonds, probably stolen, sold for a stolen million. What a lovely crooked job!"

"Glad you like it," said Norton. "I want that money. I couldn't care less about the diamonds."

"I'll take the diamonds. I hope Mercer isn't expecting interference. Will he know you're walking right behind him?"

"I don't think so. He doesn't know how hot the money is. I figure he'll only take the normal precautions."

"What about the contact with this side? Somebody had to dig up a million dollars' worth of diamonds. Did Bolinski know anything about that?"

The American shook his head. "Not much," he said. "Only a name he heard. A man called Hunziger."

Warwick sat back in his chair and stared at his visitor. "You're sure it's Hunziger?" he asked in a peculiar tone.

"That was the name, all right. He didn't know the first name."

"Oh, my dear fellow," said the Yard man. "Any policeman in England would give two fingers and a toe to get hold of Hunziger. Know what you've done? Walked smack into the middle of the biggest murder job in years. It's only two hours old, but it's started a Security flap from one end of Whitehall to the other."

Warwick pushed a file of documents across the desk; then he picked up a telephone and dialed a number.

(Continued on page 60)

MILLION
DOLLER
FUGITIVE
"Go down those steps," he told the tw
men. "And remember, don't try any
thing. I am a practiced hand with a pist

ILLUSTRATED BY LOUIS S. GLANZMAN

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Treat 'Em Up Front and

"Crazy docs," soldiers call them—the medics who use front-line psychiatry in Kor

FEAR is the foot soldier's constant companion in combat. It reaches long gray fingers into the food he eats and the water he drinks. It forms a hard knot in his stomach and, when darkness comes, it riffles the hair on the back of his neck and jerks him into a listening crouch out of his fitful rest. There is no escape; you learn to live with it or else—after two days or two hundred days, you reach a breaking point. Then, suddenly, you're not a good soldier; you're a human being scared senseless.

You may go inexplicably blind or deaf. You may bolt in panic. You may freeze in your foxhole, unable to speak or move. You may weep, stutter, shake, vomit, or scream in your sleep. You're what military lingo calls NP—a neuropsychiatric casualty—and you'd be washed up right there except for one thing: a new-old treatment called front-line psychiatry—old because the basic principles were known in World War I, new because they've been applied in Korea more extensively than ever before.

In the bitter early days of Korean fighting, NP casualties siphoned off as much as a third of some forward units. Most casualties were evacuated, often to the United States where they crowded hospital wards and got no better fast. Very few of them saw combat again. Then, armed with World War II know-how, the Army dispatched to Korea a regular Army psychiatrist, Colonel Albert J. Glass, a dark, stocky, energetic native of Baltimore, then serving as neuropsychiatric consultant to the Far East Command.

The Navy sent Commander Charles (Sam) Mullin, Jr., of Cambridge, Massachusetts, an intent, soft-spoken, forty-two-year-old psychiatrist with long civilian and military experience in wartime England and at the naval hospital in Philadelphia. In Korea, Commander Mullin worked exclusively with the Marines, whose medical services are supplied by the Navy. And since there is only one Marine division there, he served both as combat psychiatrist and consultant.

Each in his own bailiwick, Glass and Mullin barnstormed Korea like circuit riders preaching a gospel: Treat 'em up front and treat 'em early—get 'em soon enough and you won't have as many NPs. They preached it to battalion surgeons and platoon sergeants at the front, to regimental medical officers and division commanders a few miles to the rear, to field and evacuation hospitals still farther back—in short, to anyone along the evacuation trail who might encounter an NP casualty on his way out. They all but talked themselves out of a job, making "everybody a psychiatrist at the front." That's what they wanted.

They knew that a man fights—when he's at the front—not for big principles, his country's welfare, freedom or democracy, but for the handful of guys in his unit. Pride and identification with his outfit are what keep him going. The closer to that outfit you can treat an NP case, geographically and chronologically, the greater its pull and support, and the better his chances for recovery. To evacuate him means losing his man power. It demoralizes the remaining men—"Only a sucker'd stay here and fight when you can give in to the creeps and get pulled off honorably." And, not least, evacuation tends to freeze the patient in his neurotic state. If he leaves his buddies, guilt haunts him and, sometimes to justify himself, he has to keep having symptoms. He may well remain a neurotic for the rest of his life.

To demonstrate the effectiveness of front-line psychiatry, Mullin and Glass squatted in the mud with battle-weary soldiers, or sat with them on boards in pup tents or bedded them down on litters propped between ammunition boxes—and they sent them back to duty, recovered, by the score. The Army snatched psychiatrists-in-the-making from its resident-training program in U.S. hospitals, recalled M.D. reservists with psychiatric leanings and some who bore the government an obligation because they had obtained all or part of their medical education at government expense during World War II. Glass gave them a quick indoctrination in Tokyo and within weeks there was a combat psychiatrist attached to every fighting division in Korea. Not all of them were highly trained, to be sure, but they were qualified.

Quickly dubbed "the 'crazy' docs" by the fighting men, in a few months these young psychiatrists-by-order-of-Glass reduced the losses from mental and emotional crack-ups to an all-time low. Today, the Korean record of NP discharges stands at two men per thousand per year, compared with 24 per thousand per year in 1943 and 16 in 1945.

Much of the credit belongs to battalion surgeons, the front-line medics who are the first to see NP casualties and who, if they have been properly instructed by the combat psychiatrist, can do most to keep mild cases mild. Now, of every 100 NPs reporting to forward aid stations, 45 go back to their units in a few hours. Rest, hot food, mild sedation and encouragement are what do it. Another 25 return after the same kind of treatment for a slightly longer period, perhaps overnight, at the regimental or division level, where the psychiatrist has his headquarters.

Only 30 move farther away, to rear-area hospitals, and half of this number are salvaged for noncombat work. Of the 15 who are sent to Japan, ten remain at jobs there. Only five have to be shipped back to the States.

Rest, hot food and clean clothing away from immediate combat area quickly overcome most cases of combat exhaustion. Battle-weary soldiers get encouragement from the front-line psychiatrists, but no pampering. They are told they will return to combat after resting

Collier's for November 1, 1952

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Treat 'Em Early

By MICHAEL DRURY

) save battle-numbed minds. Result: recovery for 98 per cent of our shock victims

A rest–hot-food–mild-sedation–encouragement formula sounds simple—but it works. Near Hoengsong in May, 1951, a Marine battalion was pinned down hour after hour by heavy mortar fire. There were 19 NP casualties among some 500 men —two companies of one battalion—where a more normal combat rate might have been two or three NPs. Within an hour, the 19 arrived by ambulance at the forward medical station, about four miles from the front. Huddled in the admissions tent where Mullin first saw them, they were a desolate, crying, shaking lot. One man was still fighting the battle, deploying men behind cots and tent poles. Another shouted, "Take cover!" every few seconds. A third sobbed dismally, "They got Jim! Jim's got it! Poor Jim!" over and over. In the Marine's term for it, they were "shook."

Mullin and his staff—Ensign Allen McMichaels, of Denver, a clinical psychologist with the Navy Medical Service Corps, and an Auburndale, Florida, corpsman named James Lee Hughes—made a quick visit to each man, no easy job since the tent was so small and crowded they couldn't all sit down. The interview consisted of asking what happened, listening, saying a kind word, perhaps patting a man's head or gripping his shoulder for a moment—something that would normally never happen in civilian practice—then indicating how much sedation (sodium amytal or nembutal) each man would need. Hughes gave them the capsule and a cup of hot soup.

They were allowed to sleep as long as they liked the next day. Special chow was arranged and magazines, writing materials, cards and games were provided. Shaving was required and clean uniforms supplied. At no time were the men put into pajamas or addressed as patients; they were Marines and expected to act like Marines. The second morning they were roused with reveille, ate at regular mess, marched a little, pitched horseshoes outdoors, all within earshot of the front. On the third morning, Mullin and McMichaels again talked to each man, reporting that a duty patrol was forming and asking how about going along. Only two said they couldn't face it again. Fifteen actually went back to combat that day; two were evacuated out of division; work was found for the other two behind the lines. Mullin never saw any of them again. Less than 10 per cent of NP casualties who go back to duty turn up a second time as psychiatric problems.

A civilian psychiatrist probably wouldn't have given a plugged nickel for the chance that any one of them would be a useful soldier again. By previous standards, each man needed months of treatment to find out why he broke when he did. But the combat psychiatrist doesn't give a hoot for why. He makes no attempt to deal with anything but the immediate acute crisis. There isn't time to analyze the soldier's deeper personal problems and, even if there were, it might only confuse him regarding the job at hand—fighting. It doesn't sound pretty at first and many a neophyte psychiatrist lost sleep over saving men from mental illness only to send them back to physical danger. But it isn't as cold-blooded as it seems. On the contrary; if the soldier can conquer his immediate fear, he has the best weapon on earth for coping with future problems: a personal victory instead of defeat.

Neuropsychiatric casualty is tagged for evacuation, treated as close to front line as his condition permits. Symptoms of shock state may range from constant crying to hysterical paralysis, but quick treatment can make difference between recovery and lifetime neurosis

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JACK CALDERWOOD

Resourcefulness Was Put to the Test

Most of the combat psychiatrists were pretty much on their own at first, depending on the day-to-day situation of their division, the amount of co-operation they got from the command, the equipment and personnel they could scrape up by their own talents.

If one was very lucky, he got another officer with psychological training to help him. It didn't happen often.

On paper the psychiatrist is attached to the division clearing company, its medical branch; and like any doctor in uniform, he's entitled to assistance from medical corpsmen. In practice, though, it didn't always work; so he recruited a staff wherever he could, not infrequently from among his patients. Combatmen on the staff proved to be useful. Most psychiatrists have never been riflemen themselves and the minute their patients realized it, they put on a record: "Cheez, Doc, you don't know what it's like. You can sit here and talk, but you ain't had it." Whereupon one of the doc's enlisted assistants would turn to another and ask not too innocently, "Let's see, Joe, how was it you got that Silver Star?" The patient usually subsided.

Commander Mullin's clinical psychologist, Ensign McMichaels, was a Marine sniper in World War II—a fact which was especially effective in shutting up the complainers.

One highly efficient corpsman attached to Korea's "crazy docs" was a former bartender from Boston whose adeptness in handling drunks apparently had been a sort of dress rehearsal for taking care of groggy infantrymen. Another first-class psychiatric assistant was a barber in civil life. ("I already heard every story in the book," he explains. "I recognize a dodge. Take a guy in my chair who don't wanna go home to mama because he shucked his pay envelope at the races. He gives me a pitch, the stuff he ought to say to her. Combat neuroses ain't so very different from mama neuroses.")

At one time the entire staff of Major Richard L.

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Treat them like tired men, n

Conde, 3d Army Division psychiatrist from Duluth, Minnesota, was made up of recovered patients, who labeled his tent the Squirrel Cage. Conde let it ride, for a reason: a fundamental point in combat psychiatry is the light touch. The soldier is tired, not sick; and if he's scared, everybody else is too, so he's normal.

These off-the-cuff staff men sometimes had bizarre ways of helping. A young ex-hot-rod driver from California attached to a psychiatrist was cleaning a .45 in a tent where there were five NPs the doctor couldn't decide what to do with. Accidentally, the corpsman insisted later, he discharged the gun, putting a bullet harmlessly through the tent roof. One patient jumped over three cots, one began to be sick at his stomach, the other three shook like Lombardy poplars in a north wind. The psychiatrist evacuated all five of them at once.

"This is the kind of treatment I don't recommend," he says, "but I never made a faster or surer

U. S. ARMY PHOTO

Maj. Richard Conde, (l.), with Maj. Wilmer Betts, Raleigh, N.C., treated 3d Division NPs. Men called his tent "the Squirrel Cage"

If evacuated in time, 70 out of every 100 NPs return to duty after a few days' treatment. Less than ten per cent of these battle-fatigue cases ever need further psychiatric help

Air evacuation at Hwangchon, Korea, is typical of emergency NP operations. Men who don't fully recover are reassigned to Japan or States. Only two out of 1,000 require a discharge

U. S. DEFENSE DEPT. PHOTO

U. S. NAVY PHOTO

Cdr. Sam Mullin, NP front-line–cure pioneer, with Lt. Cdr. George Stouffer, Chambersburg, Pa., and Lt. James Bittner, Royal Oak, Mich.

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disposition of five patients." He also replaced the hot-rod driver.

Combat neuroses are not always expressed by crying or trembling. Headache, nausea, paralysis, amnesia, blindness or deafness, deep depression and apathy, dizziness and almost any noncontagious illness may result from neurotic causes. If an NP endangers the lives of others, this takes precedence over all other symptoms and he is almost invariably evacuated.

A neuropsychiatric disorder seen fairly often is *camptocormia*—Greek for bent back. The victim walks around with his back rigidly set at a 45-degree angle. He usually pleads, "Fix my back, Doc. Fix me up quick so I can get back to my outfit," without the least idea his trouble is neurotic. Somewhere in the far corners of his soul, he is resisting going back with superhuman strength.

At Inchon, Army Major Thomas T. Glasscock, a Kansas City, Missouri, psychiatrist, easily cured one case of bent back with a shot of sodium pentathol. When the drug wore off and the soldier found himself walking upright, he was furious. He tried to slug the psychiatrist but buckled over, once again in the grip of *camptocormia*. Glasscock ultimately eased him out of it, but it took several interviews with and without pentathol.

Brig. Gen. Rawley Chambers, Army chief of neurology and psychiatry, directs "up front and early" program jointly with Navy leaders

Around Taejon last year a rifleman was brought to Glasscock with one leg so paralyzed he couldn't feel a pin stuck half an inch into his thigh. His condition should have stemmed from a spinal hemorrhage, but there wasn't one and the medics concluded it was some form of hysterical paralysis.

A Case of Sympathetic Paralysis

Under pentathol, the man revealed that he and a buddy had been knocked out by the same explosion. The other man's spine had been injured and his left leg paralyzed. Glasscock's man walked into the aid station under his own steam and developed his paralysis only at that point. So great was the companionship between them that the uninjured man had "taken on" his friend's wound out of sympathy and reluctance to go on without him.

The human mind is a tricky customer; it can sell itself a bill of goods and look the other way at the same time. No man, the combat psychiatrists say, really wants to quit in battle; but having once failed, however momentarily, he automatically digs in, holding on to a good thing—a legitimate reason for not fighting any more. It doesn't mean he's yellow. It means he's a normal human being with a distaste for being shot at. The Medical Corps calls it "secondary gain," the profit in being a casualty, and the GIs have the same idea when they call a minor physical injury a "million-dollar wound."

The night before Thanksgiving last year, the 7th Army Division was ordered to move up fast from a position about 40 miles in the rear. The psychiatrist, twenty-eight-year-old Major Dermott A. P. Smith, of Washington, D.C., had a 30-cot ward tent, occupied at the time the orders came through by six men who were entrenched in the conviction that they were too ill for further combat—the secondary gain. Smith himself felt the possibility that they might be right; but just then he needed their man power. He put it to them frankly.

They got out of bed, loaded the tent on a truck, moved up to the new area and set the tent up again by the light of artillery fire. Casualties were pouring in, so they hung around to help, stayed long enough to devour a Thanksgiving dinner the next day—turkey, stuffing, candy, nuts, the works—and then all six rejoined their own outfits. Not one of them knew he had been filibustering; yet being needed and doing a job had cured them. As a sergeant put it, "You're always fighting two wars, one with the enemy and one with yourself."

NP patients brought back to division headquarters by corpsmen from their own outfits sometimes ask their escorts, "What's he like, this crazy doc? What'll he do with me?" And the stock reply is, "Oh, we'll be seeing you. Everybody goes back to duty from here." Firmly, insistently, the theme is reiterated from all sides: You will get rest and food and you will go back to work. It's a large part of the psychiatrist's job to indoctrinate his division with that idea and if he has done it well, it works perfectly.

Smith tells of an occasion when, while treating 30 patients, an understanding Army division commander decided to pay them a visit. The general made the rounds of the entire tent talking softly, personally, with each man for a few minutes. Even Smith was not invited into the conversation. At last, he stood up at the end of the tent and told them they were fine soldiers and he was proud of them—and 15 men got to their feet and asked to go back to duty.

Language Troubles with Ethiopians

At times U.S. combat psychiatrists are called on to deal with other UN troops. Major Conde's division included a regiment of Ethiopians with whom he could converse only through a four-way language hookup. Glasscock once tried to aid some Red Chinese prisoners in various states of shock, but all he could get out of them was, "My spirits are bad." And Mullin cured a South Korean of hysterical blindness without ever learning what had caused it. There was no physical reason for him not to see, so Mullin described himself through an interpreter as a great and powerful doctor with strong medicine that would restore his sight.

"Judging from the translator's gestures," Mullin adds, "he must have jazzed up my story a bit." At any rate, Mullin gave the blind man pentathol and when it wore off he could see perfectly. It was that direct and simple.

In Washington, Brigadier General Rawley E. Chambers, the Army's chief of neurology and psychiatry, lists four techniques in front-line treatment: (1) treat as far forward as possible; (2) avoid a hospital atmosphere; (3) screen out recoverable patients quickly; (4) re-profile if necessary—that is, find the man a new job but don't lose him altogether. Most of this was learned in the shell-shock days of World War I and duly recorded in Volume 10 of its medical annals, and then forgotten by nearly everybody.

It was learned again, the hard way, in World War II, thanks in large measure to the pool of civilian psychiatrists who put on uniforms for the duration. Many of these men are still helping to sift, evaluate, classify. There were psychiatrists in Korea almost from the beginning, and their front-line treatment held up well, even at Pusan, according to Major General George E. Armstrong, Surgeon General of the Army. The observation is strongly seconded by Rear Admiral Lamont Pugh, Navy Surgeon General.

Glass in the Army and Mullin in the Navy and the handful of devoted, resolute men who worked with them proved that a few people in key positions could halt an avalanche of neuropsychiatric casualties. And it's quite possible too that civilian psychiatry will be learning from the not-so-crazy doctors of Korea new ways to give back to patients what they've lost—their faith in themselves. ▲▲▲

U. S. ARMY—BLACHER

Colonel Albert Glass, military psychiatrist, set up fast-treatment techniques for Army shock victims in Korea. His assistants were obtained from hospital resident-training programs and from M.D. reserve forces. They're shorthanded, use cured NPs as orderlies

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Brando, an avid chess player, holds night-long sessions in New York flat. He's outmaneuvering friend, writer-producer George Auerbach

In book-lined bleachers, niece Julie Loving sits out a lull in fencing bout between Marlon and Mother Fran

Match-folder exercise is a time-tested device used by Brando in polishing his diction to Shakespearean perfection for Mark Antony role in M-G-M's forthcoming film Julius Caesar

HERE'S

Actor is tired of the legend tha

FROM the moment he lunged on stage in a torn T-shirt in the Broadway play, A Streetcar Named Desire, Marlon Brando has been grist for the myth-makers' mill. So convincing was his performance as the truculent Polish factory worker, Stanley Kowalski—and later, as the mumbling paraplegic in his first film, The Men—that audiences found it hard to separate the actor from the act. Brando became a symbol of the crude, inarticulate male, a modern Neanderthal man.

Like many another top stage and movie star, Brando has grown thoroughly tired of his personal legend. "Marlon is going out of his way to conform, these days," says one friend. "He's sick of being made out an antisocial creep."

The trouble, his friends say, is that conforming doesn't come easy to Brando; that, although he's far from being the Great American Brute, he *is* an unconventional man—and thus may unwittingly have contributed to the legend he hates.

For example, after A Streetcar Named Desire opened, he went around for a while imitating his own characterization of Kowalski, and some people thought they were hearing the real Brando. But his sister Frances says, "Buddy is really acting all the time. When he came back from France recently, he spoke French all day, and after making that Mexican movie, Zapata, it was Spanish."

Brando is also an unabashed practical joker. One of his boyhood friends is television comedian Wally Cox, a slight, bespectacled man who describes Marlon as a "very physical type." When they were kids, Brando once tied Cox to a backyard post and left him there for hours in the dead of the night. Recently, Brando strolled through the lobby of Manhattan's Park Sheraton Hotel with his head encased in a rubber mask. And he loves to tell whopping lies to his friends, then roar with laughter at their gullibility. Yet listen to Cox on the subject of Brando: "One of the nicest citizens in the whole world."

Brando may also have lent credence to the stories about himself by his great concern with physical fitness. He's something of a health-food faddist and he goes frequently to the Park–Manhattan Health Club at the Park Sheraton. He swims, fences and rides, and is a fair amateur boxer.

The managing director of the health club, Phil Desmond, feels the reason for Brando's interest in health is simple. "He's a nice, unassuming guy who likes to take care of himself because he's his own stock in trade. After a swim, he'll sit quietly in the steam room hoping no one will notice him. He's not one of these showy muscle men. Of course,"

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Brando, with the Mexican movie star Movita and comedian Wally Cox at a New York night club

BRANDO

ıe's a modern-day Neanderthal man

Desmond adds thoughtfully, "sometimes he's a little vague. One day he laid down a quarter at the office window before going in to the pool. Somebody asked him what the quarter was for and he said, 'Change for the subway, of course.' "

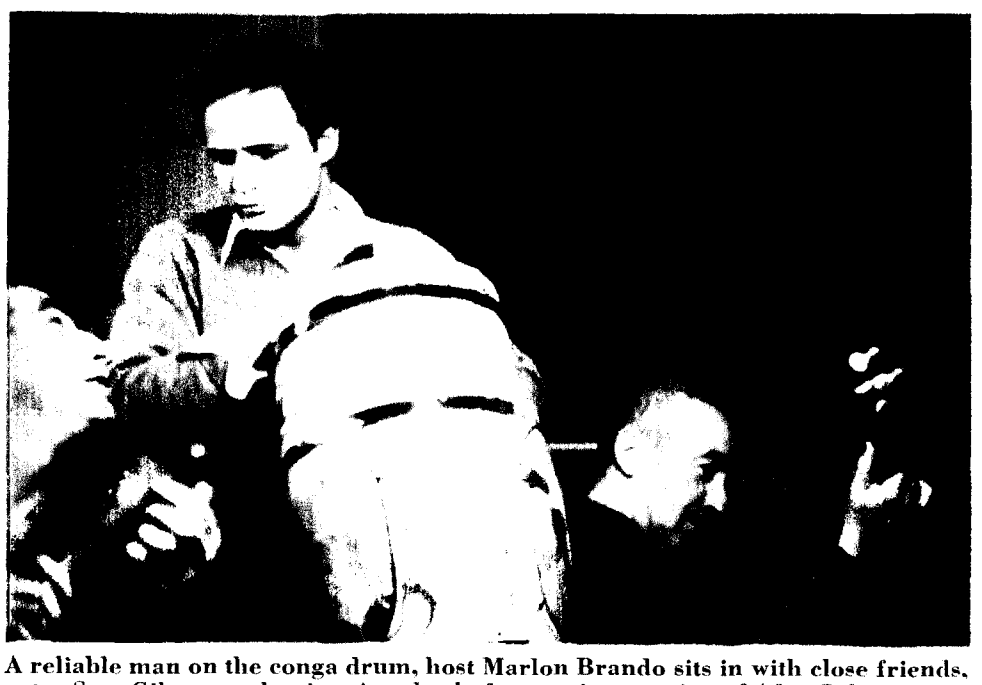
Brando has other peculiarities, one of which is a passionate fondness for animals of all kinds. For a time, in the days when he was sharing his present apartment with Wally Cox, he had a pet raccoon named Russell. He now owns a stately, steel-gray cat named Joe. A lot of people keep pets, some of them unusual—but how many like animals so well that they'd break off with a girl because she announced casually that she was going fishing? Brando once did; the thought of hooking a fish appalled him.

Brando first came to New York from Illinois when he was eighteen. His two sisters, Jocelyn, an actress, and Fran, who was studying art, were already there. "He moved in with me," Fran says. "A year later, he got his first part, in I Remember Mama."

Nowadays, Brando—still a bachelor at twenty-eight—lives alone in the apartment he formerly

In high spirits, Brando bounces trunks-high during plunge in Park-Manhattan Health Club pool. Hipped on health, he's a food faddist and works out often

Duels at Lovings' are rough on furniture, fine exercise for Marlon and Fran, both good fencers



A reliable man on the conga drum, host Marlon Brando sits in with close friends, actor Sam Gilman and writer Auerbach, for rousing evening of Afro-Cuban music

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JEROME YULSMAN

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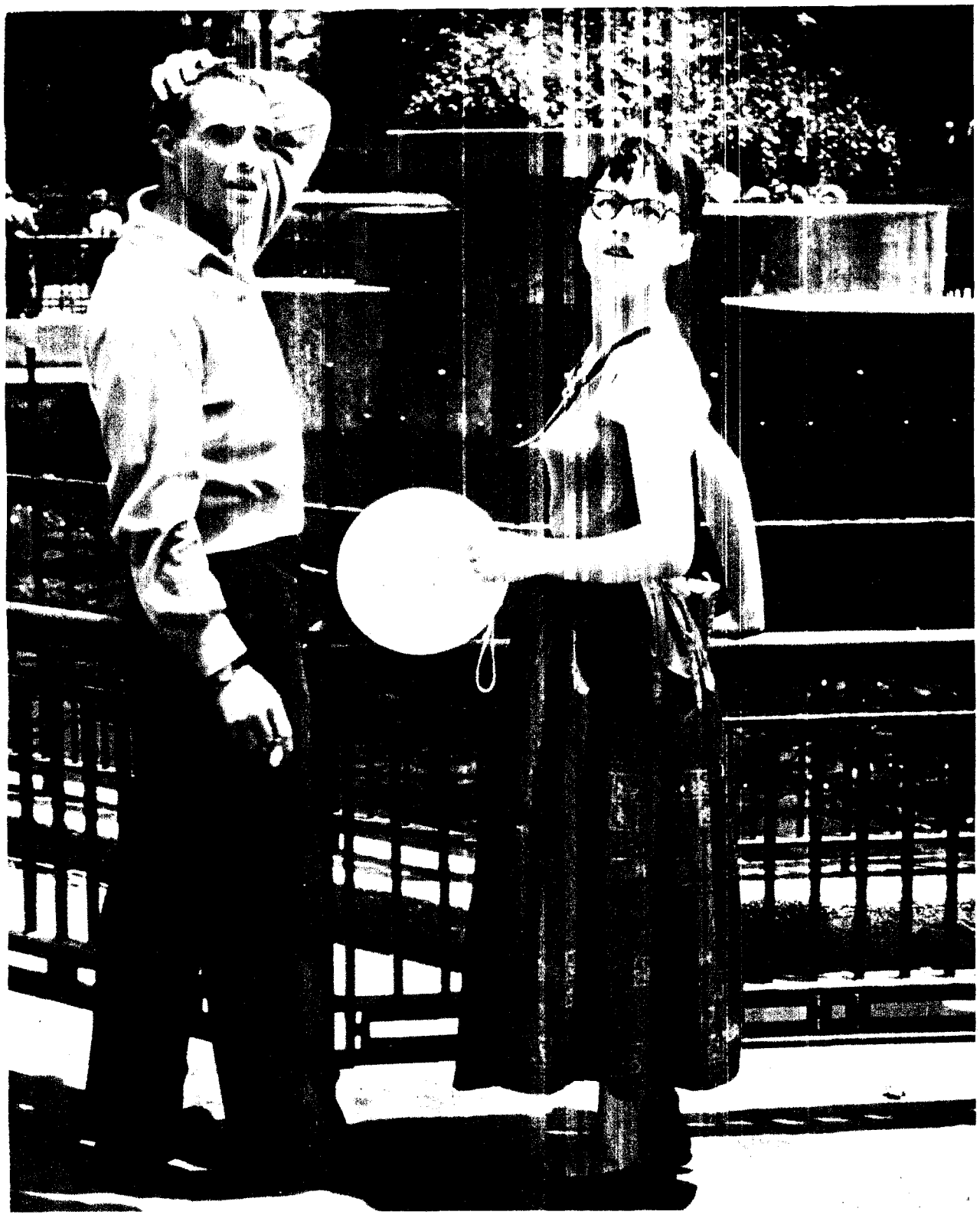

Brando prefers privacy of after-dark strolls, but interest in animals sometimes takes him on daylight visits to Central Park Zoo. He and pianist Barbara Grimm shun seals to watch balloon

Serious about work, Brando is shy, prankish, fond of pets

shared with Cox. It's a very large, comfortable flat whose piecemeal furnishings include a collection of records and several West Indian drums. He spends much of his time there with a few close friends.

"Like most young guys," says Broadway and TV actor Sam Gilman, one of his friends, "he'd like to go out dancing or to parties, but he can't without attracting attention. So he doesn't enjoy it and he doesn't go.

"He does have dates, of course. Sometimes when we've been out together and get back around one or two, we'll sit down and play chess until daylight. Marlon plays well. He also likes to win."

Brando and his friends have an idea that his current film assignment may kill, once and for all, the myth that has grown up around him. He's portraying Mark Antony in M-G-M's Julius Caesar, declaiming "Friends, Romans, countrymen" with a clarity that would have pleased Shakespeare—and wearing a toga without any rips in it. ▲▲▲

Marlon, a fair boxer, keeps in shape sparring regularly with Sam Gilman in New York gym

Brando has shared his home with a variety of pets, domesticated and otherwise. Present apartment mate, Joe, an independent cat, was a gift from pal Wally Cox

Critical of scripts, Brando is making fourth movie, has appeared in five Broadway plays

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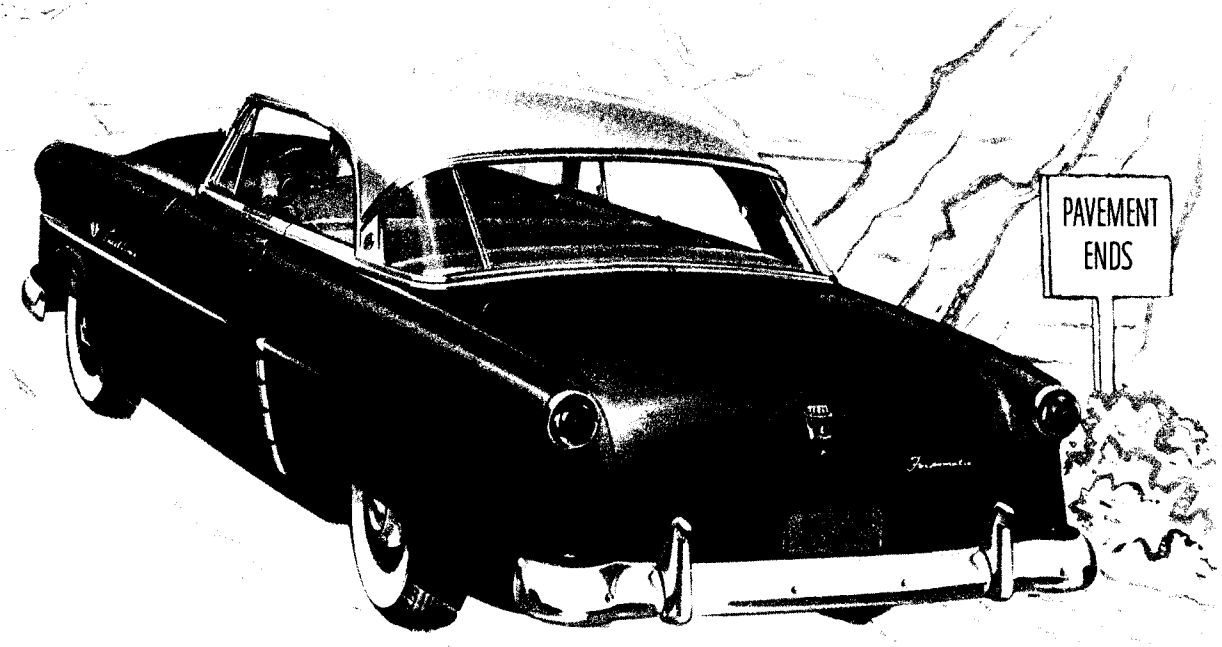

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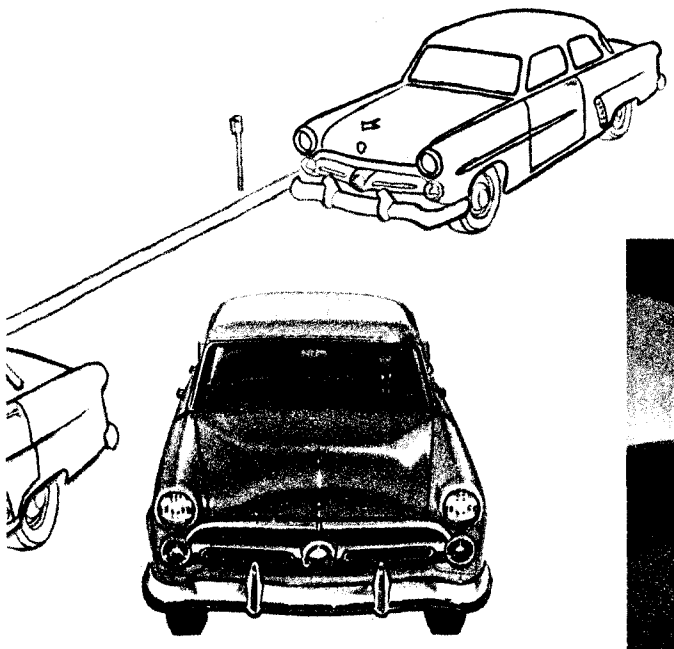

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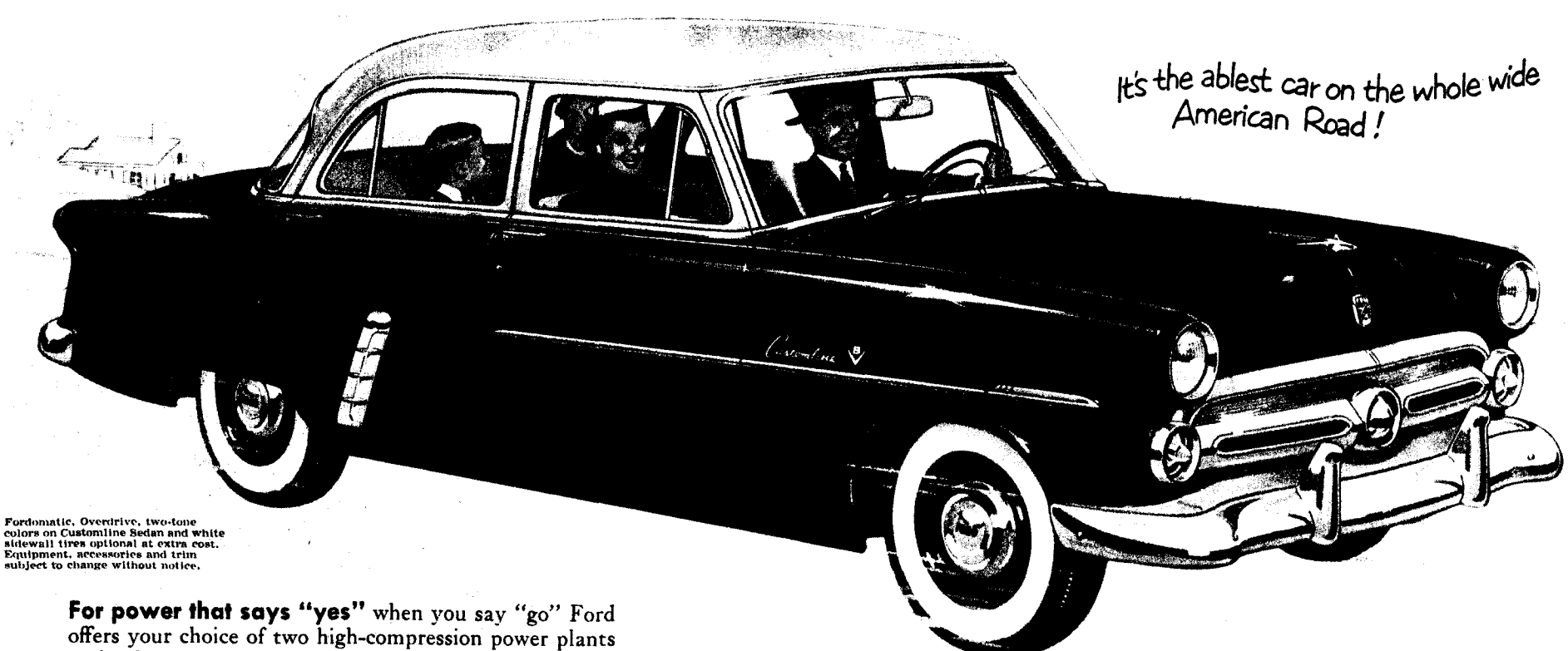

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"Now, Charlie," I said, "you can come over here any night you want to, but not if it is going to interfere with your studies"

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I'M A SNAKE

Oh, I'm a wicked, wicked man, using my own darling daughter to lure an innocent young football player to his doom. But I'm darned if I'll sit back and let that ape O'Brien be coach at State

By B. M. ATKINSON, JR.

MY NAME is Joe Yagers. I'm the new coach at State and I'd like to straighten out this business about college coaches being the biggest boom to the ulcer market since prohibition. I say that high-school coaches can match college coaches ulcer for ulcer and still beat them to a breakdown. I know. I was a high-school coach last season and what I went through getting this job has got eight nerve specialists bidding for my body.

The situation was this: the football coach at State was quitting at the end of the season. The two leading heirs to the job were me, Joe Yagers, the Grand Old Man of football at Theodore Whiteside High School, and Bull O'Brien, the Grand Old Man of football at Randall Fanniman High School on the other side of town. (Anybody who can coach at those two schools and last longer than three seasons automatically becomes a Grand Old Man.)

Well, O'Brien and I had gone to State together, heroed together, and we both had our backers among the alumni for the job. As they bought most of the football players for State, their word was law when it came to hiring a coach. Neither faction would give in, though, when it came to naming me or O'Brien, so they unofficially decided to settle it by driving both of us crazy.

If Whiteside—my boys—beat Fanniman in the big game at the end of the season, I'd get the job, and vice versa for Bull. Nero couldn't have come up with anything quainter. You work twenty years for something and they let a mob of idiot children decide whether you get it or not.

Well, going into the last week things were all even. O'Brien had won eight games and lost twenty pounds. I'd won eight and was down to two hundred and thirty myself. It looked like it was just going to be a question of who could stay out of a strait jacket the longest, but then the Monday afternoon of that week, all hell busted loose.

It was after practice and I was sitting in the locker room by myself when O'Brien walked in. Nature was kind to O'Brien. If his forehead had been just one eighth of an inch lower when he was born, they would have put him in a cage instead of a crib. He's built like an ape, he has a face like an ape, and if he had a little more polish he'd act like an ape. In fact, O'Brien has only one redeeming feature. "O'Brien," I said, "just a word before you burst into song. You got a three-hundred-dollar bridge holding your front teeth in. Don't forget it."

That was his redeeming feature, the bridgework. Twice I'd floated it downstream for him. He wasn't impressed. My nose had been busted seven times and he claimed if he got just one more leg on it he was going to put it over his mantel.

"Yagers," he snarled, "I've seen you pull stuff that put the saints to sobbing and the angels to molting but I never thought you'd get this low. I'm giving you twenty-four hours to get that saucer-eyed Mata-Hari of yours off Charlie Hadley."

I got to my feet. Charlie Hadley was his prize halfback, the hottest high-school ballplayer in our part of the country. The saucer-eyed Mata-Hari, I gathered, was my daughter Nancy. "What about my daughter and Charlie Hadley?"

"You've put her on him. I saw them at the Sweet Shop together last night. *And* I saw Charlie at practice today. Yagers, she can drive every other young idiot in this town crazy, but she's leaving Charlie Hadley alone!"

"What about Charlie at practice? He have sort of a glazed look in his eyes?"

"They looked like grapes under glass. He busted more signals than a . . ."

I just kept pumping him. According to him, I had it all worked out. I knew that Charlie was in the middle of mid-term exams. I knew what a dummy he was in school. I knew that if he flunked two exams those degenerates on the faculty wouldn't let him play ball, and I knew that if Nancy got her hooks in him he'd flunk everything from recess to chapel.

It was the finest case of a man reciting his own death warrant I'd ever heard. Charlie Hadley was the difference between our two teams. With him out of the way—well, ever since I'd quit the pros I'd been trying to get in college ball. It'd still be a rat race but there'd be a lot more cheese at the finish line. "O'Brien," I said, "I didn't know my daughter had a date with Hadley, but if she wants to go slumming she can *go* slumming. That little girl's happiness means more to me than any coaching job."

"Oh, brother!" he groaned. "Yagers, I'm warning you. It won't be just that nose this time. I'm going to remove the whole head!" He stormed out.

MY DAUGHTER Nancy is the nicest thing that ever happened to me—and the prettiest. Takes after her mother, Katie, praise God. Black hair, blue eyes and—I'll put it this way: ever since she was fifteen our place could pass for Boys Town. But it never worried me. When she goes to the movies she sits downstairs, not in any balcony. And she wears blouses instead of sweaters. And she's always on the honor roll at school. A man gets a daughter like that and he wouldn't swap her for a whole backfield full of sons. That's the reason I had to make sure of something before I officially staked her out as a siren.

At supper that night I casually asked her why she thought she had to sneak around to see Charlie Hadley. She nearly fell out of her chair. Her mother nearly knocked me out of mine.

"She wasn't sneaking around," she said, "but if she had been, I wouldn't have blamed her. You said that if one of Bull O'Brien's boys ever set foot in this house you'd call the vice squad!"

I went into my penitent-thief routine. "I know," I whimpered, "it's all my fault. Nearly made a sneak out of my own daughter. Thank God it's

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES HAWES

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not too late, though. Nancy, call Charlie up. Tell him I want to have a little talk with him."

"You're going to be nice to him?" she said.

"I might tell him what a lousy football player he is, but—"

She gave a little squeal and rushed out to the telephone.

ABOUT an hour later, Charlie cringed through the front door. He wasn't the cringing type ordinarily. Looked like he had been put together by Cellini from plans by Rockne—about six feet one, hundred and eighty or so, shoulders like a safe, and one of the nicest faces I ever saw on a kid. All the guile of an eagle scout in it. I saw the look he gave Nancy and I knew I had that game won.

We went into the living room, where Katie was, and I spilled it—Mr. O'Brien's accusations of the afternoon and how hurt I'd been. It was a very delicately done job. When I got through, though, it was agreed that a man with O'Brien's mind should wear a manhole cover for a hat. Charlie got on his white horse, all set to go after him.

I told him no, that O'Brien was just out of his mind he was so frantic for that job at State. "But we still have to be fair to the poor man," I said. "Now, Charlie, you can come over here any night you want to, but not if it is going to interfere with your studies."

"Any night?" he said. "Gosh, Mr. Yagers, that's really swell."

Nancy cut her eyes at me. "But Charlie's in the middle of exams."

I'm closing the biggest deal of my life but she has to holler about the fine print. "Nancy," I said, "Charlie is eighteen. He's plenty old enough to know what's best for him. I'm leaving the whole thing up to him."

"Mr. Yagers," Charlie said, "you're the nicest guy I ever—"

"Get out of here!" I said cheerfully. "Both of you. I'm tired of preaching to you."

They floated out the front door—Hansel and Gretel headed for the gingerbread house.

"You don't think that's going to work, do you, Cupid?" Katie drawled.

That's my wife's biggest trouble. She understands me.

"Katie," I said, "kids these days just don't use their brains. You get a pair in love like they are and you've really got a matched set of idiots."

"You sound like you got kicked in the head just once too often, Joe Yagers," she said. "Love is life's greatest inspiration, and Nancy and Charlie are both smarter than we ever were at that age."

"Now who sounds like they were kicked in the head?"

"Just wait," she said. "They'll get a soda and he'll go home to those books. You'll see."

We saw, all right. The next morning, Bull stomped into the athletic office. It was short and sweet.

"You cheap Fagin!" he bellowed. "You know what time that boy got in last night? Twelve o'clock!"

"I'm surprised he ever got home," I told him. "The way he was telling my daughter good night, I thought he was leaving for a trip around the world."

"Don't hand me that! You got her feeding him such a line that—"

"Feeding *him* a line!" I said. "Look, O'Brien, our bedroom is right at the head of the steps. I heard every word of that good-night pitch of his. He was spouting stuff at my daughter that Romeo would have gagged on."

"But you've told him he could come over to your place any night he wanted to," Bull argued.

"I told him he'd have to be the sole judge of—"

"Now ain't that dandy?" he snarled. "Put an opium eater in a poppy patch and tell him to be the judge. Yagers, that boy's got a trig and a French exam tomorrow. If he's over at your house tonight, I'm—"

"O'Brien," I sighed, "why don't you just kick him off the squad? Just because the boy can run, kick, pass, block, tackle, run the team, and make All-State three years straight you're letting him bluff you. Put your foot down! Show him who's boss!"

He started for me, remembered his bridge, and stomped out. "Don't go near the biology lab," I hollered after him. "They'll stick you in a bottle!"

That night the haunted heart was

COLLIER'S **"He's hardly worth marrying, after taxes"** KATE OSANN

thumping at my door again. The next morning O'Brien called me on the telephone. He sounded like an obscene goose. I hung up on him. I was saving my strength for that night. Charlie had his last exams coming up. I wasn't worried, though, because, judging from the purple good nights he'd been saying to my daughter, he hadn't cracked a book all week. I still wanted him to make a clean sweep of it, however.

HE DID. At eight on the dot he was knocking on the door again. "Son," I said, yanking him inside, "are you sure you ought to be here tonight?"

"Well," he said, "I—"

"That's all I wanted to know," I said. "Spike Jones is at the Armory tonight. Fellow gave me a couple of tickets. I thought you and Nancy might like a nice, quiet evening down there to relax you."

Nancy came bounding down the steps. She had one of those peekaboo blouse things on. Red ribbon in her hair and her eyes shining. The sigh Charlie gave, I thought he'd lost a lung. He sleepwalked her into her coat, and they were off. I closed the door behind them—and on high-school coaching forever.

"Ah, me," I sighed to Katie, "children these days are so brainy."

"Why, Joe Yagers, you ought to be ashamed of yourself, doing those poor, innocent—"

"Oh, but they're a lot smarter than we ever were, remember? Now where's that old nose guard I used to have?"

"Nose guard? Have you lost your mind too?"

"No, ma'am," I said. "It's just that O'Brien and I are probably going to have a little conference about Bonnie Prince Charlie's exams tomorrow."

Well, usually the day before we play Fanniman I get nerves like an abscessed tooth. That's due to everybody regarding the affair as a cross between the Army-Navy game and Armageddon. This time, though, I was so confident that when I delivered my traditional chapel oration I discarded my usual veiled hints about how a loss on our part would be due to the lousy material and not the coaching. I assured everybody that our gallant red-clad warriors would carry the proud banner of old Theodore Whiteside High School on to victory.

At two o'clock the Howling Hibernian stormed in—the maddest bunch of blubber since Moby Dick. From the look on his face, they'd not only thrown Charlie off the squad, they'd thrown him out of school.

"You did it!" he screeched. "You did it! You got what you wanted, now I'm—"

He started stalking me. I felt like a snake with St. Patrick hot on its trail. "O'Brien," I said, "listen to me now. I pleaded with the boy to study. I pleaded with him. Think of O'Brien, I told him. He loves you. He—"

He kept closing in. "Pleaded with him to study, huh?" he snarled. "Just dying for him to pass those exams?"

"I was, O'Brien! I couldn't sleep nights, thinking about it!" I was working my way toward the paperweight on my desk. "I even mentioned him in my prayers, O'Brien. I—" I stopped.

Something had happened to O'Brien's face. He was still leering but it wasn't the leer of a man who was going to kill somebody. It was the leer of a man who had already killed somebody but just hadn't notified the corpse.

He patted me on the shoulder. "Bless your little heart, then," he said with a simper. "That must have been what did it. Your prayers! Yagers, your boy Charlie passed every exam he took!"

I blinked at him. I just couldn't believe the human mouth was capable of uttering such horrible sounds. "O'Brien," I whimpered, "it's not a joking matter. If the boy flunked, tell me. I can take it."

"You know I wouldn't jest with little old you," he sneered. "Such good news is hard to believe, but force yourself. He passed 'em all. Just for you."

As I started going into shock, the whole thing swam into focus. Charlie had been courting my daughter, but Bull O'Brien had been courting his teachers—or threatening to boil their curriculums in oil if they didn't pass him. That was the only way it could have happened. The door I'd closed on high-school coaching started swinging open again. I had just one chance of slamming it shut again. It'd take a mighty godless man to do it, though. I took a look at Bull all collapsed in my chair and having hysterics. I decided I was the man.

SUPPER that night was a grand affair. Yessirree, a victory supper. My thoughtful wife had invited Charlie over, and we were celebrating the passing of his exams. I felt like Lincoln at a testimonial dinner for Booth. Every mouthful was just like filet of pincushion to me, but I could ease my pain by looking at the look in Charlie's eyes.

The love bug was gnawing away the last of his brain. He'd go into these trances looking at Nancy and I'd think I was going to have to give him artificial respiration to bring him out of them. He was ripe. Dead ripe. All I had to do was shake the tree. When they started to leave for the big rally, I gave it the warmup shake.

"Charlie," I said, "tomorrow's the big day. I want Nancy in at ten tonight. We're going to beat your ears off tomorrow and I don't want you bellyaching that my daughter kept you out all night."

He gave that idiotic smile of his, and they took off. I closed the door behind them, and Katie went into her soap-opera routine. "And," she said, "as we begin a new chapter of Love's Labor Lost, we find the wicked coach again plotting against the Boy All-American. What fantastic scheme have you got up now?"

"I'm just setting him up for the kill," I told her. "Tomorrow night at that game I'm going to prove to you just how much sense a lovesick kid has."

"Not that again," she groaned.

"Look. That dreamboat of his has had smooth sailing so far. Tomorrow night a typhoon's going to hit it!" . . .

Kickoff time was at eight. At seven thirty the stadium began to fill. By quarter of, there were twelve thousand howling heathens on hand, half of them looking forward to seeing Charlie Hadley play his last game for Fanniman, the other half dreading it.

When I'd left home, Katie had put up her usual front—given me a big kiss, told me it was just another game and that she'd have the motor running for a fast getaway in case I lost. Nancy had been a whimpering wreck. She'd finally decided that she'd yell for Charlie the first half and for me the last. When she gave me her special good-

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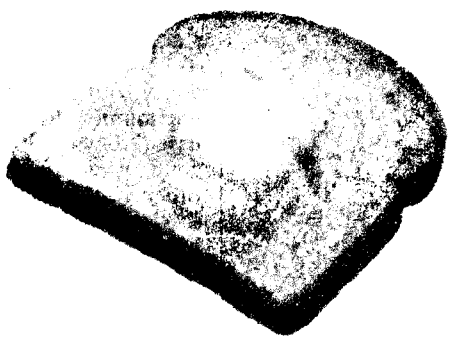

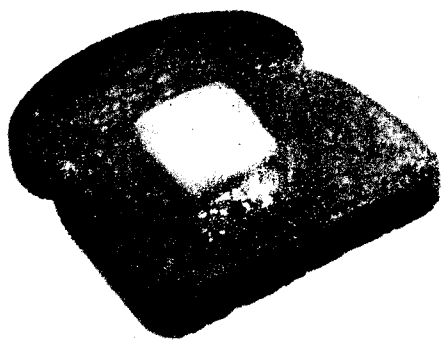

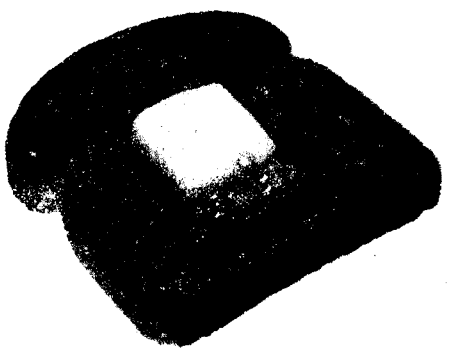

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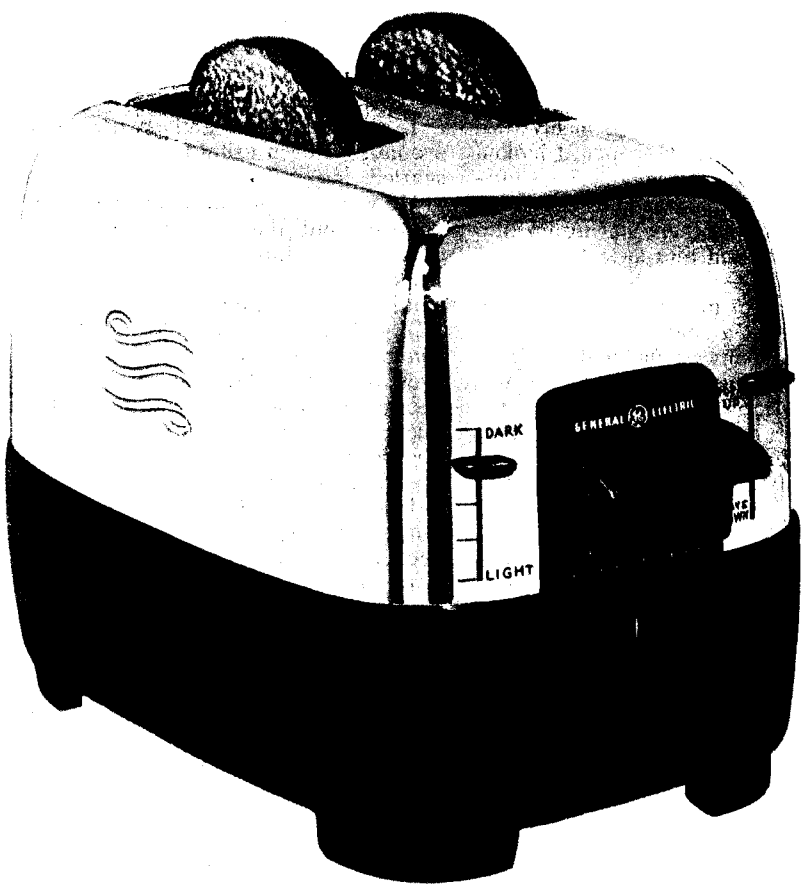

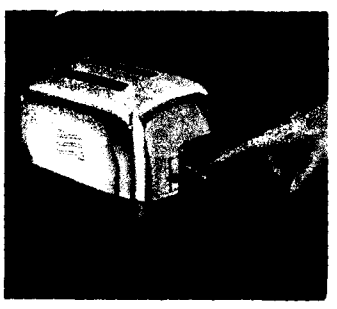

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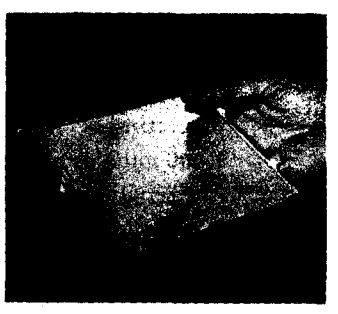

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luck kiss, as she called it, she seemed to be leaning just a little bit toward my side, though.

"Don't you worry, Daddy," she'd said. "No matter what happens, everything is going to be all right."

I didn't know what she was talking about, but I thought so myself. With ten minutes to go before the kickoff I eased down the side line to the end zone, where Charlie and a couple of other backs were tossing passes. He saw me and trotted over, grinning—to hide his jitters. I knew just how he felt. Twenty-five years before, I'd been playing my last game for Whiteside. And against Fanniman. It had been the biggest thing in my life then. I started hating myself. But I managed not to overdo it. The Fanniman coach back then would have done the same thing to me, if he'd just thought of it.

Charlie grabbed my hand and started shaking it. "You tell Nancy I'm mad at her!" he said, grinning. "I saw her sitting over there on your side of the—" He stopped. He'd noticed the look on my face. "What's the matter, sir?"

I didn't blame him. I looked like the prosecutor at the Salem witch trials. "Charlie," I said, "I'm pretty disappointed in you, boy. I was glad to have you come to see Nancy but I didn't say anything about late dates. If you're going to pull that any more—"

"Late dates!" he gulped. "But I didn't—"

"Don't lie to me, Charlie. You brought Nancy back in at ten just like I said, but when we went up to bed around eleven thirty I heard Nancy slip out the front door and then I heard a car drive off. You kept her out until one thirty, Charlie. I know nothing untoward happened and I haven't said anything to her about it, but—"

Prince Charming couldn't have looked any more miserable if Cinderella had run a false foot in on him. "But, Mr. Yagers," Charlie whimpered, "I didn't have any late date with Nancy. She must have—" He couldn't make himself say it.

"Well, by God," I bellowed, "if she's running around with that Ed Dexter again I'll—" I patted him on the shoulder. "You just forget this, Charlie. Just get out there and play football. Don't let it upset you. She's made a boob out of you, but just don't think about it. I'll take care of it."

I huffed off. I had to. That look on his face was putting lumps in my own throat. Halfway to the bench, I looked back. Bull O'Brien was hollering something at him, but he wasn't listening. He was just standing there staring up into the stands. I had him at last.

ABOUT eight minutes later there was a whistle, a roar, and Nelson, my kickoff man, angled the ball for poor Charlie, per instructions. There was some question as to whether Charlie took it with his head or his collarbone. A groan went up and he was chasing the ball in the end zone. He managed to get it back to the six before my boys lit on him.

The Fannimanites settled back down in their seats. Hurricane Hadley would get them out of the hole. He did. Three plays later, at the ten, he sliced a booming twenty-yard punt off the side of his foot. There was another groan. One play later there was another one, but it was drowned out by the Whitesiders going crazy.

Nelson had passed to Johnson, my left end. It was one of those balloon-ball specials he'd been driving me crazy with all season. A maimed midget could have gotten under the thing, but Charlie just sort of waved at it as it went by. Johnson juggled it just enough to age me about fifty years, then trotted on across with it.

We converted, and the bench and the stands went crazy again. I only went half crazy. That look on Charlie's face was sticking with me. And Bull wasn't helping to erase it by standing on the side lines and screaming at him when they lined up for the kickoff.

By the end of the quarter, though, he'd stopped screaming. He was shrieking. Charlie had racked up six yards on nine tries and looked like a duck on flypaper doing it. His defensive work had been equally brilliant. Johnson had caught another blooper down the middle. Ordinarily, Charlie would have cut him in half. Johnson spun, Charlie slid off, and it was 13-0. Then 14-0.

TOWARD the end of the half it was 20-0. The score was just secondary, though. Everybody was trying to figure out what had happened to Charlie Hadley. My boys bounced him out of bounds right in front of our bench, and Nixon, my line coach, got a look at his face.

"That boy's sick, Joe," he said. "I ain't ever seen him look like that."

Well, I was getting sick too. For one thing, I was sick over feeling sick. I should have been whooping happy. I'd proved my point that a mature, scabby-souled man is smarter than a kid who's all heart and no brain. And, if those vultures among the alumni stuck to their bargain, I had that job at State sewed up.

But then I'd see the way Bull was rawhiding poor Charlie when he'd jerk him out. Then I'd get to thinking of how Nancy would feel if I didn't get to Charlie first after the game and tell him it had all been a mistake. Then I'd think how nice it'd be if the game was so close I wouldn't have time to do any thinking. The half wound up still 20-0, though. Then it all caught up with me.

I was trailing the boys through the tunnel to the dressing room and nearly trampled on a couple of hot-shot Fanniman alumni walking ahead of me. They didn't notice me. They were too busy explaining the Charlie Hadley mystery to each other.

"It's that damn' Yagers," the big one snarled. "Him and that daughter of his. He's been using her to—"

I grabbed him and swung him around. "I been using her to what?" I snarled.

He was my size and about ten years younger, but the odds weren't good enough for him. "Now, Joe," he whined, "I was just joking. I know you wouldn't do anything like that."

I grabbed a fistful of coat. "Well, *I'm* not joking!" I told him. "If you ever open that big mouth of yours about my daughter again, the undertaker is going to close it for you. You understand that?"

"Sure, Joe," he said. "Sure."

I shoved him away and started back out the tunnel. I was the guy who needed slugging. Charlie wasn't the dumb one; I was. Not once had I thought that anybody besides Bull would think that Nancy was in on the dirty work with me. I was coming out of the tunnel, headed for Charlie, when I bumped into Red Hicks, the photographer for the News. He was my man.

He'd gone on a game trip to New Orleans with us and done too spirited a job of covering the Quarter. I'd spent the morning of the game assuring a judge that I'd have him out of the state

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by nightfall. I was the only one who knew about it. He could be trusted.

I explained the late-date lie to him and the spot I'd put Nancy on. "Now, Red," I said, "all you've got to tell him is that I said everything is all right, that I got to talk to Nancy just before game time and she explained everything. And tell him for the Lord's sake not to mention to her what I told him. I'll explain everything later. I've got a lie already made up for him."

Red just stared at me. "You kind of like that little girl, don't you?"

"Get going!"

"Gladly," he said. "I got fifteen bucks riding on Fanniman, and Bull is threatening to make Charlie turn in his suit if he goofs off just one more time."

Well, I'd asked for it and I got it. When we went back on the field, Red reported in. He'd taken Charlie aside in the dressing room and delivered my message. Charlie had lit up like a Christmas tree. "He's still a dummy, though," Red said. "That boy thinks you're the greatest guy that ever lived."

He had a great way of showing it. We took the kickoff, and for about three minutes it looked like it was going to be the same song, second verse. Then we got down to their forty, and Nelson faded back and floated another one of his aerial marshmallows. Charlie and Johnson went up after it. Charlie came down with it. Johnson made a grab for him and got a nose full of knee. Charlie gave Edwards the mate to it and then Nelson was the only thing between him and the goal. Charlie executed a very intricate maneuver that he'd always been noted for. He ran over him.

THAT was just the beginning. They made the point and kicked off. We lost three yards on three plays. I sent Griggs in to tell Nelson that if he kicked to Charlie I'd cut his foot off. He evidently hadn't recovered from that trampling Charlie had given him. Charlie had to run a full six inches to his left to take it. Four of my boys finally knocked him out of bounds on our twenty-six.

Three plays later they were on the twelve. Then Charlie took a pitchout to the right. He had so many of my boys on top of him when he crossed the goal that he looked like a totem pole. The place went crazy again, but the cry of "good old Yagers" was not to be heard in all the land. At the end of the quarter it was all tied up. Charlie had gotten bored with running over my boys and had passed for their third touchdown. Nelson couldn't stand the suspense. He punted to Charlie again.

Charlie looked like Moses going through the Egyptians. Twenty minutes later it was all over, 33-20, Fanniman. Red Grange was being spoken of as the Charlie Hadley of Illinois. I was through. No Whiteside coach had ever blown a lead like that to Fanniman and survived.

AROUND midnight, I was sitting in the living room with fifty per cent of the remaining friends I had in the world—namely, Katie. I'd told her everything. At first she wanted to throw me out of the house; then she wanted to have me cast in bronze. I was the sweetest thing that ever lived.

I wasn't buying it. "Charlie was too damn' dumb," I said. "If he'd just gotten a little listless we could have beat them without anybody thinking anything about anything. He had to go into a lousy coma, though, and—"

"Now, dear," she said, "you're a martyr. A very low-grade one, but you'll be rewarded, just you—" The doorbell mercifully put a stop to that.

"You get it," I told her. "It might be a posse."

She did. And it was. Charlie, Nancy, Ben Williams, head of the local State Alumni Association, and three others.

"All right," I said, "Bull got the job. He'll make you a darn' good man."

Ben shook his head. "No," he drawled, "there's been a little hitch in those plans. They never were really official anyway, you know. You see, Charlie here says he has a mighty, mighty attractive offer from our old rival, A&M. And I'm sure he has. You know the extremes that bunch will go to to get a boy. *However*, Charlie says he'll go to State instead—on one condition. That you go to State, Joe. As there is so little to choose between you and Bull, well . . ."

I just stared at Charlie. After all the low stuff I had pulled on him.

"Now don't act so innocent, Joe," Ben said. "Charlie's told us all about it. If it hadn't been for your daughter coaching him for those exams, he wouldn't have been eligible for the game tonight anyway."

It was like Ben Williams was pumping live steam in my ears. "What'd you say?" I wheezed.

"Coaching him for those exams," he said.

"Coaching him for those exams?" I said.

"Yes, sir," Charlie said. "We had the back booth down at the Sweet Shop and we'd get all my work done before we'd do anything else. We knew you were worried about my passing my exams."

"Oh, *that!*" I croaked. I sank back down in my chair and stared at Nancy. She had a twinkle in her eyes I couldn't classify, and I was glad of it. "Well," I said, "it's mighty nice of you, Charlie. Of course, you're probably just trying to set me up in a good job so you won't have to support me and Katie later on."

That fixed him and Nancy, so I cut my eyes at Katie. "And, gentlemen," I said, "I'd like to take Bull O'Brien up as my assistant coach. Of course, he doesn't know too much about handling kids, but I can teach him." ▲▲▲

"I'm not calling anybody. I just dial a bunch of holes and somebody mad like you always answers"

COLLIER'S — DON TOBIN

New Greaseless Way to Keep Hair Neat All Day

"V-7"—new grooming discovery now in Vitalis Hair Tonic—outdates messy oils. Keeps hair in place all day without gummy film or matted-down look.

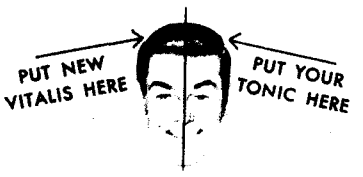
Not an animal, vegetable or mineral oil

If you object to over-oily hair tonics, as most men do, here's good news. Now you can keep hair in place and easy to manage *—yet avoid that gummy, "oil-slick" look.*

The secret is a completely new *kind* of grooming agent—introduced to you in new finer Vitalis Hair Tonic.

Called "V-7," it is not an animal, vegetable or mineral oil. In fact, "V-7" was developed in the laboratory especially to overcome the messiness and other disadvantages of greasy oils.

Make this easy test



Even if you are satisfied with your present hair tonic, we think you'll be pleasantly surprised the very first time you use new finer Vitalis containing "V-7":

1. Hair stays neat, clean, natural. No heavy greasy look.
2. No gummy film or "matting down."

You can easily prove these facts for yourself. Just apply the tonic you are now using to one side of your head—new finer Vitalis to the other. See if you don't agree that the Vitalis side looks far better.

Feels tingling good—kills dandruff germs on contact

In addition to good grooming, new Vitalis gives you a combination of *active* ingredients found in no other leading hair tonic.

Massaged briskly onto scalp in the famous "60-Second Workout," new finer Vitalis feels tingling good . . . far more refreshing than creams or oils. And laboratory tests prove that it *kills* germs associated with infectious dandruff on contact as no mere oil or cream dressing can.

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Solving that !*%☆x! Parking Problem

It can be done within the next ten years, says this authority—and without costing your city a nickel

By CHARLES T. McGAVIN with STACY V. JONES

Charles T. McGavin, a graduate engineer, has devoted 21 of his 47 years to the related *fields of parking engineering and parking* economics, with time out for three years in the Navy's wartime Office of Research and Inventions. He has operated parking lots and garages and has served as a private consultant. Since 1946, he has been head of the technical staff of the District of Columbia's Motor Vehicle Parking Agency

YOU drive in to the city to shop. For half an hour, you cruise the streets looking for a place to park. Then, frustrated, you look for room in a park-for-pay lot. You may have to scout all over town before finding one that's not full. By the time you step out of your car, you're tired and angry—and you vow never to take your car to the city again. From now on, you'll shop in the suburbs.

That decision, multiplied many thousandfold, means disaster to America's large cities. They are losing their struggle against the parking problem —and they aren't doing much about it.

Yet they could. There's a way of winning it once and for all, within the next 10 years and without municipal operation or investment. The method is to hit the problem with everything that will take cars off the streets: parking lots; ramp garages; mechanical garages; takedown skeleton structures; parking sections inside office buildings and department stores; and drive-in banks, restaurants, laundries, theaters and post offices.

Washington, D.C., has proved that this method works. In the last six years the national capital has made a net gain of 18,000 off-street parking spaces and has caught up with the growth in traffic.

The District's Motor Vehicle Parking Agency, whose technical staff I head, has consistently been promoting the addition of more than 200 spaces each month. The pressure is letting up, and next year's tourist should find it easier to park. Within six or eight years we intend to add 25,000 more spaces, which ought to take care of the situation for some time.

Parking has been my hobby and career since 1926 when, as an engineering junior at Stanford, I watched a classmate at work on a model of an automatic parking garage. I have come to know intimately the business districts of 35 major cities, from coast to coast. Within the last two years I have revisited the downtown areas of 24 of them, making a shoe-leather survey, block by block. I am sure that no city except Washington has gained more than 4,000 off-street downtown parking spaces since the war. Often a city government relies on a one-shot panacea, such as the proposed construction of a couple of municipal lots or garages. Too often these proposals are killed by conflicting interests, so that there is no progress at all.

The parking industry is a huge business. Off-street parking facilities of all types, including those maintained by stores for their customers, represent a total investment across the nation of about $3,000,000,000. Motorists pay annually about $200,000,000 in commercial parking fees and drop another $100,000,000 into parking meters. Although these figures may sound large, business statistics and my own firsthand observations indicate there has been only a piddling improvement in the nation's parking capacity during the last decade.

In most cities private enterprise hasn't been given a proper chance. Many commercial operators feel they've been kicked around. Recently, when I told one group of visiting officials that investors and operators come to our District agency for suggestions, they were astounded. "Great Scott, man," one of them said, "City Hall in my town is the last place they want to come!"

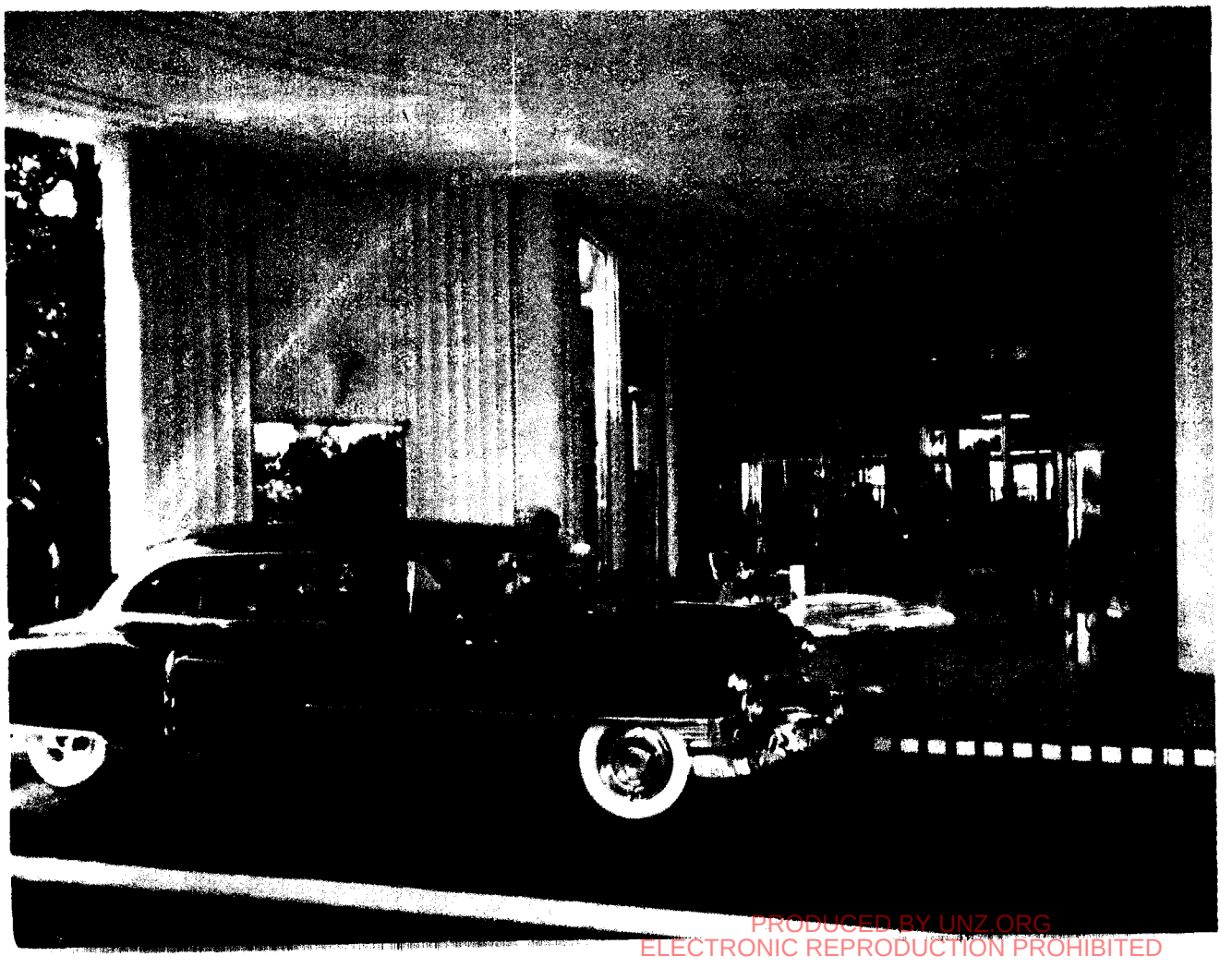
Meanwhile, the problem continues to grow. Car use has steadily increased. In 1923, when the automobile was "a pleasure car," usually jacked up and put on blocks for the winter, average annual travel was 7,500 miles; today it's 9,000. And I predict that by 1965, if the resourcefulness that went into development of the vehicle itself is applied to roadways and parking facilities, the average automobile will travel 18,000 miles a year.

There are now enough cars so that everybody in the country could sit down in them at once—one for every three and a half persons. In Los Angeles, which grew up after 1923, when the automotive revolution began, the ratio of cars to people is even higher. You could evacuate the entire population of that city on the front seats of its cars.

Further, the trend in car design is still toward longer, wider and lower models. And don't blame the motor maker; it's a matter of meeting public demand. Since 1929 the average car's length has increased from 15 feet to 18. The old Model T was about 12 feet long without bumpers, which used to be considered an extra. In the same period, car widths have grown from five feet eight inches to six feet six inches. Today's doors are wider and hinged at the point of greatest body width. The

In Los Angeles, a number of stores—like I. Magnin on Wilshire Boulevard, below—have parking lots in the rear and have placed main customers' entrance there. Employees use another entrance

JOHN FLOREA



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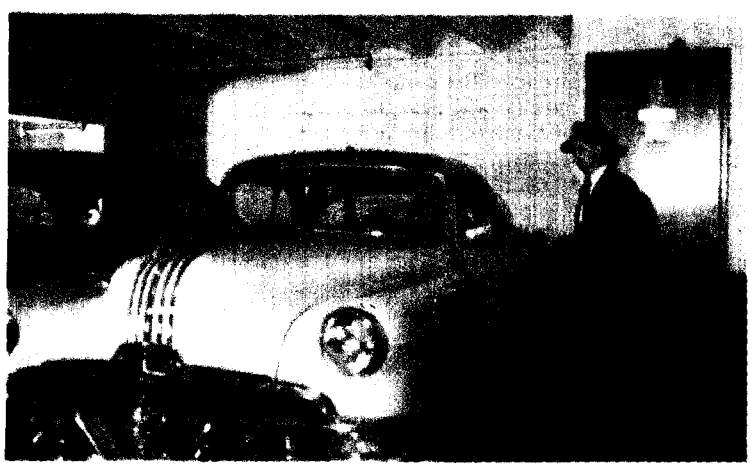
Chicago keeps cars off streets by encouraging fringe parking lots like this one. Commuters drive this far and get downtown by public transportation

1929 car door was narrow and set back of a wide running board. So, naturally, the 1952 parking space has to be bigger too. The garage area required per car—including allowance for aisles, ramps, maneuvering space—has increased from 240 to 260 square feet in the last dozen years. That doesn't sound like very much, but the door swing has increased to such an extent that the effective capacity of some of our older garages has been cut by a third. The only favorable consideration has been the decrease in car height; garage ceilings can be lower now, providing more floors per unit over the same amount of ground space. The parking problem directly concerns the more than half of our population that now live in America's 168 metropolitan areas. Each such area consists of a central city and a number of suburbs outside the city limits, perhaps even in another state.

Both the central city and the "bedroom" areas are affected, but in different ways. The city faces the loss of population and revenue to the satellite areas if it can't provide space for automobiles. On the other hand, the city's parking problem often presents an opportunity to the satellite community which has cheap land available and can use free lots to attract business away from the central area. Among communities that have made notable use of parking to siphon customers out of big cities are Silver Spring, Maryland, near Washington, and Kansas City, Kansas, across the river from Kansas City, Missouri.

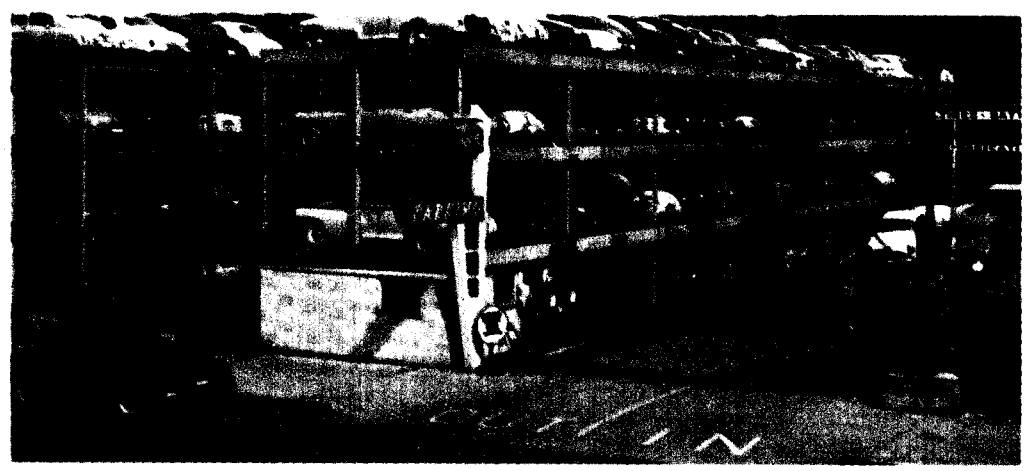
With the growth of population in the "bedroom" areas, the use of automobiles for commuting has grown rapidly. In Washington, for example, more than half the cars parked downtown are from outside the city. Naturally, too, the shopping center

Washington's Cafritz Building has most convenient parking of all—inside, on all its floors, right next to the offices



HARRIS & EWING

Spokane multilevel unit has mechanism which picks up car at entrance, rolls down corridor and raises vehicle to proper "pigeonhole," all in one minute or less



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LAWRENCE S. WILLIAMS

In Philadelphia, block of old buildings was replaced by modern shops with plenty of space for parking on upper floors and roof. This change gave a lift to the entire neighborhood

If there isn't enough downtow

has followed the migration to the suburbs. When the housewife can park easily near home, she favors the branch store in her own community.

The outward movement of business creates a serious tax problem for the central area. In the average city, the downtown section is roughly 1 per cent of the total area, yet it contributes from 10 to 25 per cent of the real-estate tax revenues. If there are sales and personal-property taxes, the yield is much greater. Furthermore, a downtown section pays a lot more in taxes than it gets back in services. Any drop in revenues has to be met by homeowners and the citizenry in general.

What can the big cities do to solve their problem? It is primarily a matter for municipal planning and encouragement, rather than municipal investment and operation. You can't just sit back and let private enterprise solve the problem in its own way; you have to give both a helping hand and a prod. The city can say to the operators, in effect, "We're ready to give you every help we reasonably can; but, of course, if you can't do it, we'll have to."

A first step, I should say, would be to establish a city parking agency, under one name or another. The temptation in any government is to set up a special committee and then forget about the problem. But an agency takes the responsibility for getting something done. Under state authorization, a number of cities are now organizing parking agencies. Baltimore has its Off-Street Parking Commission, established in 1948, which is doing an excellent job.

Once you have a staff, determine the city's stake in the parking problem's solution. Some taxpayers always object to spending money on parking studies until you show them that they'll have to pay more taxes unless something is done.

Next, chart the existing parking sites and their capacity in detail, and annually at least. In the District of Columbia we make an inventory of facilities about every nine months. We do it on foot, block by block, recording the size and shape of each lot or garage and giving it a rated capacity based on its method of operation.

You also need to know the demand. Your city probably has made basic surveys of the daily movements of people and cars, which can be supplemented by such methods as placing questionnaire cards in cars and interviewing drivers, and can be kept up to date by spot checks.

You may have noticed at one time or another a young man at the roadside with a mechanical counter and a note pad. He is probably helping to make a "cordon count." In one such count we found that three quarters of a million people entered the retail area of Washington over an 18-hour period, and that at the daytime peak there were 81,000 present, including 47,000 employees. We also made door counts of office buildings, theaters, department stores and other key "generators" of parking demand, and studied the kinds of transportation used—automobile, streetcar, bus, shoe leather. We also made a detailed aerial study that showed every vacant lot, alley and building downtown; but you can do without the airplane if your survey staff has sharp eyes.

Surveying Potential Parking Sites

Once you know how much additional space is needed and where, you can choose the best attack. The next step is a survey of potential parking sites —including, of course, any available municipal properties within walking distance of the stores and office buildings.

I have found that in major cities resistance to walking begins at about 500 feet and increases with the distance. People hate to go more than 750 feet from their cars for any purpose. In the District of Columbia we are aiming at a distance of 600 feet from parking facilities to key establishments. This is based on the preference of the shopper and not of the employee. Where parking is provided within 600 feet, we are confident that the Washington merchants can compete effectively with any of the suburban shopping centers.

In planning, remember to allow for "induced load." Whenever a new facility is added, whether road, bridge or parking garage, its use far exceeds the total use of whatever preceded it. It attracts new business.

To find new locations, I even chase ambulances and fire engines. For example, there was a murder in one of Washington's afterhours bottle clubs, and several other such establishments had trouble with the police and were closed down. I went to see the owners of two of the properties, and one accepted my suggestion that he turn over his available space to public parking. When a building burns down or is condemned, or when I learn that a congregation is going to abandon an old church, I suggest parking for the site. Indeed, I look for any building that's not being efficiently used.

Almost every city has at least one site that's not of much use for anything but parking—perhaps a large plot down near the railroad tracks.

If the owner of a likely-looking property isn't personally interested in developing it for parking, the city agency can—with his permission—suggest such use to somebody else. And often the city can put a would-be operator in touch with a source of money—a bank, an insurance company or an individual. We occasionally arrange for operator to meet investor in our office. Some chain operators of parking garages provide everything—capital as well as engineering and management.

When somebody consults us about a specific site, we can suggest the most efficient installation, give him a design layout, estimate the land and construction costs and the probable yield, or even help break a bottleneck in negotiations.

Co-operation of the downtown merchants is, of course, necessary to a solution of a city's parking dilemma. Businessmen are usually suspicious at first of anything a city government tries to do. The argument most effective with a merchant is to point up how improved parking facilities will make his cash register jingle. Often he's so busy inside that he doesn't get a chance to see what's going on outdoors. I made a study of a Los Angeles store, which showed that purchases by people using its parking garage averaged $12.50 per trip. An average of one and three-quarters persons came per car, so each car brought $22 in sales. Since every parking stall was used by an average of 4½ cars daily, each helped contribute $99 in sales. The 250-car garage therefore was an important factor in attracting $7,000,000 worth of business annually.

Your city will probably have to modernize its building and zoning regulations to let parking expand. The District of Columbia building code was modified by reducing the required amount of automatic sprinkling so that six-story parking garages became economically feasible. Washington was the first city to recognize mechanical garages as a special type of building. Another code amendment made possible the use of skeleton steel structures. The National Board of Fire Underwriters, which had looked askance at parking garages as fire hazards, concluded that if off-street parking was not encouraged, the streets would be so crowded that fire apparatus would have difficulty in getting to fires.

On recommendations of our agency, Congress amended the District law so as to permit leasing of city property for parking purposes for as long as 50 years. As a parking garage often costs a million dollars, a promoter could not be expected to build one under a short lease.

I am against the fixing of maximum rates for parking, except on city property. It is better to keep rates down by keeping competition up. If the public-utility concept is applied to parking services, a city will have to guarantee a fair return—and may wind up with high rates, if high values can be proved. Further, where a fair return has been ensured, the tendency is to discourage competitive parking development.

We must not neglect the old-fashioned parking lot, the chief reliance for the present of even the big cities. But mechanical garages, which require only narrow frontage and a minimum number of employees, hold the greatest promise for the future. I look for bold new designs. The principal present types are:

¶ The fully automatic push-button type, operated by a single attendant. An elevator with no operator

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aboard takes the car to the proper level and shunts it to one side or the other into a stall.

¶ The semiautomatic "side-traveling elevator" type. An operator rides the elevator, which moves sideways through a slot in the building, as well as up and down. In one version, the operator drives the automobile on and off; in another, this is done mechanically.

¶ The semiautomatic "merry-go-round" type, in which four central elevators serve all floors. Each floor has a turntable, moving so that the cars can be shunted onto and off tracks which lead to individual stalls.

¶ The semiautomatic "Ferris wheel" type. Moving platforms carry the cars up one side, across the upper floor of the building and down the other side of the elevator well.

In addition to the garages of standard steel-and-concrete construction, with floors connected by ramps, skeleton steel frames are available in prefabricated form. These have the advantage of being demountable, so that they can be used on leased land and moved when there's a better use for the site.

Other cities might well promote a building design like Washington's unique Cafritz Building, where you "park at your desk." That is, a businessman drives up a ramp in the core of the building, parks his car on his own floor and walks a short distance to his office. The garage, with a half mile of highway, is in the center, and all the offices on the perimeter.

Underground parking is more spectacular than practical if you have to buy the land and excavate for the garage. If a public site is available in the right place to be leased at nominal rent, the cost may be justified. (An application for a three-story garage under Franklin Park in Washington is now pending, and I hope the Department of the Interior will grant it.)

"Fringe parking" has been adopted with success in cities whose streetcar and bus lines have granted reduced fares. The term indicates the use of a series of lots outside the business area which can be reached by surface lines. The city-bound driver parks on the outskirts and takes a transit line the rest of the way. If, however, besides the time lost in transferring, the driver must pay a round-trip transit fare of 30 cents or more, plus even a nominal charge for parking, the fringe idea isn't attractive.

"Dual purpose" developments, combining stores and garages, have often rewarded their builders. Trustees of the Girard Estate in Philadelphia, for instance, demolished a block of run-down buildings in a fashionable shopping district and replaced them with modern shops on the first and second floors, devoting the upper stories and roof to parking. The whole neighborhood has now, as a result, been rejuvenated.

Customers Prefer to Use Rear Door

Los Angeles has made excellent use of the rear-door idea, particularly along Wilshire Boulevard, the Fifth Avenue of the West. The I. Magnin Company, for one, has one customer entrance on the boulevard and another entrance at the back, where parking space is available. But the back door, which is used by 80 per cent of the shoppers, is breath-taking in its beauty.

Among the smaller communities, Quincy, Massachusetts, was the pioneer in such development. It turned land between stores and railroad tracks into parking lots, and the stores put their display windows on that side. Garden City, Long Island, when it had less than 10,000 population, began to provide car space, and now has over half a dozen rear-door lots with a total capacity of 2,000 cars.

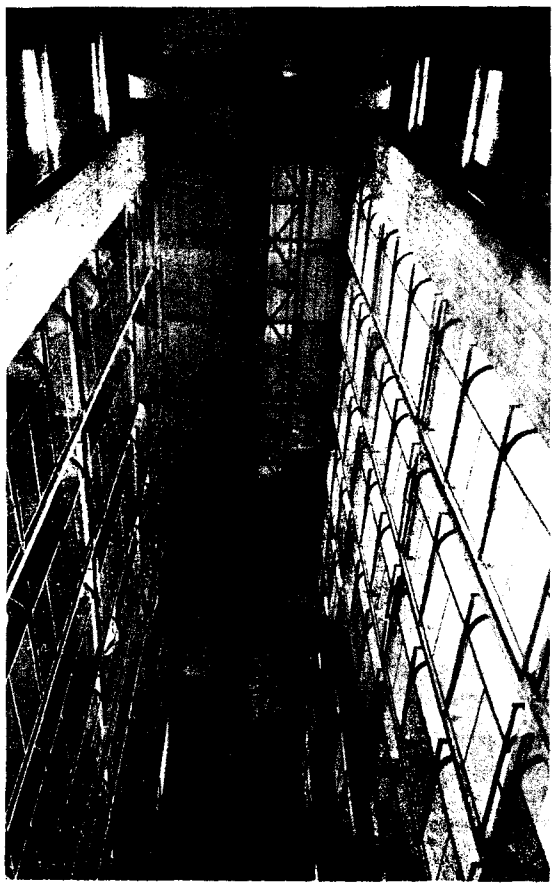
Towns that want to attract customers can often buy land, surface it properly for about $150 per car, so that the total cost per space is around $400. If the town wants to use meters, the investment can be recovered very shortly. Income from a parking meter has been estimated at $100 per year.

Since World War II, well-located, well-managed private parking projects have proved uniformly good investments. Land is available at from $3 to $5 a square foot in towns under 100,000, and on the periphery of downtown areas in large cities. Here parking lots can be developed for from $700 to $1,100 per car space and the entire investment (at 5 per cent) can be liquidated in 20 years on average charges of 20 cents to 30 cents per car parked.

In the business districts of Washington and comparable cities, many locations within 750 feet of motorists' destinations can be bought at from $7.50 to $15 per square foot. Building costs per stall run about $1,100. One project I am helping to promote involves land at $15 per square foot and a building investment of $550,000. With a turnover of three cars per space, the building can park 1,000 cars a day, and can liquidate the entire investment, including land, at 5 per cent in 25 years, on an average yield of 40 cents per car.

Big cities now face their worst competition in the new "regional shopping centers." A promoter buys from 10 to 25 acres of baseball diamond, golf course or rural acreage strategically placed near housing developments and major highways and converts it into a complete "downtown" shopping area, leaving nothing to happenstance. For example, take the Hecht Company's Parkington Development in Arlington, Virginia, across the Potomac from Washington: customers can walk into the Hecht store from a five-level, 2,000-car parking building. Other stores cluster around.

The cities have been saved by the bell three times. Once was in 1933 when the depression stopped suburban building. The second time was in 1941, when war preparation cut material supplies. And the third time was in 1951, when rearmament again brought restrictions. If enough downtown parking isn't provided by 1961, our big cities will have to surrender, and reconcile themselves to a permanently slower tempo. And that's just another way of saying they'll strangle to death. ▲▲▲



Des Moines parking garage. Elevator delivers cars to stalls (note fenders at upper left)

ANDY VINES

Washington parking facility, completely automatic, is operated from control panel above. Mechanism picks up car, hoists it, parks it. Building is 16 stories high, on narrow lot

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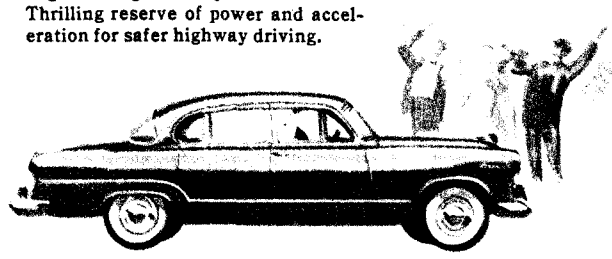

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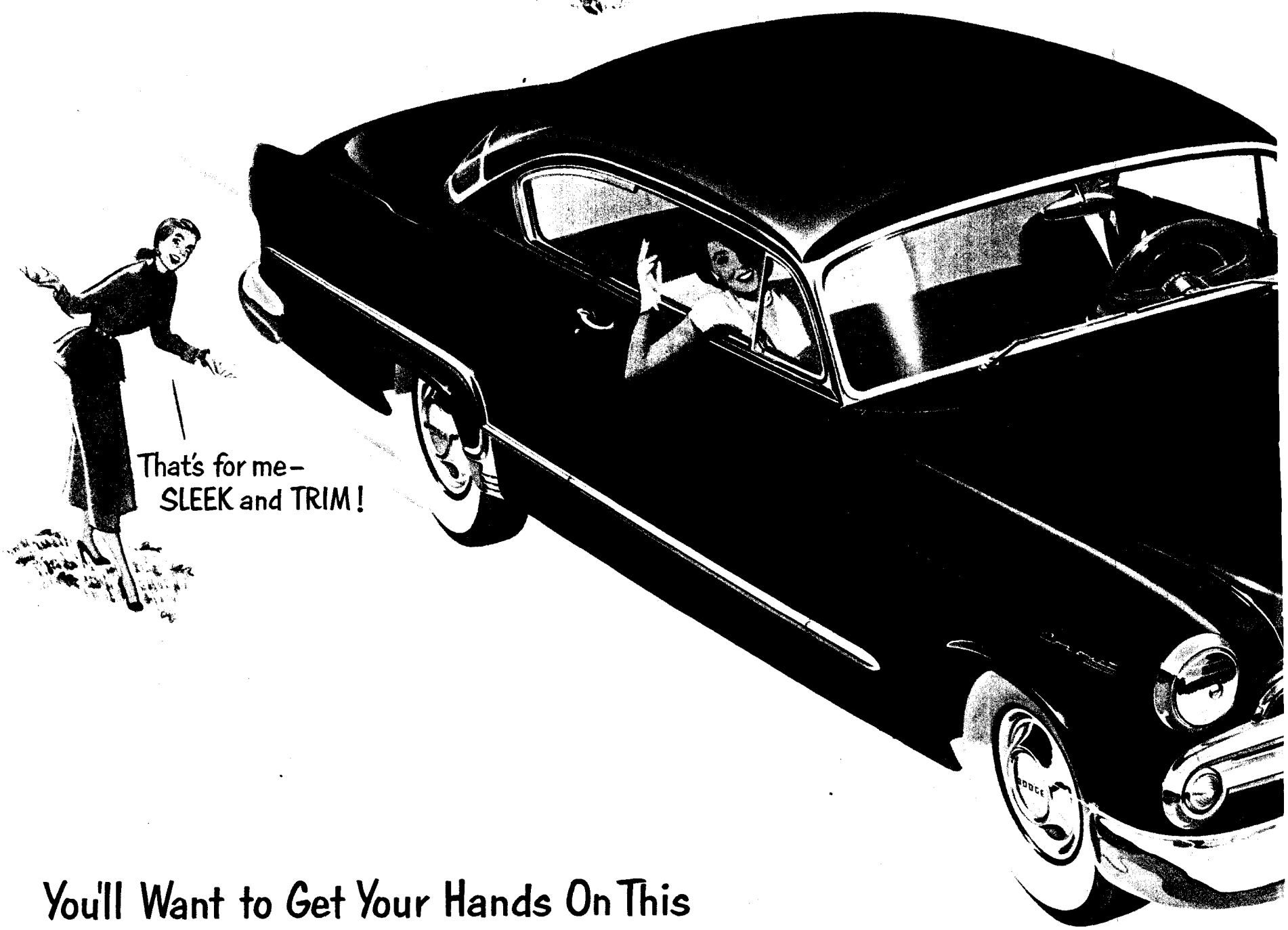

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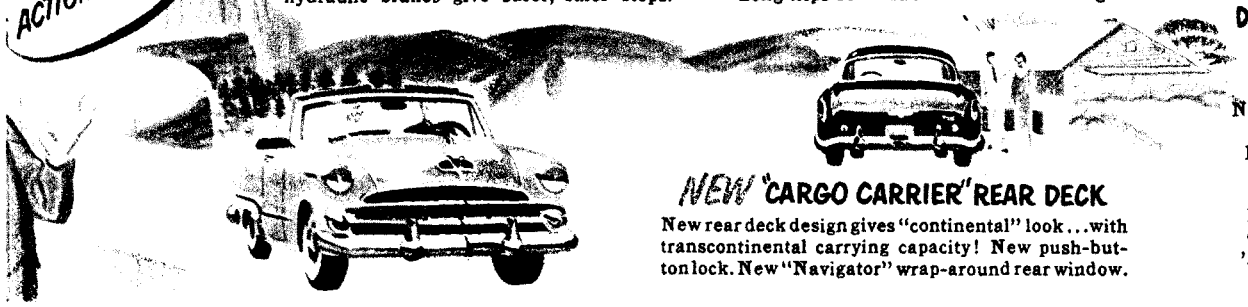


THRILLING *NEW* ROAD ACTION

New "Stabilizer" suspension cuts side-sway, for better roadability. Oriflow ride control "paves" rough roads. Safeguard hydraulic brakes give surer, safer stops.

***NEW* "TRAVEL LOUNGE COMFORT"**

Travel-planned interiors. More hip-room, head-room, elbow-room. New chair-high Comfort-Contour seats, new Fashion-Fiber Fabrics. Long trips seem short in a new '53 Dodge.

***NEW* "CARGO CARRIER" REAR DECK**

New rear deck design gives "continental" look... with transcontinental carrying capacity! New push-button lock. New "Navigator" wrap-around rear window.

ALL THAT'S *NEW* WITH DEPENDABILITY, TOO

New Center-Balance steering ease.

New pull-type door handles open with one motion.

New visibility with up to 244.8 sq. inches more glass area.

New Space Saver doors open wide in less space.

'53 Dodge is packed with new Action Features!

NEW!

ACTION TAILORED TO YOUR DRIVING NEEDS

2 GREAT ENGINES

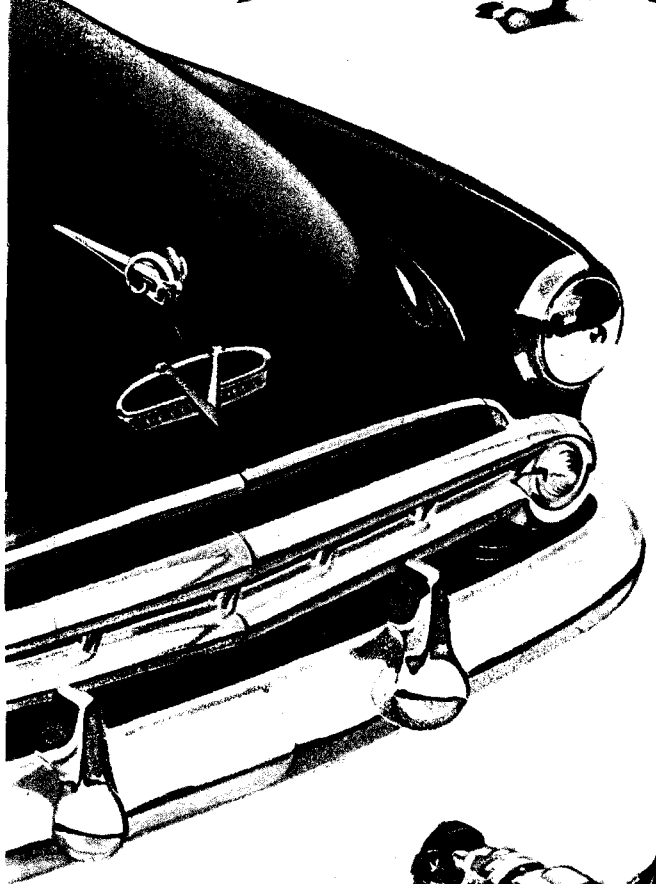
Red Ram V-Eight in Coronet models.
Get Away "Six" in Meadowbrook models.

4 DRIVE CHOICES

New Gyro-Torque Drive*
Gyro-Matic Drive*
New Automatic Overdrive*
Standard Drive.

**Optional at extra cost*

the New—All New '53 Dodge



Make way for the '53 Dodge... brand new, all new, distinctively new... a thrill to drive and a joy to own!

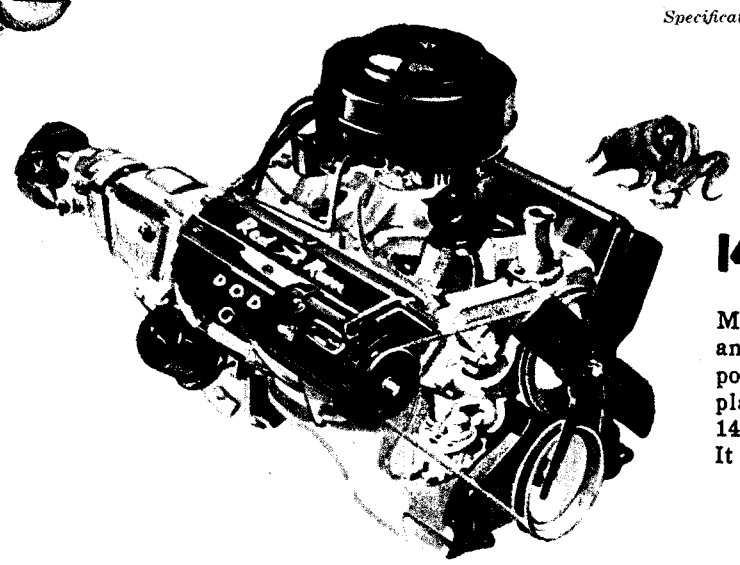
It's Powered for Action! Beneath its Jet Air-Flow hood, low and rakish for better road visibility, is the most efficient engine designed for any American car . . . the sensational new 140-h.p. Red Ram V-Eight. Here's power to spare, *economical* power, with a *magnificent reserve* of acceleration and performance that lets you drive with greater confidence, greater safety.

It's Engineered for Action! There's a new Gyro-Torque Drive for flashing change-of-pace . . . with a new "Scat" gear that's plain "greased lightning." There's a new road-hugging, curve-holding ride, new steering ease, thrilling maneuverability.

It's Styled for Action! The new '53 Dodge is sleek and trim with a more compact, streamlined exterior, yet with more passenger room than ever in the spacious "Travel Lounge" interior. Every detail of new Action-Beauty styling represents "beauty with a purpose" . . . from sweeping Pilot-View curved windshield to roomy Cargo-Carrier rear deck and wrap-around rear window.

Find out all that's new with dependability too in the great '53 Dodge. Take a "Road Test" Ride in the *action car* of the year. See what Dodge has done to open a new era of driving pleasure for active Americans.

Specifications and Equipment subject to change without notice



Sensational New 140 Horsepower RED RAM V-8 ENGINE!

Most efficient engine design in any American car! Packs more power punch per cubic inch displacement . . . delivers a full 140-h.p. on "regular" gasoline. It is the only engine design to bring you the triple power advantages of hemispherical combustion chamber... short stroke design... high-lift lateral valves. More fuel energy goes into *power*, less is wasted in heat and friction!

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ROBERT BUGG

George said we kept the roof over the bridge to hide the gaps between the planks

Best-hated Man In Town

By JOAN VATSEK

DID you ever (asked Old Man Whittaker, who owns the Commercial Hotel) meet a man who could get your dander up the minute he opened his mouth? George Beebe was like that. Six months after he moved here he was the best-hated man in town.

We often wondered what made George Beebe pick our town to retire in. Couldn't have been because he liked it; he didn't have a good word to say for it. Tall, thin, stooping, with a dry, rasping voice like a rusty file, he criticized just about everything in sight. First it was our roads and pavements, then our old covered bridge.

We were proud of that covered bridge—it was the last one in the state. But George said we kept the roof over it to hide the gaps between the planks. Said he'd have thought the women at least would have more sense than to let the children cross it on their way to school, there being a fifty-foot drop down to the river bed.

After he'd been making remarks about the old bridge for six months—like saying maybe we could sell it to the Army for an obstacle course, or that he'd seen two goats start to cross it and turn back because they'd lost their nerve—the town board got good and mad. We tore the old bridge down and put up a new one, solid and made to last, with a sidewalk for the children, who had to cross it to get to school.

If you think that shut George Beebe up, you're mistaken. All he said, day of the dedication ceremonies, was that it was too bad. Now that we had a bridge with no roof, you could look over the side of the bridge and see how dirty the river was, filled with all the refuse from the chemical plant above town. George said we should have kept the old covered bridge after all—being all shut up and closed in, you weren't choked with the smell of chemicals when you crossed the river.

Next day he stopped in at Joe Thompson's fruit store and told him he ought to open a stand to sell oranges near the new bridge. In Shakespeare's time, George said—that was the sixteenth century—ladies and gentlemen used to buy oranges and lemons to suck and sniff at as they drove through London, to keep from gagging at the smell of the gutters. Think of it, he said, four hundred years ago all of London used to smell as bad as our river section.

Joe was so angry he told all over town what George had said. So when George Beebe showed up, walking along Main Street, sucking on an orange, everybody knew what he meant, all right.

The city paper got hold of the story and printed it. Made it sound very funny, with a picture of George sucking his orange and an old woodcut they found someplace showing a fashionable London gentleman doing the same thing.

A lot of people had shares in that chemical plant. They'd never been too interested in its working, though, except for receiving dividends regular. Well, they appointed a committee, the committee read up on chemical disposal and went snooping around the plant, and after a lot of argument the company put in a brand-new pipe line. The change cut into the dividends for that year, but when it was finished we had a clean, frothing river.

"Should've done it years ago," was all George Beebe said. He was a born grumbler. Nothing suited him. Next thing we knew, he was going around asking questions about the school. The school was kind of old—everybody admitted it—and it was a mite crowded. So the kindergarten and the first-grade classes were in the basement.

Was that so the youngest ones could get outside quickest when the old place caved in, George wanted to know, or was it because the little ones had so much fun making pets of all the rats and mice down there in the basement? Somebody told him it was because the basement flooded every year at spring thaw when the river rose, and the lower grades were dismissed then.

George nodded at that, said he was perfectly satisfied with the answer. He'd been thinking the school ought to be replaced, he said, but on second thought he'd realized that would probably raise his taxes. After all, the rest of us who'd lived in the town all our lives probably knew our own children best, and if we figured they were too dumb to be worth educating properly, who was he to dispute our opinion? Why not close the school down completely and save even more money? Probably, he added, when the kids grew up nobody would ever notice the difference anyway.

Just shows you what a natural talent George had for making himself unpopular. There was some talk this time of running him out of town, but nothing came of it. Instead, next town meeting we voted to add to the school fund we already had and build a new school. To spite George.

You might think this would have shut him up, but it didn't. He had a knack for saying something nasty in a way that sounded funny to outsiders, and the city paper used to run an interview with George every so often, whenever news was dull. They'd print a story in which George would suggest we should change the name of our Main Street to Moon Boulevard, and then we could give all the holes in it names like the craters on the moon—you know, Crater Copernicus, Crater Plato and so on. After that we'd have to go and spend money fixing up the street to keep the other towns around from laughing at us.

Got so that after a few years we began fixing things up before George Beebe got around to mentioning them, just so he wouldn't have the chance. It's my own opinion that's why he started ailing. For a couple of weeks nobody saw him around, then the word got about that he was sick, and it was serious. So a group of us went to call.

When the nurse let us in, George was sitting bolt upright against his pillow, sour as ever.

"You'll be pleased to know that I'm dying."

"Dying?" Joe Thompson scoffed. "Why, you're no sicker than I am. Never looked better."

"Don't tell me you're sorry to lose me," George Beebe said. "I'm just saving you the trouble of running me out of town someday."

Joe turned red. "All right!" he yelled. "Go ahead and die if you want to!"

So George obliged us. Died that night.

THERE was a big turnout for the funeral. It was an odd sort of funeral—people couldn't decide whether they should look glad or sorry. And the minister didn't make the usual remarks—just rest in peace and so on. Even that sounded queer, because we couldn't imagine George resting.

Guess he couldn't, at that. Anyway, it turned out George wasn't as dead as we'd thought. His ghost kept popping up at our town meetings.

For instance, take when the town dump needed to be moved farther away from town, and the old dump filled in. Everybody knew it should be done, but nobody wanted to vote the money until Tom Kennedy—he's the bank manager—stood up.

"About the town dump now," he said. "I hate to think what George Beebe would say about it if he was alive."

Everybody laughed then, as if they could hear that rusty voice again. We voted the money.

Same thing happened a couple more times, about one thing and another. And now we never will be rid of George.

There he stands in the town square, opposite the courthouse, his tall, stooping figure, long nose, thin lips and all, made out of bronze. A man can't walk past him without wondering just what George would be finding fault with if he could only speak.

Me, I think I know. He'd criticize us for spending money on a statue to a man we all hated so. ▲▲▲

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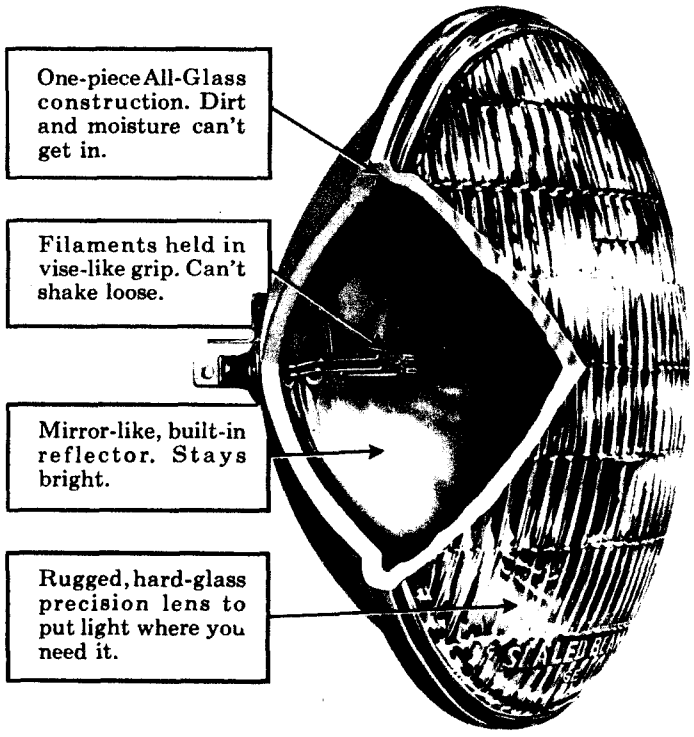
...and <u>this</u> is it⟶

<u>All-Glass</u> sealed-beam headlamps do not grow dim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Eyes bright with anticipation, five greyhounds wait in pen mounted on their master's hot-rod "prairie wagon" for coyote to be sighted and overtaken by car. Dogs are then freed, bound off on quarter-mile dash to run down coyote

Hunt actually starts with command, "Load up!" Dogs know signal, rush in from the fields and leap into cars. Coyote-wise greyhounds cost from $50-$100 each

Jalopies roar over plains toward hunting area. Most have reinforced springs and doors welded shut to help them withstand terrific pounding of the chase

FAST AS A

THE state of Kansas pays a $2 bounty for the scalp of every coyote caught within its borders. For a group of avid hunters in Ellsworth, Kansas, that figures out to a net loss of about $48 for each animal they kill. The money is poured into a fleet of juiced-up, stripped-down jalopies. It goes for gasoline and repairs to keep them bounding over the Kansas plains in search of coyotes.

The men set forth every Sunday morning in their prairie hot rods. Each car has a small wooden pen where its back seat or trunk should be. Caged inside is a pack of lean-ribbed greyhounds drooling to match their rated speed of about 37 miles an hour against the 43 miles an hour scientists say a coyote can make when pressed. The men scorn the use of guns. The fun of their mechanized steeplechase is simply to outsmart and outspeed the predatory critters.

The hunt starts with the cars cruising slowly in a prescribed circle, often several miles in diameter. They converge slowly toward the center. The men scan the fields with binoculars for the sight of a gray tail. The instant one is spotted, the other cars are alerted by hand signals and shouts of "There he goes!" over two-way radios. The penned-up dogs, wise to what's going on, set up a furious howling. The cars spurt forward. Out ahead, the coyote streaks over the ground, twisting, jumping, doubling back. The cars hurtle along, trying to get close enough so the greyhounds can be loosed. Often the coyote outdistances them, but when a car does close the gap, it slows momentarily, a latch is tripped and the dogs burst forth to continue the chase. Sometimes they run the varmint down and destroy it. Sometimes the coyote stops, takes a nip out of a dog or two, then zips away. The coyotes win about two out of every three such races, which usually last not more than a quarter of a mile.

And the wily coyote, far from succumbing to efforts to wipe him out, is more numerous today than in Frontier times. ▲▲▲

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Two-way radio alerts cars the instant a coyote is seen. Alf Pflughoft listens while Glen Rathbun scans fields

End of the line for a coyote. Greyhounds depend largely on sight during chase, often will break off pursuit if coyote slips over hill where he can't be seen

KANSAS COYOTE

Wounded dog is patched up. This one tore leg on barbed wire, but cornered coyotes often turn and attack dogs

A day's hunting yielded six coyotes, an exceptionally good bag. Hunters mostly are farmers who have converted their overage family cars for coyote tracking

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ROLAND PATTERSON

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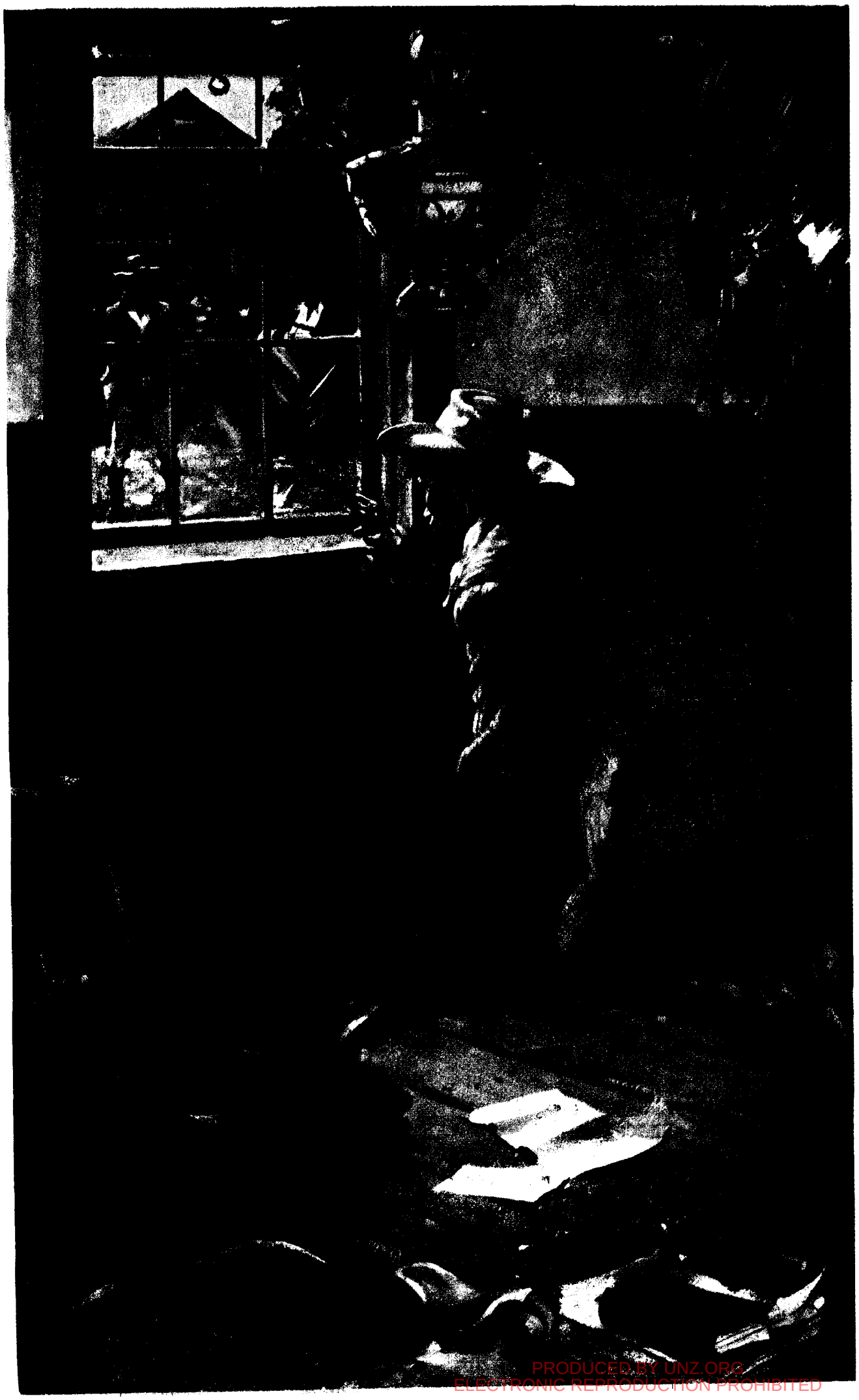
The Silver Whip

By JACK SCHAEFER

I had wanted to be treated like a man and allowed to do a man's job. Now I had got my wish—and what I had to do would take more guts than most men have



The Story: I'm JESS HARKER. I'm twenty, I've been driving a coach for two years, and I'm sick of being treated like a kid. TOM DAVISSON, the sheriff here, is the worst. He's always preaching at me. The only one who doesn't is RACE CRIM, top messenger for the coach line. I guess Race is the man I most admire—tough, smart, and a dead shot. So I thought it was a hell of a break to get the job of driving with him the day we carried the biggest load of gold the company's handled. But it didn't turn out that way. We got held up. Race killed three of the robbers, but SLATER, the leader, got away with the gold. After that, Race went wild. He spent all his time hunting Slater so he could kill him. Davisson was hunting him too, so he could bring him to trial; and one day he got a tip Slater was masquerading as a prospector in the hills. Tom went right out after him, and for a wonder he let me come along.

CONCLUSION

WE HAMMERED on, due west, taking the hills straight on, making a beeline for the spot Tom had picked on his map. We came to the ridge, a high, sharp barrier in front of the mountains. We started up it, and the horses had to dig in, scrambling upward and weaving through the scrub growth. We reached the top, dropped down the other side enough to be off the sky line, and dismounted. The horses needed that. They'd been slugging hard for hours.

"Tom," I said, "what if it's the wrong man?"

"Won't be," he said. "I know. We'll get him and the gold, and we'll wrap it up tight in court tomorrow."

We mounted and picked our way down. The slope eased out, and we were in a long, twisting valley that ran south and north, with the upper crags of Old Mantrap climbing into the next mountain on one side and the high, blunt edge of the ridge on the other. A dry stream bed ran through the valley. We followed the stream a few hundred feet and found the trail on the far side of it—a thin trace through the coarse grass and scrub bushes. We ranged alongside, studying every yard of it, and in the first soft spot, we found the prints—a few faint hoofmarks of the burro and several of a horse. Even from the saddle we could see the double-calk indentions.

We went on, fast when we had an open stretch, slow when we were rounding a turn and wondering what would be ahead. After five or six miles something began bothering me, and then we passed a soft spot, and I reined around and called to Tom. He circled back, and I pointed to the ground. The prints were there all right: the little ones of the burro, the big double calks of the horse—and others, smaller but not too small, with the single calks showing plain. "There's another one," I said.

Tom swung down and tested the edges. "They're not together," he said. "His are fresher but not much."

"You think he's following too," I said, "or just riding the trail?"

Tom shook his head. "We'll know soon." He mounted and started on, and I had to make my horse hump to keep fairly close behind him.

Suddenly the air was different. There was a chill in it, and the light was changing. The sun had

I kneeled by the window and with the barrel of the gun I knocked the glass out of a corner. The tinkle of broken glass halted them

ILLUSTRATED BY MATT CLARK

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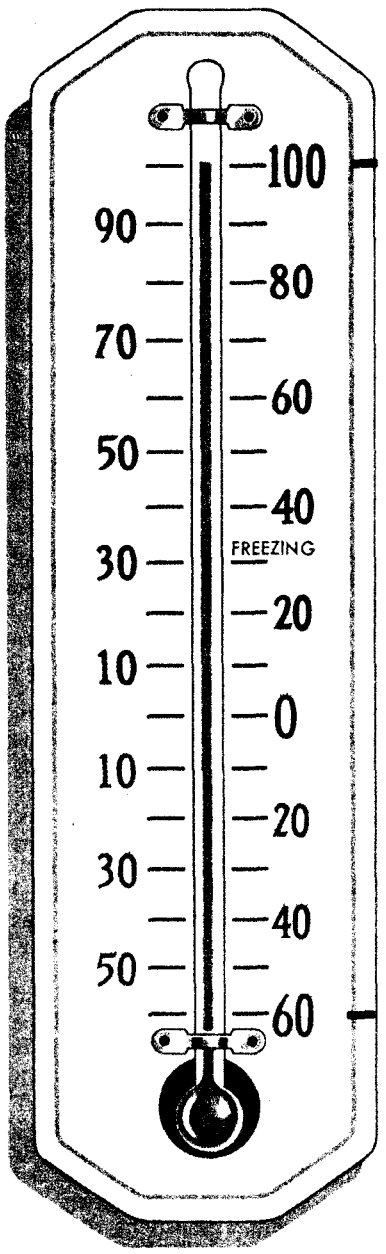
Your car is safe



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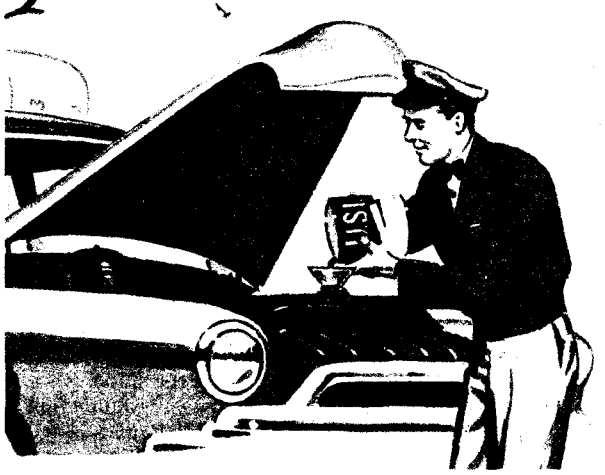

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gone behind the mountains. Suddenly Tom stopped and dismounted. I did too and saw the prints. The burro and the double calk had turned off the trail and headed up the slope to the left. "He's following," I said. I was talking to myself. Tom was walking away, leading his horse, bending over to catch the prints. It didn't make sense, that jog to the left, because the slope just climbed to a small, flat-topped hill, with the mountain wall rising sheer behind it.

WHEN we were near the cliff, Tom motioned to me to stop. I heard the noise then, a rustling in the bushes close to the rock. "Wait here," Tom said, and dropped his reins and went forward, gun in hand, and disappeared into the bushes. I waited, and my nerves were crawling when I heard his voice. One word, short and disgusted. "Damn!" He came out, pulling a frayed rope end. After him came a flop-eared burro. "Rest of the stuff's in there," he said. "This thing scraped the pack off."

"The gold?" I said.

"No. He took that with him."

We searched around, and the prints told the story. Slater had cut off up there, maybe to watch his back trail. He'd seen the second rider coming and slapped the gold on his horse and cut the burro loose and lit out, hugging close to the cliff wall so the hill would hide him for a while. We found where the second rider had figured this out and taken after him.

"What'd he do that for?" I said. "Slater. He was set to fool most anybody with his prospector dodge."

"He got panicky," Tom said.

"But why?" I said. "He's not the kind to panic easy."

"But he did," Tom said. "He recognized who was following and got scared." Tom wiped a hand across his face. "I'd be scared too," he said.

"Who?" I said. And then I knew. Only one man would be riding lonesome country like that, day after day, searching out the hidden places and following every strange track. Only one man could panic a cold planner like Slater. But I couldn't say the name either. I could just stare at Tom, and he was leaping on his horse and lifting it into a gallop.

We tore along by the cliff, around a sharp curve, and down to the relative level of the trail again. Then the valley floor widened and embraced a sudden stand of gnarled trees, and beyond them rocky draws twisted and climbed. We pulled up in the trees and stopped, panting; and the dusk of the mountains dropped on us, turning the big jagged rock formations into grotesque chunks of dark shadow. We sat our saddles, quiet and listening. And then, above and ahead of us, lost in the deep shadows, a stone moved and rolled. The sounds, sharp and distinct, drifted down and died away, and, farther above and ahead, a horse whinnied and was cut short as if someone had clamped its nose. A gun spoke and was answered, and a horse screamed and its hoofs beat against rock. The sounds shook down through the draws, repeating themselves in dying echoes.

Tom swung down and dropped his reins. I did the same. He started up through the rocks to the left, stepping carefully to avoid loose stones, and I followed. We climbed a while, guns ready in our hands, and got about halfway to the wide spine of rock that topped the draws and ran across between the mountain and the ridge. Tom was a bit ahead of me, and I hurried some and stepped on a small stone that rolled under my foot and threw me. It was lucky I went down, because the instant that stone scraped the ground a shot sliced the silence like a knife cutting and a bullet whipped over me from the right. And in the next instant Tom shouted, one word, the name we had been unable to speak: "Race!" He flung himself flat, and another shot, above us, caught the echoes of the first.

Silence again, empty and waiting. And into it came a voice from the right, familiar and nerve-tingling. "Damn your hide, Tom. I should've known it'd be you. Who's your friend?" "It's me —Jess," I said, and the voice came again. "The kid too. Getting to be quite a reunion here in these rocks. Come on over."

We scrambled across, keeping low, and found him behind a big rock, big enough to shelter him and his horse. He was leaning against the low end of the rock, staring up the slope into the blackness. "How'd you get on to him?" Tom whispered.

Race chuckled. "What in hell you whispering for? Let him hear. He's dead before morning. He had to be in this territory. I'd combed out the rest. Came over the ridge and found his tracks and thought I'd run the tracks down on the off-chance. When he spotted me and went loco, I was sure."

"It's him," Tom said. "We even know where he hid out."

"No hiding for him now," Race said. "I've got him cold. Knocked over his horse a few minutes ago. Too dark to smoke him out yet, but he's penned tight. He can't go over the top or he'll show plain against the sky. Soon as the moon's up, I go get him."

"We get him," Tom said.

"No," Race said. "This is mine. You'd want to baby him and take him to your damned court."

"Maybe," Tom said. "Maybe he'll force it to that."

"Right." I jumped at the sound of that voice above us, lost somewhere in the dark rocks, the voice I'd heard at the Hatt House and again from the stable at Big Creek. "You won't take me alive. You won't take me at all."

Tom didn't seem to hear him, and Race just kept staring up the slope. "Jess," Tom said, "keep your eyes peeled on that sky line. If anything shows, sing out and we'll all start blasting." He put a hand on Race's shoulder. "You've been going it hard for days, Race. Ease off while we're waiting. I've got the makings." He moved over to where the rock loomed bigger and leaned against it and took out his tobacco pouch and rolled a cigarette. Race moved too and reached for the makings and rolled his own. Side by side they leaned against the rock, and their voices floated out to fade into the dark. "Everybody makes mistakes," Tom said.

"So you know," Race said.

"Yes. I know what's been eating you. You feel responsible. You talked too much."

"That's right." Slater's voice joined in. "The big blowhard tipped me."

I thought Race would flare at that, but he didn't. He just kept on talking to Tom. "That's the way it is. I talk too much. I can't help it. I try to make up for it in other ways. But this time they got away with it. Killed Billy Skinner and one of the tenders and that passenger. And the gold. They busted my record and—"

"You're damn' right we did." Slater's voice was harsh and mocking. "That was about the best part."

Race had paused. He didn't seem to be listening, only waiting. "But *they* didn't do it, really. *I* did it. Maybe this won't make sense, but I keep thinking and thinking that when they're all dead it'll be better. It'll be squared some."

"It makes sense to me," Tom said. "But they'll be just as dead when they're hung by court order as if you threw lead into them. My court can kill as thorough as your gun."

"Maybe," Race said. "Maybe not. My gun's been a damn' good answer plenty of times, and you know it."

Tom began talking, easy and quiet, like he was thinking of things that meant a lot to him. "Remember, Race, the time we were young and full of juice, and I rode line camp and like a fool got lost in a blizzard and near froze. Who was it brought me in?"

"I did," Race said. "You were damn' heavy too."

"Remember Dicey Burren selling watered whisky in that flea-coop of his. When he got caught sliding aces off the bottom of the deck, who was it threw him and his friends out the windows and had a hell of a time shooting bottles off the shelves?"

"We did," Race said. "You and me, Tom. Damn your hide, Tom, I know what you're doing. You're working on me. But that's all right. We've seen a few things together that're maybe worth remembering."

"Well, then, what are we two doing out here on the edge of nowhere, talking about your way and my way when we both know there's only one way to wind this up right, and that's to take him still kicking and get the gold out of him if it's hid and turn him in for a proper hanging?"

The edge of the sky line began to be tipped with faint silver as the moon inched over the ridge on the right, and Tom's voice went on: "You heard him, Race. He thinks we can't do it." And still Race said nothing, and the silence grew. The moon came clear of the top of the ridge, and the whole twisted slope became a shimmering gray, broken by the dark pools of rock shadow.

Race straightened and his voice came low. "I'll make it an even break, Tom. Pick your side, and we'll see who gets him."

"Stay here, Jess," Tom whispered, "and hold the middle." He slipped off to the left and Race did to the right, and I was alone. I waited and could hear nothing and then I forgot all caution and climbed up on the rock and stood up to look around. I heard a snitch of sound or glimpsed a small blur of movement way over to the left by the cliff, and then I saw him. It could only be Slater, sliding from shadow pool to shadow pool, and he was below us, working down to where we had left the horses. "Tom!" I shouted. "Race! He's by the cliff!" A shot from Slater slashed toward me and went wide; then he was not bothering to shoot. He was running.

FARTHER up the slope, Race and Tom were running too. I could see all three of them in flashes, jumping jacks bobbing among the rocks, Slater near the bottom, and Race and Tom coming abreast of me on either side. Then Race hit a stretch of loose shale or water-worn stones, and he went flat and was rolling with the rubble, and it was Tom who was driving down in great leaps, gaining steadily—but not fast enough. Slater was near the bottom and in a moment would be into the trees where the horses were.

They were almost lost to me among the rocks. In glimpses I saw Slater ahead and Tom gaining and Race, up again, leaping after them. I saw Tom's gun flash and Slater pitch forward and disappear behind a tangle of scrub growth, and Tom drive in after him and Race follow. Then I could see none of them, and the silence settled.

I went down the slope, leading Race's horse, and I found them, all three in the moonlight behind the rocks and scrub growth. Slater was huddled on the ground, clutching one thigh with both hands, and blood oozed over them. Tom stood behind him, his gun ready in his right hand, staring hawk-eyed over Slater at Race. And Race stood there, tall and bitter, his own gun in his hand at his side, staring tense and silent at Tom. And as I watched, a strange, grim smile twitched across Race's face, and his fingers relaxed and his gun fell to the ground. "Put it away, Tom," he said. "You won the toss." Then his head jutted forward some, and his face was as hard as Tom's now. "Your court better be quick and sure with him or I'll never play it your way again." . . .

We found the gold up the slope, Race and me, while Tom was bandaging Slater. It was in saddlebags stashed in a hollow between two stones, and

"Isn't that awful? Some people just shouldn't do imitations!"

COLLIER'S — ED NOFZIGER

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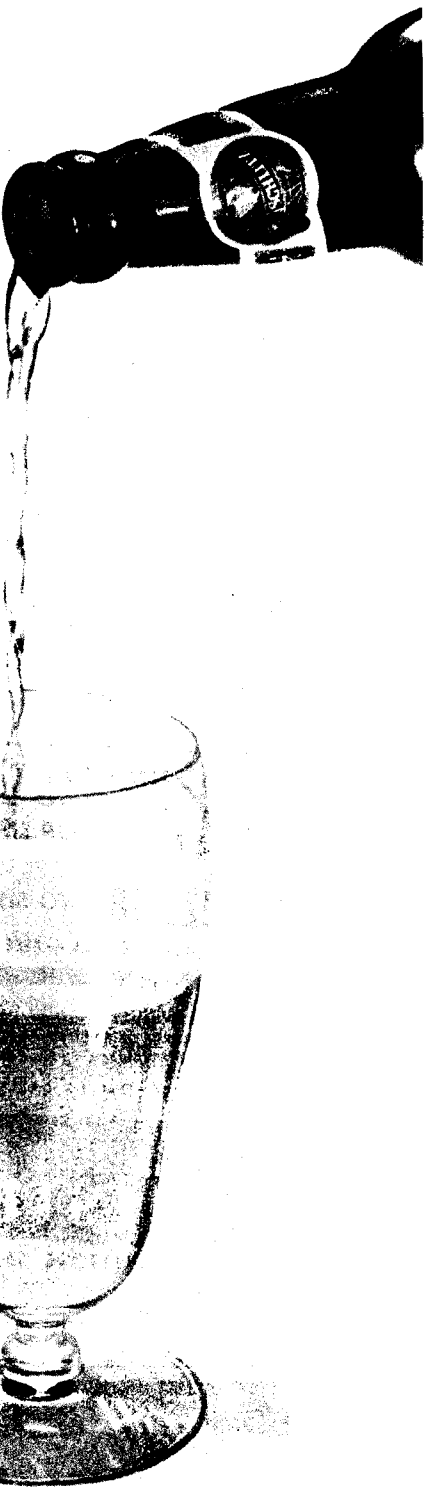

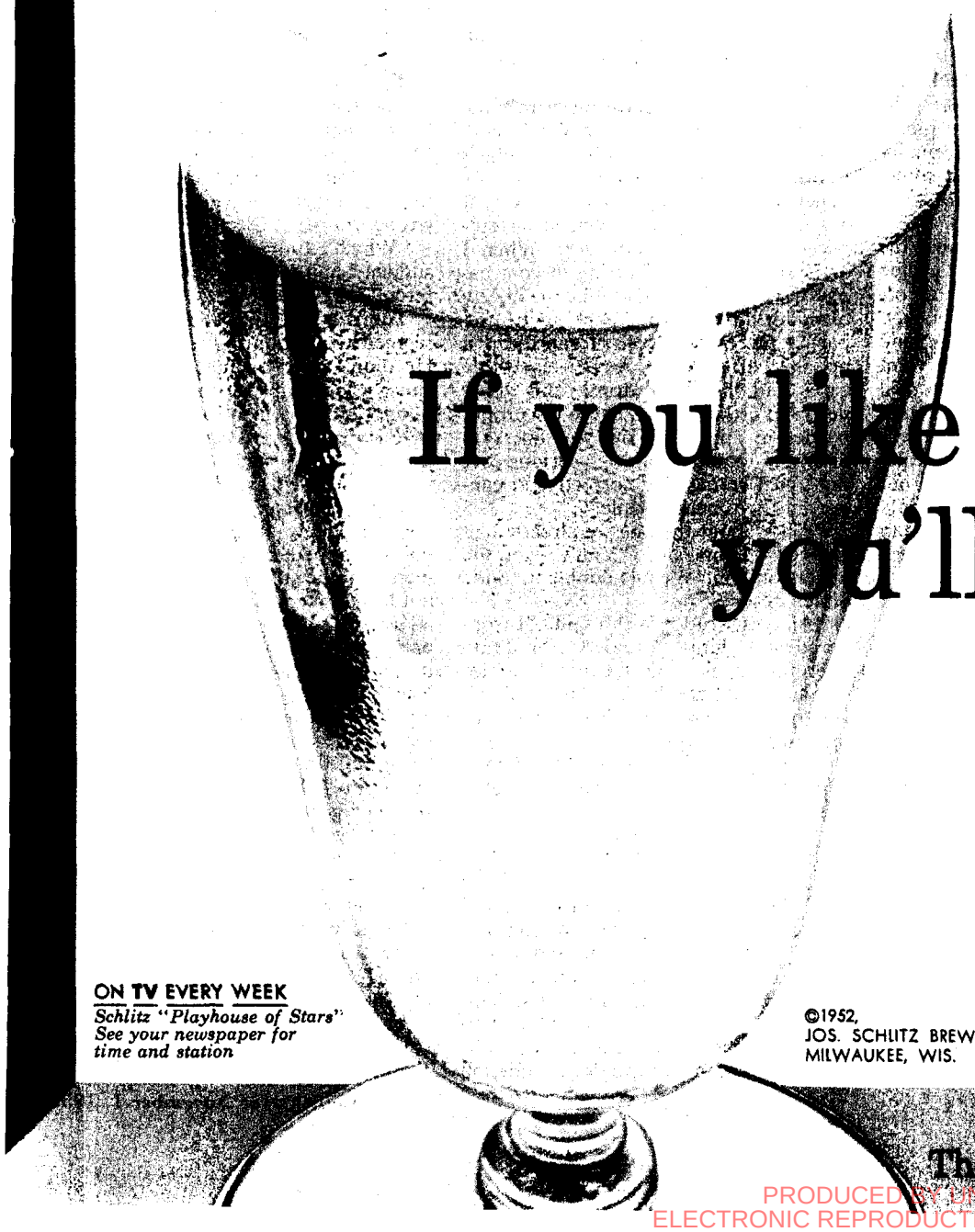

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EVERHOT Rangette

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smaller stones had been laid around to cover the opening. Slater must have had trouble moving them in the dark without making any noise. And the dark had fooled him. He's missed one end of a strap that showed in the moonlight. In a sense that was lucky for him. If we hadn't found it, we'd have had to work him over to make him talk, and the way he was acting he wouldn't have talked easy.

We only had three horses. The other horse, the one with the double calks, was lying dead up on the slope. Somebody would have to walk, and that somebody couldn't be Slater, not with a bullet hole in his leg, so the three of us spelled one another on the walking chore. Tom kept us moving fast as we could, but even so we walked away most of the night before we reached a ranch Tom knew, and routed out the owner and borrowed fresh horses.

It was near ten thirty when we rode into Goshen. A lot of people were in sight. Wagons and buggies were lined along the street, and horses were tied to rails all along the way. Nobody noticed us much at first, but by the time we rounded the corner to Tom's office, people were shouting and hurrying along the plank sidewalks to follow. We didn't stop till we reached the office. We lifted Slater down, and Tom and I took him between us, and Race hoisted the saddlebags, and we went in. Someone else was already there.

Judge Webb was there, Judge Lucius T. Webb, sitting in Tom's chair and writing at Tom's desk. He was a short, plump man, but you never thought of him as short, and his plumpness was the solid kind all over that never made you think of soft fat.

He nodded at us and returned to his writing. Race dropped the saddlebags on the floor and closed the door and stood with his back to it. Tom and I took Slater right through to the jail part and left him on the bunk in the cell next to the one occupied by the other prisoner. We went forward to the office, and Tom sat down on the only remaining chair. "Jess," he said, "find somebody can fix Slater's leg better'n I did."

THAT was a tough one, because the only doctor we had yet at Goshen was hard to find. He didn't have an office; said he carried that in his pocket. He was usually at one of the bars, and you had to hunt for him. I didn't want to go hunting, not then, but Tom said go, so I went. I had to shove through the people asking questions, outside. I shouted answers, and they were really buzzing when I went around the corner to the main street. The first person I saw there was Luke Bowen, the man I worked for, striding along, his face eager. "Have they got it?" he said.

"It," I said, "and him." Because I couldn't help it, I said something more. "*We* got them." He looked sharp at me and hurried past, and I was wondering which way to go when I saw something that made me feel lucky. It was a goatee, bobbing along the other side of the street, attached to a plump little gent who was intimately acquainted with my person. He had patched me up in Stillwater after the robbery. "Doc," I called, and Doc Schlegel came across toward me. "Doc," I said, "I've got another bandaging job for you. It's Slater at the jail."

"Slater?" he said, beaming. "Wonderful. Hope he has a nice collection of complicated bullet holes."

"Just one," I said.

"Let me not question sudden gifts," he said. "One will have to do."

That man could make anyone feel friendly toward the world, and I was proud of getting a real doctor, and quick, so I was shocked when we entered the office. You could feel the chill and stiffness in the air. Race was leaning against the wall, his face flat, without expression. Luke Bowen was standing by the saddlebags, looking pleased and puzzled too, like he thought maybe he oughtn't to be so pleased. The judge was leaning back in the swivel chair, with his eyes closed and his finger tips together. Tom was sitting forward in his chair and staring at the judge, and the vitality seemed to have oozed out of him. Doc Schlegel blinked at them. "What's wrong? Your star actor died so you can't jerk him through a trial?"

Tom stood up. "He's alive. Maybe too damn' much alive." He led Schlegel back to the jail room, and no one said a word till Tom came back. "Judge," he said, "you're a damn' fool."

Judge Webb's eyes opened. "Mr. Davisson. From your immediate point of view, perhaps yes, so I will let that pass. As I told you, I am pressed for time. One day is my limit here until later this month."

"That's plenty," Tom said. "We can slap it through this afternoon. It's an open-and-shut case."

"No case is open-and-shut, before the testimony is given," Judge Webb said, not moving. "Not to an honest judge's mind. This whole situation supports my belief that the policy of letting a sheriff also act as prosecutor, even in an outlying district, is a poor one. When I arrived, you were off acting in your capacity as sheriff. I had to take the liberty of going through your papers and preparing my own docket. I can clean it up this afternoon. A few land-title cases and the usual drunk and disorderly. Word has been sent to the proper parties to appear. Now you hurry in and wish to add another, a serious case that must be handled correctly. It cannot, in the time available."

"What about the one we already had jugged?" Tom said. "You've got the papers on him. We just double it. Slide Slater in too."

"Ah, yes," Judge Webb said. "I wondered about him. I decided to bind him over till my next visit here. I see no reference that you have obtained a lawyer for him. And there is the matter of impaneling a jury."

"A lawyer?" Tom said. "No lawyer is needed. No jury either. He'll plead guilty."

"Will he?" Judge Webb said. "Can you guarantee he will when we arraign him? Can you do the same for this new one? This Slater?" The words lingered in the air, and Tom said nothing and sank on his chair again, and Judge Webb leaned forward. "Tom, you cannot short-circuit the legal process. You have two men out there charged with murder. Other charges, too, but it boils down to that. You have done a fine job getting them here for the law to handle. There have been too many instances of summary so-called justice in this territory. We need examples like this. The law will handle them, in due time, by due process. Somehow scoundrels like this always seem to be involved when the issue is put straight to us law-abiding citizens trying to do our best as we see it. But they are entitled to their full day in court. They shall have it."

"A nice speech." That was Doc Schlegel in the inner doorway, no longer a cheery little man but a very serious one. "So nice and judicial it stinks. It might fit a settled, civilized community back East. Not this country. Not yet."

"And will you tell me, Dr. Schlegel," Judge Webb said, his level voice not changing, "how this country is to be civilized if we do not make it so?"

"Theory," Doc Schlegel said. "Stop thinking about that excuse for a man I've been bandaging. Think about the people outside here who have been coming into town expecting a quick trial and a healthy hanging. They won't take kindly to any delay."

THE judge leaned back and put his finger tips together again. "Always the practical man, Doctor. Very well. Grant, for the sake of argument, a certain necessity to hustle these men to a hanging. Suppose I let you rush me into it without the proper formalities—which are not mere formalities but protection for each and all of us in the event we ourselves tangle with the law. I speak the word, and you hang them. They are satisfactorily dead. But the issue is not. My decisions are subject to review. There is a finding that I acted summarily without regard to those—I use the word again—those formalities. I stand discredited. What is worse, the law itself is discredited."

"Lucius." That was Tom Davisson, and his use of the name sounded queer in that tense room. "Lucius, you don't know what you're doing," he went on. "You've got to stay and see this through now. You'd be right most any other time. But this time you can't know how wrong you are."

"Why?" Judge Webb's voice had a sudden snap. "What makes this different?"

Tom's head came up higher, and he seemed to be hunting the right words. He didn't have a chance to speak, because Race Crim's voice cut in, soft and bitter. "It's no use, Tom. His Honor here is like me. He has a record too he doesn't want busted."

Judge Webb's eyes flicked from Tom to Race and back, and he pulled in his lips and blew them out again. His voice dropped a note or two, and he seemed to be stiffening all over. "I will not be stampeded into action we would all regret." The following silence was oppressive; then it broke with the sound of the door opening and closing, and Race Crim was gone. The door swung again, and Doc Schlegel had followed him. Luke Bowen stood by the saddlebags, fidgeting his feet. "What is bothering you?" Judge Webb snapped, and Bowen grunted the words: "This damned gold."

"Sign a release and take it," Tom said, "or leave it here. What the hell's the difference?"

"You keep it," Bowen said. "When we're ready to ship again I'll let you know." And he too slipped out the door like he was glad to get away.

Judge Webb heaved to his feet. His voice rumbled. "You're getting old, Tom. All you have to do is hold them

Cost Unconscious

People who
Let faucets run
And leave on lights
In brightest sun
Are maybe rich,
More likely these:
Their rent includes
Utilities.

—RICHARD ARMOUR

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a week. That will take date-juggling on my part, but I promise to make it by then. I will speak in the court this afternoon and send the people home. There will be no trouble. Why, I have seen you handle really ugly crowds and think it all in the day's work." He watched Tom, and Tom said nothing, but the judge must have seen something in Tom's face that satisfied him because his voice jumped to its usual rich roll. "Lock up and have lunch with me at the hotel. It will be time then to open court."

"No!" The word came out of Tom so sharp and sudden he seemed startled himself. "You made up your docket without me. Finish it the same. Take Burnett. He can act for me." Judge Webb pondered that and nodded, and gathered his papers off the desk and went out without saying a word. I heard him calling outside for Dodd Burnett, the jailer. Their footsteps faded, and Tom and I were alone.

Tom stood up and walked over and stared out the front window. "Jess, you know what's been going through my mind?"

"No," I said.

"I've been thinking I ought to rig a way to have those two make a break so Race and the others could grab them."

"Why don't you?" I said.

He whirled and looked at me, hard. "You know damn' well why." He picked up the saddlebags and put them in the safe and closed and locked it. "Maybe you don't know. It's the same as it was at Big Creek. Let Race and some of the boys hang them, maybe it'd be right this time. But they might get the habit. Next time maybe it'd be somebody who wasn't so sure guilty. Maybe one time it'd be somebody who wasn't guilty at all." He spun on a heel and went through the inner doorway, and I heard him routing around in the storage room that opened off the jail room. He came back carrying an old cot folded up. He unfolded it and set it against the wall. "So you're not working for Bowen," he said. "So you're working for me."

"Doing what?" I said.

"Bringing me meals," he said. "I'm not leaving this place till Rafferty can get here from Stillwater to spell me. Get word to him. And bring some food. I'm damned hungry."

I stopped by the door. "How about those two back there?"

"Let them starve," he said. "That's Burnett's worry. If they don't eat till tonight they don't eat till tonight."

OUT on the main street, people were crowding the sidewalks, gossiping in bunches, and there was quite a collection far down the street by the hotel. I stopped at the station and gave the agent the message for Rafferty, the sheriff in Stillwater. Then I went on to the hotel and in through to the kitchen and told the woman there what I wanted. She fixed me a basket. When I got back to the office, I found Tom stretched on the cot, staring at the ceiling. He sat up and swung his legs over the side, and I sat on the cot too and began taking things out of the basket. He chewed a while.

"You really going to squat here," I said, "till the trial?"

"No," he said. "That's grandstand stuff. Just till I'm sure things are quiet. But I want Rafferty here, so one of us can be close by all the time."

The coffee was cooling so you could gulp it. "Been thinking over people for deputies," he said. "Always end up with Rafferty." He chewed some more, and he shot a look at me. "Thought of you, Jess."

"No," I said. "I'm staying out of this. Just running errands." He nodded, and finished the food, and I shoved the basket out of the way. "Go get some rest, Jess," Tom said. "We're all needing it. I'd appreciate your bringing me something again soon after six."

When I went down the street to the Hatt House, I had the sidewalk pretty much to myself. Across the way, the last of the people were crowding into the converted storeroom that was our courthouse. I didn't want to have anything to do with what went on there either.

I WENT into the Hatt House, and the barroom was empty. I went straight through to the stairs at the rear and up and started along the hall to my room near the front. I stopped by the first door on the left and listened. That was Race's room, where he stayed when he was in town overnight. I thought I could hear breathing. I turned the door handle slow and pushed in enough for my head to get around. He was there, flat on the bed, with his boots on and only his guns off. The two gun belts were hanging from the brass bedposts. I thought he was asleep; then I knew he wasn't. I couldn't explain how I knew, because his head was turned from me toward the window. But I knew his eyes were open and he was staring out at the dusty, flat roof of the building next door. And then he startled me. Without turning his head, he spoke. He must have heard my steps and known them. "Hello, kid," he said. "Come in. Or stay out. Or beat your brains against a brick wall. What the hell? It's all the same."

"Race," I said, moving in enough to clear the door, "what'd you mean the judge has a record to keep too? He isn't thinking just about himself. Maybe, the way things are nowadays, maybe he's right."

Race didn't even hear. Or he didn't give any sign he did. "Go to sleep, the doc tells me. That'll fix me fine—so he says. He even finds his bag and gives me a shot of something. And it doesn't do a damn' thing." Race sat up and hitched himself in the bed till he was leaning back against the headboard. "Jess, what do you know about courts?"

"Not much," I said.

"You'll find out," he said. "They can smell, and it ain't pretty. They can louse things up that are so damn' simple. We've got to have a nice proper trial, and that takes time, so there's delay. A week, two weeks, anything can happen. Maybe the so-and-sos get hung, and maybe they don't. Who's to tell a jury won't get thinking they're not so bad, they were hard up and didn't mean to play so rough, so why not just salt them away in prison for a stretch?"

"Not these men," I said. "I don't believe it."

"No?" Race said. "There've been cases. How do we know this Slater hasn't some pretty strong friends down in the settlements? Give them time to get working, and they can foul it up plenty. If people around here had the guts they'd grab him and the other one and swing them quick."

"No," I said, "they couldn't. Tom's watching. He's staying at the jail till Rafferty can get here. Then they'll take turns." And then I thought of something, and maybe it was silly but I remembered the two of them talking together in the dark of that slope behind our big rock while I watched the sky line for them. "Race," I said, "Tom's been trying to think of deputies, but he

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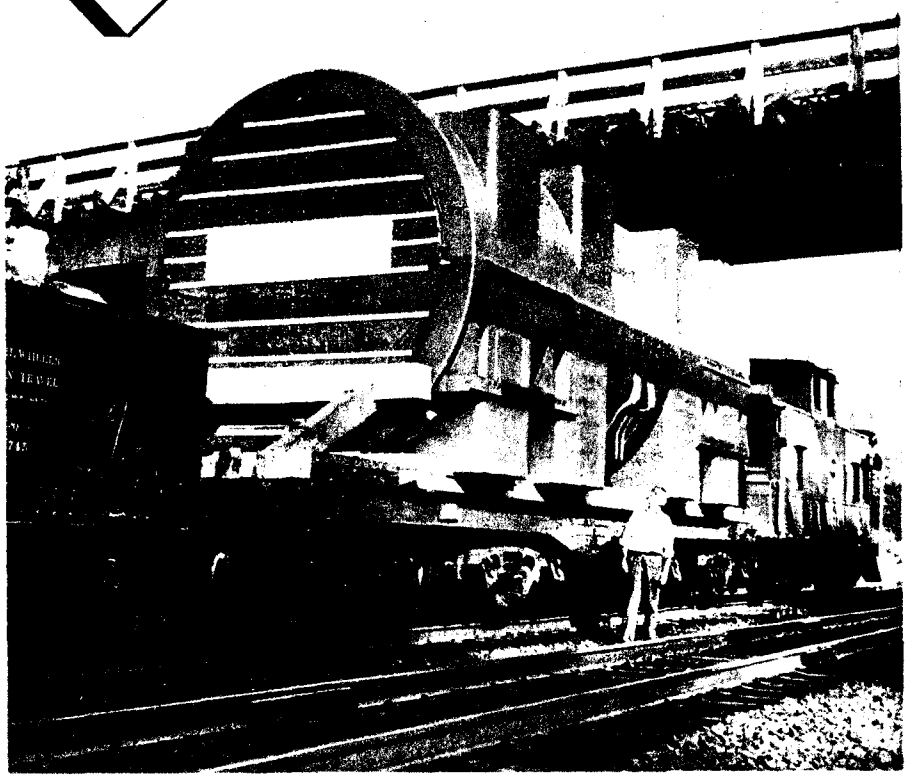

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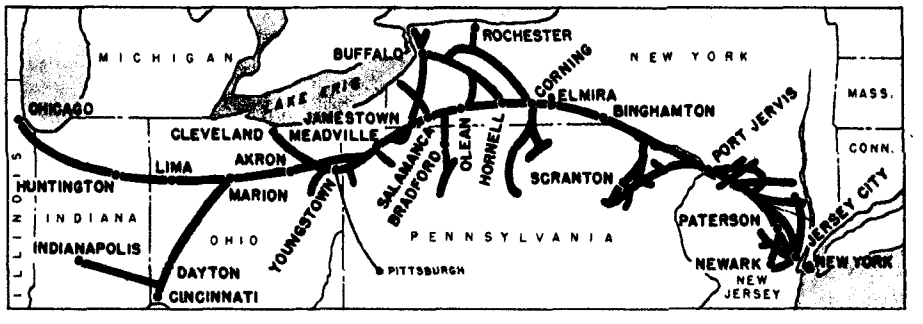

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can't. Not around here. He'd be too proud to ask you. Why don't you go help him?"

The strangest look came over Race's face, and he stared at me and then he began to laugh. "Me?" he managed to say. "Me help guard them?" He laughed till I was scared. "Jess," he said, "you appreciate me, don't you, kid?" Then he was serious. "Don't do it, Jess. Don't keep building me up so much. Let me alone. You stay out of this." He slid down full length on the bed again. "Get some sleep, Jess." He rolled his head to stare out the window again, and there wasn't anything for me to do except go out and close the door and find my own bed and flop on it.

My room was on the same side. With my head turned on the pillow, I could see the same dusty, flat roof. I lay quiet, and I kept thinking of myself lying there and Race down the hall on his bed and Tom on the cot in the office and Slater on his bunk in his cell—all of us lying quiet, each of us in a different place, yet all of us somehow bound together. So I told myself that wanting to be out of this wasn't enough. I thought I would ask Tom could I write out a statement of what I knew about the holdup and swear to it and be free to go away. Then I'd be able to look back and see it all plain and have time by myself to work out what was right and what was wrong and maybe make some sense out of the crazy pattern of living. That must have eased me, because I dropped off into sleep and the last I was thinking was that I shouldn't sleep too long because Tom would be waiting for me around six.

I WOKE up with a jerk. There was no sun through the window, and the shadows outside were long. I was late already. And those few hours of rest hadn't done me much good. I went into the hall and to the window at the front that gave on to the street. Most of the wagons and buggies were gone. Judge Webb had been right. The speech he'd promised to make must have sent people home. Goshen was like it always was, quiet and dusty and sort of drowsy for evening.

The sound of voices came faintly from the barroom below, and I went along the hall and down. Frank Hatt was behind the bar, and seven or eight men were bunched along it. Most of them were men you'd find there any evening. Bert Foley was there, but he would be. He'd have come to Goshen to be on hand as a witness at the trial in case he was needed, and he'd certainly be taking a drink or two before the long ride back to Big Creek. And what made the scene by the bar so natural was the man in the middle, the one holding the group together by just being there, Race Crim, tall and handsome, looking like he never needed sleep in his life. The flush high on his cheeks showed he had been drinking. He could drink steady, and the liquor never really got to him, just sent that flush up his cheeks and brightened his eyes. That was how he used to be, and seeing him like that again made me forget I'd ever been tired either.

The talking stopped, and the room was hushed when I reached the bottom of the stairs. That was natural too, because Race was the only one knew I was upstairs that time of day. Bert Foley called to me and started over, but Race took him by the arm. "Hello, Jess," Race said. "Have a good sleep?"

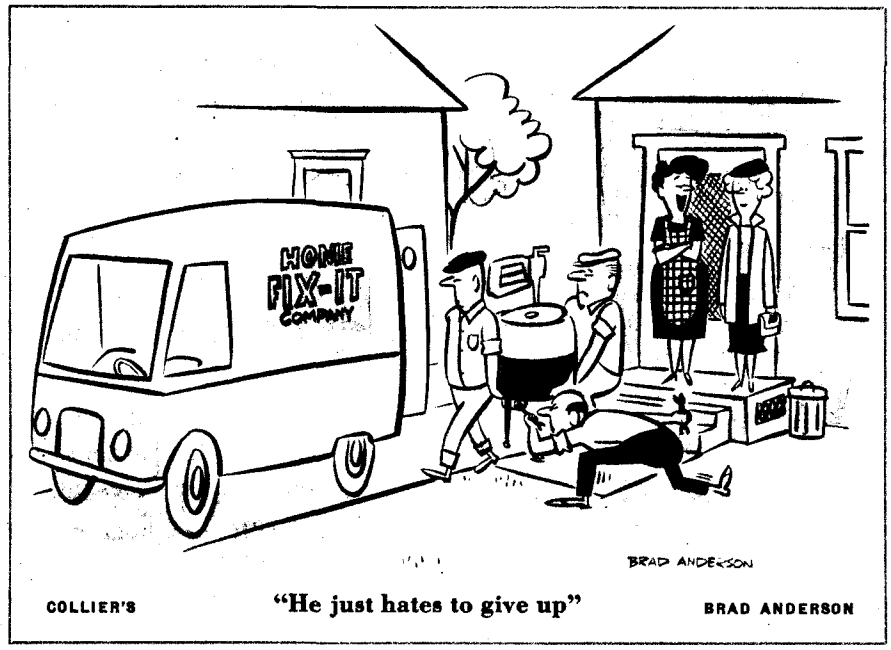
"Must have," I said, "because I sure feel good now."

"Going to see Mary Ella this evening?" he said.

"Why, yes," I said. "I expect so."

"Good idea," he said. "Stick with her, Jess. Stick with her." I thought he was thinking about things not being so good between her and me lately and meant I should keep trying, so I grinned and said I would. I wanted to stay and have a drink with him, but I had a job to do first. I went out and to the hotel and had an argument with the woman about not bringing back her basket, but she fixed another and I took it to Tom.

He was up and listening to Dodd Burnett report on the doings at court. He still looked tired, and the hair he had left was sticking out like rooster feathers from his napping on the cot. When he saw me, he shooed Burnett out back to feed the prisoners, and we could hear him rattling tin back where he kept cheap canned stuff to be warmed on a kerosene burner. I started unpacking the basket. I'd brought just enough for him, figuring to see if Mary Ella would feed me. The atmosphere in



COLLIER'S "He just hates to give up" BRAD ANDERSON

that room was so easy and normal that it was silly of me to jump so when someone knocked on the door. "Sit tight, Jess," Tom said and went to the door. He stepped out and closed it behind him, and just as he closed it I had a glimpse of Bert Foley outside. Tom stepped back in and closed the door again and he wasn't the same man who had gone out. He was straighter and bigger all over, and his eyes were shining in that hard face like he had been having a few drinks too. "Jess," he said, "I knew it. I knew he wouldn't let me down."

"Who?" I said.

"Why, Judge Webb. He wants to see me over at the hotel. A dollar'll get you a dozen he's changed his mind and is staying over." Tom grabbed his hat and jammed it at an angle on his head. "Keep an eye on things here, Jess. Won't take but a minute or two." He went out the door, slamming it.

I finished unpacking the basket, and the coffee smelled good. I was lifting the pitcher to my lips when the thought hit me, hard and low in the stomach, and my hand shook so that some of the coffee spilled. Bert Foley hadn't been at the hotel, but at the Hatt House.

I put the pitcher down very careful. The room was cold and empty, and the silence in there with me was so heavy I could feel it on my skin. I heard a sound in the back room and remembered Dodd Burnett. I went to the front window and stood against the wall beside it and bent my neck so I could peer out. The shadows were reaching across the road with the beginning of dusk. I studied the space outside, and no one was there, not anywhere within sight. I was being silly. Bert Foley could have gone to the hotel after I left the Hatt House. The thing for me to do was light the lamp and drive the darkening chill out of the office, and in a short while Tom would be back. And then I saw them, the first of them, two figures where none had been before, in the yard of the place across the road, in the dark of the tree shadows there. I flattened more against the wall and reached along it to the door and pushed the bolt into its socket. "Dodd," I called, trying to make my voice carry without being loud. He came hurrying.

"Hey, why don't you light—"

"Shut up," I said, having trouble to keep my voice low and not cracking. He froze, and I could barely see his face in the dying grayness at the far side of the room.

"Where's Tom?" he whispered.

"Gone," I said. "They got him away. Look here." He came near me and peered around the window edge. There were five of them now, figures appearing from nowhere, maybe slipping up by separate ways.

"Let's get out of here," Dodd said.

"How?" I said.

"A little window in the storage room. The grille opens in." He didn't wait to see would I follow. He was gone, tiptoeing in a frantic kind of running walk. I stayed flat against the wall and tried to think, and my mind wouldn't go anywhere except to that window in the storage room. I tried to stand straighter, and my jacket bumped against the wall with a small thud, and my hand went into the right side pocket. Billy Skinner's gun was there. And something else. A deputy's badge—the one Tom had given me when we went hunting Slater. My hand closed over it, and the points pressed into my fingers, and I squeezed harder because the sharp pain was a shock that started my mind moving. I could see it all now, and I knew what would be out there. I looked again, and I was right. I could make out seven figures, and one of them was taller than the others and the outline of him was unmistakable. And the brutal cold of utter loneliness took me, because those two murderers were behind me in Tom's jail; and Race Crim would be coming for them, and I was between, and there was no one else to do it. "Damn it!" I was saying to myself, over and over, unable to stop, and then I had to bite my tongue to stop because they were moving out of the shadows and starting toward me. I pulled Billy Skinner's gun out of my pocket, and I kneeled by the window, and with the barrel of the gun I knocked the glass out of a corner. The tinkle of the breaking glass halted them across the road.

"Stop!" I shouted. "The door's locked and I've got a gun! You stay over there!"

"Burnett?" someone called, and Race Crim's voice cut in. "That's not Burnett."

"You're damn' right!" I shouted. "Nobody's getting in here unless Tom says so!"

"Why, it's Jess," Race said, and I could hear the relief in his tone. "It's the kid. This is me, Jess. Race. I'm taking over. Just unlock that door and skip. You'll be out of it."

BUT I couldn't be out of it—no matter how much I tried, I couldn't. I'd been in it from the beginning and I'd be in it till the end, because somehow it wouldn't ever let me go. I was caught there, and I was the only one at that moment and in that place who could do what had to be done. "No," I said.

And Race's voice, confident and ringing, came to me. "Stand aside, Jess, I'm coming. You'll not shoot me. Not me, boy." And he came running, his head high and his shoulders swinging. I steadied the gun on the window sill and I blinked fast to keep the tears from blurring my eyes. I deflected the barrel down till it was bearing on his legs driving toward me, and I squeezed the trigger. And as I squeezed, he tripped in a road rut and fell forward, and what I saw down the sights in the instant of the gun's blast was the solid mass of his head against the broad shoulders hurtling into the terrible impact.

I heard afterward that a lot happened during the next few minutes outside. The other men gathered around Race's body and argued back and forth, and one of them got a little crazy and pulled his gun and started blazing into the office. Then Tom Davisson came leaping out of somewhere with his own gun blasting and dropped that one with a bullet through the right shoulder, and stood and looked at Race and started cursing like no one had ever known him to do before and shouting at the rest of them to grab their guns so he'd have an excuse to drop them all. They faded away. Even the one he'd hit got away by himself. And Tom was alone out there with Race, and nobody'll ever know what he did then.

I expect I heard the shots and shouting, but they didn't register on me. I was slumped on the floor by the window, fighting the sobs that tried to wrench me apart, and it was a long while before I had them licked and could lean my shoulders against the wall in a sort of numb stillness. The first I was really aware was when Tom lit the lamp and the light made me blink. He had smashed the lock with his shoulder, brought Race's body in, and laid it on the cot. I couldn't look at it. Tom stood looking down at me and he was older than I remembered him. And smaller. It didn't seem important to me one way or another, but I told him anyway. "He wouldn't stop. I aimed for his legs. He stumbled."

Tom looked at me, and after a while he nodded as if what I said got through to him. And after another while he spoke. "It should have been me."

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"No," I said. "It had to be me. He thought I'd be easy. He thought I wouldn't do it." And then I realized I hated Race. Dead or alive, I hated him. And I hated Tom Davisson. I hated everybody in the whole damned, senseless world. All I wanted was to get away where everything would be new and I wouldn't know anybody and nobody would know me. And there Tom stood, still holding strings on me.

"I suppose," I said, "you and your stinking law'll have to jail me now."

He shook his head. "No. There'll be no charges. You were acting for me."

"Like hell I was," I said. "Don't try to pull it off me like that. I did it."

"All right, Jess," he said. "But there'll be no charges."

"I suppose," I said, "that fat judge might even try to thank me." I could see I was hitting him, and I liked that.

"Judge Webb?" he said. "Might be fool enough. I won't let him."

"Stop being so damn' noble," I said. "Or, if you've got to be, try figuring a way I won't have to stick around here for that trial."

"Skip any time you've a mind to," he said. "The case'll stand without you."

That was all I wanted to hear. I took the deputy's badge out of my pocket and laid it on his desk, and I went out the door, feeling stiff all over like an old man. The streets were empty. Except for a few lights from windows, you wouldn't have known anybody even lived there. The Hatt House was closed, much as it ever was closed. The full doors that fitted behind the swinging doors were pushed to, and there was only one lamp lit, the one that burned all night by the stairs. I went up along the hall in the dark with my hands out to feel the walls. In my room I shucked my jacket and stretched out on the bed with my face in the pillow, and it couldn't have been more than a minute before I was asleep.

FIRST light was easing in the window when I woke, and that was what I wanted. Unscrewing the brass top of the right-hand bedpost, I fished out my roll. I went down the street past the quiet station and the hotel to the livery stable and woke the night man and told him I wanted to buy a horse. I didn't have much choice, because he only owned two. We reached a price on the bigger of the two, a rangy dark bay, and I yanked my bridle and saddle off the peg on the wall and told him to slap them on. While he did that, I splashed at the water trough and began to be wide awake. I swung up and headed out the road to the Gap. My plan was plain in my mind. I'd ride over and get the few things I had there and come back for the rest of my stuff and then strike out from Goshen.

My horse was better than I'd thought. He was soft and would sweat too soon and too much, but that would work out of him in a few days. He had good action and he knew a horseman was talking to him along the reins, and the feel of that leather in my hands was the nicest thing I could remember for what seemed a long time. I jogged along, taking the miles as they came, and when the sun told me I might be meeting Uncle Ben Nunan and young Wes Hatt who'd taken over my old run, I circled out from the road and headed into the Gap from the side.

I didn't spend any more time there than was necessary, just enough to get my things and stop in the one general store to have a few sandwiches made. The few people around looked at me curious, but I didn't encourage any talking and pulled out quick. I wasn't sorry to see the last of that place.

It was about noon when I was in sight of Goshen again. I'd been going slow. There wasn't any sense wearing my horse out the first day. He'd have more miles to go, soon as I packed my stuff in a saddle roll. I came into town from the right, away from the road, and to the livery stable from the rear. I told the day man to feed and water my horse. I slipped out and behind the buildings to the back way into the Hatt House. And inside the lean-to shed, sitting on the steps that led into the building, was Uncle Ben Nunan. "Figured you'd come this way," he said. "Jess, boy, it's not right to skip without saying something to your friends."

I LOOKED at him sitting there, a small, shriveling old man with his not-so-old eyes shining. I didn't hate him. I didn't hate anybody. I was just numb toward him and toward the whole world outside myself. "All right," I said. "I'll say something. Good-by."

"Don't hurry, Jess," he said. "Bowen wants to see you."

"That's too bad," I said, "because I don't want to see him." I started to push past on the steps, and Uncle Ben moved so I couldn't without stepping on him.

"Don't go up there yet," he said. "Have something to tell you. The company's planning to shove the main line up to the gold creeks. Probably station at North Forks. Grading crew starts tomorrow topping off the worst humps. First coach to roll in about three weeks. A nice run, Jess. Fifty-odd miles that'll sweat it out of any driver and the best horses. Bowen thinks maybe you'll do."

I stumbled back and bumped against a barrel and grabbed hold of it because I was shaking. I wasn't numb any more. I was so shaking mad I could have hoisted that barrel and thrown it at him. "Damn it," I said. "Bowen's crazy. Everybody's crazy. I plug along on that crawling Gap run. After the robbery I take his coach through to Stillwater with a bullet hole in me. I even go back to that lousy little run that a pink-fuzzed boy like Wes Hatt can drive. And he keeps kicking me around like a damn' dog. Then I go kill a man and the best damn' fool of a man anywhere around, and right away he offers me something like that."

Uncle Ben didn't pay any attention to my shouting. He waited for me to finish. "Why, no," he said, "not because you killed Race. That was an accident. But because you did something else at the same time. You've added considerable age this past week. And when the chips were down you showed where you stood." Uncle Ben pushed himself up with his good arm and stood on the steps. "Take the job or don't take the job. That's not so important, Jess." I couldn't speak, and he moved down and out of the way. "Go upstairs, Jess. Be as mad as you want. But the job'll be open till you make up your mind." He moved past me and put a hand on my shoulder as he went by, and I was alone in the shed.

I leaned against the barrel till I wasn't shaking any more, not any part of me. Then I went inside and up the stairs to my room. I opened the door, and Mary Ella was there. She was sitting on the one chair, her hands folded in her lap and her head down. She raised her head. "Jess. You took a long time."

I moved a little and gave the door a slight push to close it, and I leaned against the wall beside it. "Uncle Ben told me," she said. "Are you taking the job?" I couldn't answer because I didn't know. I didn't know anything any more. She waited, and her head rose higher. "Then you're going away. This time, really." And her head rose higher and her chin was out firm, and the clear line of her neck was taut. "I'm going with you." I moved again and sank on the edge of the bed, because I was worried my knees would buckle. But I still couldn't speak. "Jess, don't you want to marry me?"

I looked at her, and she wasn't just the girl I once thought I wanted walking fresh and feminine beside me where people could see, and eager and responding in my arms when we were alone. She was a safeness and a warm comfort. But I couldn't say that. "I don't know what I'm going to do," I said. "I don't know. Nothing makes sense. You wouldn't go with me when I was all right and knew what I wanted to do. Now you say you will when I don't really feel like wanting to do anything, just maybe getting away and trying to—"

"Jess," she said. "I wouldn't go with you before because you were just a footloose kid and I was afraid. That was a long time ago. I'm not afraid now. It doesn't matter what you do or where you go. I'm going. Because I'll be going with a man." She came over and sat beside me on the bed, not too close, just close enough so she could reach out a hand and I could take hold of it. "Jess, I was talking to Tom this morning."

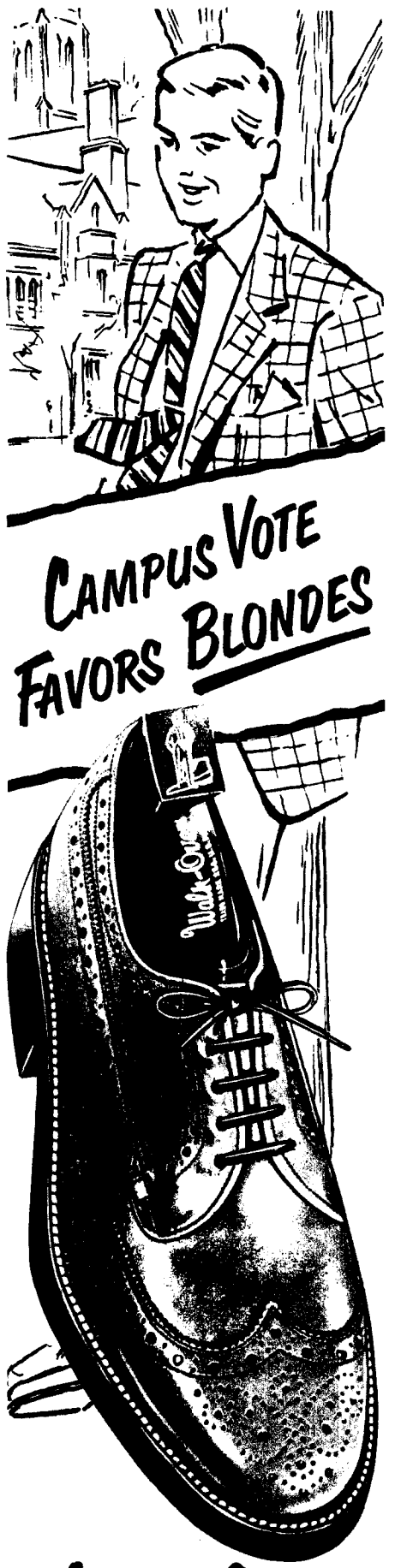
"No," I said. "I don't want to hear about him, or ever to see him again."

But she went straight on. "He helped me to understand. He said you'd probably be going, and perhaps it would be right for you to do that. But he said it didn't matter where or how far; he wouldn't ever have to worry about you any more."

"Tom said that?" It was funny but I could speak his name and think about him again without pulling away from it. I could even see that in time I might be able to talk with him and be with him. I felt old, not in years but in living and what life could do to me. Things were so much easier when I was young and living was simple and I was not even aware of the bitter choices that could be exacted by the passing days. And my mind went back over what had happened in Tom's office and I knew that I would do it again, and that hurt me. If this is being a man, I thought, I don't like it. But I can't change it. Then I felt Mary Ella's hand tightening on mine and I realized she knew and it could be the same for her and we could meet it together.

A WHISTLE sounded outside, high and sweet, faint and half a block away. A voice drifted after: "Roll 'em!" Then a whip cracked, hoofs pounded in the clean, swinging rhythm of a six-horse pull, and the soft creakings of oiled leather floated in the dusty air over the street. The afternoon coach was starting its long run down the main line. We listened together till the sound of the hoofs had faded and merged into the rhythm of our own pulse beats. We sat side by side on the bed and looked out the window over the flat rooftop and on past the other buildings to the open stretches where the road to the Gap ran to the far horizon.

We looked out together into the great, ranging world where coach wheels were rolling out the miles and the only thing that made sense was loving someone and doing a job and taking what life gave without whimpering or running away. ▲▲▲



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So He Took the Cobra Venom

Dr. Arno Luckhardt, Chicago research physician, survived the dramatic injection of cobra venom

Dr. W. R. Lovelace looks through the bomb bay of a plane from which he parachuted 7½ miles to determine whether the drop would kill an aviator

He wasn't a madman. Like hundreds of other scientists and students, he risks his life and health to advance medicine

By BILL DAVIDSON

HOW would you like to make a voluntary parachute jump from a height of seven and a half miles, or deliberately inhale the deadly new nerve gases that snuff out human lives in the same dreadful way that DDT kills insects, or allow yourself to be paralyzed completely by an injection of curare, the substance used by South American Indians on their poisoned arrows?

Only fools or madmen would act so? No, there are almost 500 persons in this country who have taken these risks or worse, for the noblest of reasons. And they do it so regularly that they have banded together to establish standards for others who will follow them. Their organization is the Walter Reed Society, named for the famous band of volunteers who contracted yellow fever to help Major Reed solve the mystery of that once deadly disease after the Spanish-American War.

The members of the society are neither fools nor madmen. Nor are they convicts who volunteer as human guinea pigs in the hope of getting reductions in their prison terms. They are, for the most part, young medical students and scientists whose only aim is to help humanity.

The 40,000-foot parachute jump, for example, was made by Dr. W. R. Lovelace II (then of the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minnesota), who wanted to find out what happens to pilots bailing out of high-speed, high-altitude modern aircraft. The nerve gases were sampled by a group of scientist-volunteers headed by Dr. S. N. Stein of the Naval Medical Research Institute, whose task was to determine the effects of the frightful new war weapons. The curare poisoning was experienced by a host of U.S. scientists. The first was Dr. Scott Smith at the University of Utah in 1944.

The story of Dr. Smith's pioneering ordeal is a classic of scientific heroism. When the poison-filled needle was inserted into his arm, he had no assurance that he would survive. Curare causes paralysis; Dr. Smith's throat muscles were the first to experience it, and he couldn't swallow. He nearly drowned in his own saliva. Finally, his body became immobile and his lungs stopped working. Only his heart and brain remained active, with the spark of life maintained by an artificial flow of oxygen pumped into his system.

"It was horrible," Dr. Smith later reported. "Like being buried alive." But his frightening ordeal made possible a significant scientific advance, for he helped prove that controlled doses of drugs like curare can be used to relax the terrible spasms of polio and epilepsy.

For every story like Dr. Smith's, there are hundreds of lesser-known reports on file in the Chicago headquarters of the Walter Reed Society. Some of the adventures they recount are, like his, face-to-face meetings with death. Others involve unbearable suspense, telling of experiments in which the human subjects weren't sure what was in store, but could reasonably expect the worst.

As an illustration, a few years ago the armed forces asked 12 scientists at the University of Illinois and the Michael Reese Research Foundation to develop a vaccine for a crippling disease called bacillary dysentery, which had incapacitated several divisions in the Philippines toward the end of World War II. The researchers, headed by Drs. Howard J. Shaughnessy and Sidney O. Levinson, came up with a vaccine, all right—but it was so toxic that mice inoculated with it sometimes died within a few minutes. Would it have the same effect on humans? There was only one way to find out. The scientists decided to try it on themselves.

They gathered in a laboratory one day, and, with assistants standing by with emergency equipment, vaccinated one another with small doses of the serum. Then, as the clock ticked off each vital second, they settled back to wait for the symptoms which could mean disability and possibly death. If the toxin attacked the nervous system, as it had in the mice, there would be a sharp drop in blood pressure, followed by a period of shock, and, possibly, an agonized, suffocating death. If the toxin went to the digestive tract, they would suffer acute cramps and high fever.

With the passing minutes, the tension grew almost unbearable. The assistants held hypodermics of adrenalin and sulfadiazine, scanning each face anxiously for signs of trouble. The scientists just sat and waited, conscious of every heartbeat and muscle twitch. The first half hour went by, and then the next. Perspiration stood out on the scientists' faces as their arms began to swell painfully and their temperatures rose. The third half hour went by, and then the fourth. Midway in the third hour, Shaughnessy suddenly spoke. "I guess if this stuff were going to kill us," he announced, "we'd be dead by now." The experiment was over. Twelve brave men and women had proved that this vaccine, although dangerous to some animals, could be used safely on humans.

The Shaughnessy-Levinson adventure shows why human volunteers are necessary in medical research. Nearly every medical advance is made by a painstaking process which begins in the test tube, and then proceeds to experiments using small animals, like mice, with the final refinements resulting from work on large animals like dogs.

Animal Tests Remove Most Dangers

By the time a drug or procedure has been thoroughly tested on animals, nearly all of the dangers have been recognized and removed. Even so, there always is a chance that human reaction will differ from animal reaction—and that's why the scientist must call on human volunteers to test the new discovery before it can be released for general use.

When the danger is unusually great, the scientist as a rule will not allow anyone but himself to take the risk. Drs. Earl H. Wood, Edward H. Lambert and Charles F. Code, of the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minnesota, submitted themselves to experimentation on that basis, to help develop a "G-suit" to protect fliers against blacking out during sudden, high-speed accelerations and turns.

The Air Force and Navy chose the Mayo Clinic for this research because Dr. E. J. Baldes, chairman of the Mayo Biophysics Department, and Adrien Porter had engineered a human centrifuge, a 20-foot shaft at the end of which a man could be whirled about to simulate the stresses of high-speed aerial maneuvers. For riding on this device, Drs. Wood, Lambert and Code were later characterized by Dr. Baldes as among "the outstanding heroes of our country." The reason: the only previous experiment of that kind had involved monkeys—and the monkeys had died of ruptured hearts caused by a rush of blood to their chests!

The three scientists survived those terrifying first rides on the centrifuge, and then each went on to

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and Shot It into His Arm...

make more than a thousand additional rides, until they had perfected a G-suit. On many rides, their faces became terribly contorted, their arms and abdomens ached, and sometimes they went into epilepsylike fits after losing consciousness. "Our greatest terror," says Dr. Lambert, "was that our brains would suffer damage from the lack of blood and that we'd become 'human vegetables,' with cur thinking and reasoning powers lost forever."

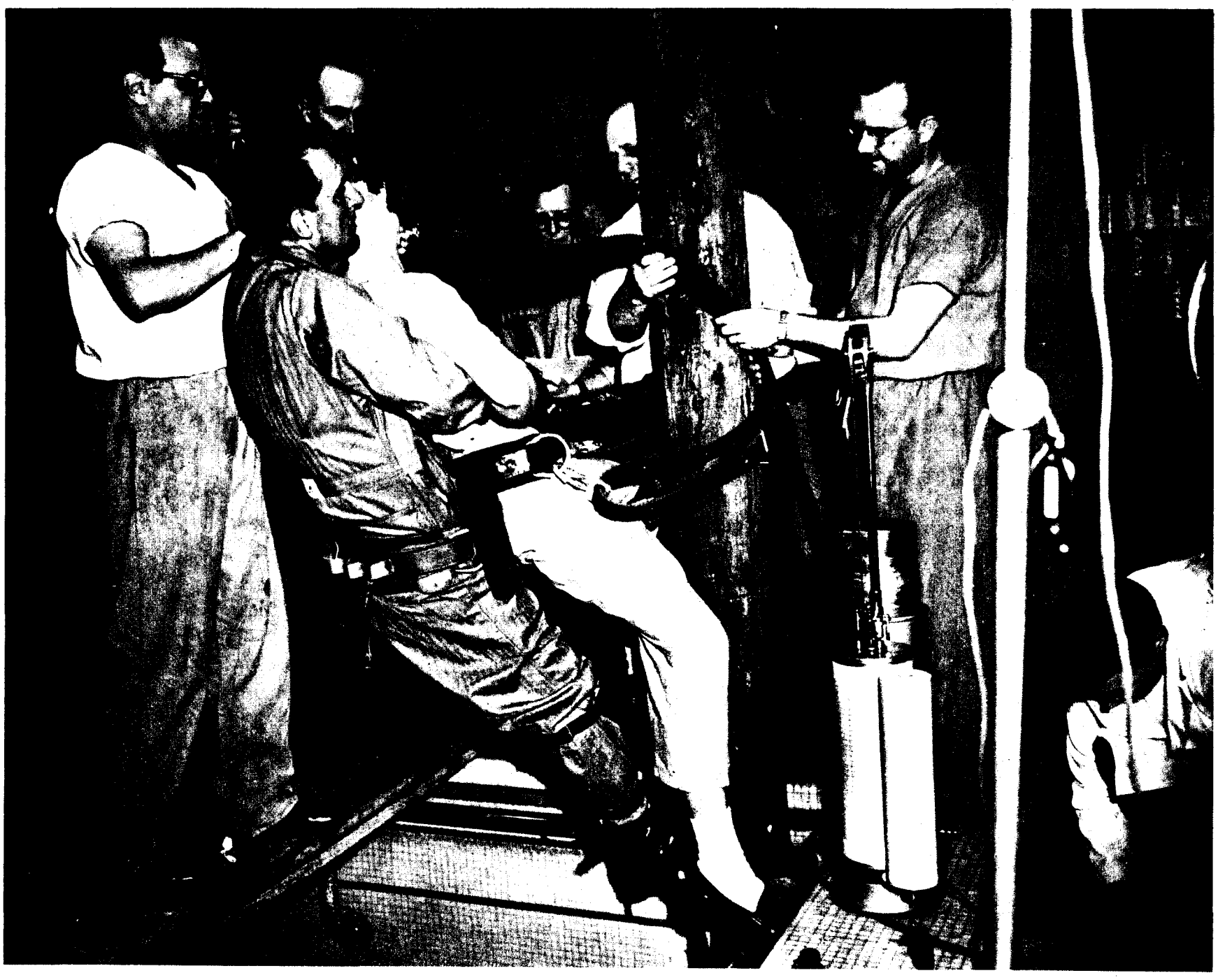
Later, Lambert and his colleagues made a number of test flights in a Dauntless dive bomber. But the scientific team's greatest exhibition of valor is taking place currently at the Mayo Clinic. Now scientists want to know if the G-suit itself can cause damage to the flier under even more extreme conditions. So Drs. Wood and Lambert are going back to the centrifuge. But this time they are taking the rides with an added hazard: tubes are inserted into veins in their arms and necks, and then pushed *directly into their hearts or brains*—to measure pressures and take samples of blood as they are whirled about.

There is a great deal of discussion at the Walter Reed Society as to whether there is more bravery involved in cases like the Wood-Lambert-Code experiments, in which the human guinea pigs know exactly what they are letting themselves in for, or in laboratory adventures involving idealistic young medical students who volunteer without any idea of what is to be done to them.

Several months ago, for example, Dr. Max Sadove, head of the Department of Anesthesiology at the University of Illinois College of Medicine, called for volunteers for a series of new experiments he and his associates were conducting. About 75 people responded, among them medical student L. Thomas Koritz, of Rochelle, Illinois. Dr. Sadove explained that the armed forces were dissatisfied with the commonly used Schäfer's method of artificial respiration to revive drowning and shock victims; they wanted it tested, along with all other methods. The most efficient system would be adopted by the Red Cross, the Boy Scouts, the armed forces, and Civil Defense authorities. The volunteers would have to be paralyzed by curare, in order to duplicate the condition of a victim whose lungs have stopped working. A laboratory accident during the experiment could mean death.

Koritz became one of the first human guinea pigs to take part in the historic tests. He was hooked up to electrocardiogram and blood-pressure recording machines, and was then deeply anesthetized. An airtight tube was shoved down his throat into his lungs, and he was given a large injection of curare, which paralyzed his entire body except for his heart. Then his inert form was lowered to the floor of the laboratory, and Sadove and his assistants pumped air into it by means of the 11 known methods of artificial respiration, carefully measuring the exact amount of air moved into the lungs by each method.

When he emerged from anesthesia after the first experiment, young Koritz had a very sore throat and his body was a welter of bruises. He was so groggy that one of the doctors had to drive him home. His eyes didn't focus, and he staggered about as if he were drunk. The next day he became violently nauseated, and his mind still was so unco-ordinated that he had to leave his first



Dr. Max Sadove (l.) supervises artificial respiration of a volunteer who was deliberately paralyzed to simulate electrocuted lineman

Collier's for November 1, 1952

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Then there were volunteers who died in agony helping develop a pain killer

class and totter home to bed. It took him two full days to return to normal.

Notwithstanding, Koritz returned for five more experiments, and Dr. Sadove credits his bravery and persistence with much of the success of the tests, which have resulted in a nation-wide replacement of the Schäfer method with the much more efficient Holger Nielsen method, practiced in Scandinavia.

But that didn't end the experimentation on Koritz. The Commonwealth Edison Company, a giant public utilities firm, asked Dr. Sadove to determine the best method of applying artificial respiration to a lineman who had been electrocuted and still dangled in his harness at the top of a telephone pole. (The time lost in lowering an electrocuted lineman to the ground for artificial respiration would almost certainly mean death.)

Sadove erected a telephone pole in an empty swimming pool and again called for volunteers. Again Koritz responded. Once more, he was anesthetized and paralyzed—but this time his body was wrestled into position at the top of the pole, where it dangled limply in a lineman's harness. Then actual linemen tried various methods of artificial respiration on him. When Koritz recovered, he had new injuries added to the old: deep, raw, skin burns where the harness had cut into his thighs. But he and other volunteers helped Sadove develop a "push-all pole-top" method of artificial respiration based on the Holger Nielsen method—and it has saved several electrocuted linemen.

He Knows How Patients Feel

Young Koritz is now a doctor, interning at Chicago's Cook County Hospital. He shrugs off his six deliberate brushes with death. "Someone had to do it," he says. "And I learned more than I could have learned from a hundred textbooks about the feelings of a patient going into an operating room from which he might not emerge alive. I've always had the idea that before a doctor hands out medicine, he ought to sample some himself."

The Sadove experimentation led directly to the formation of the Walter Reed Society. One day in the spring of 1951, Dr. A. C. Ivy, famed medical researcher and a vice-president of the University of Illinois, was in Sadove's laboratory watching a tube being inserted into the lungs of an unconscious, anesthetized young volunteer. Dr. Sadove said, "Dr. Ivy, isn't it a shame we can't do something for these boys? The real work is being performed by these people, whom nobody knows and nobody sees. There should be a society to honor them for the tremendous job they are doing for science."

A few months later, two young volunteers, Jack Clifford and Mrs. Ardys Pearson, died in agony at the University of South Dakota after having been injected during an experiment to determine the efficiency of a new pain-relieving drug. The news shocked Dr. Ivy, and he recalled what Sadove had said about "these people whom nobody knows and nobody sees." He exclaimed to himself, "By golly, Sadove is right. Maybe we should form a society—not only to give these people recognition, but also to set up safety standards."

Dr. Ivy is an expert in the field of human experimentation; he helped draw up the list of "10 ethical principles governing medical experimentation on human subjects," which was used as a guide in the Nuremberg trials of Nazi doctors charged with brutal experimentation on prisoners. His reputation is such that when he sent out an organization call for the proposed Walter Reed Society, the response was tremendous. The society held its first formal meeting last December at the annual clinical sessions of the American Medical Association in Los Angeles; overnight, it became a distinguished national group whose officers included some of the foremost medical men in the country.

Today, after just a few months of existence, the society has made remarkable strides. A committee of outstanding physicians, including two medical school deans, is at work drawing up a code of ethics and standardized safety rules for human experimentation. The rules will be enforced through co-operation of the A.M.A. and the various medical schools.

The second function of the Walter Reed Society—granting recognition to human guinea pigs—has not been forgotten. Membership is by invitation, and each member receives a certificate commending him for the self-sacrifice through which he has "made a gift toward greater knowledge for the maintenance of health, the relief of suffering and the prolongation of life to all the peoples of the earth." Local chapters of the society meet regularly, and through their efforts the feats of America's human guinea pigs are becoming better known to the general public.

They Talk Without Any Larynx

The Walter Reed members are mostly scientists, students and technicians. There is also a sprinkling of patients who have volunteered to be studied for the possible benefit of others, even though they can expect no improvement in their own condition. In Chicago, for example, there is a group of cancer patients whose larynxes have been removed but who somehow have learned to talk again by the unexplained use of muscles in the throat. These patients have volunteered to allow a group of scientists to study these unknown muscle reactions, so the same techniques might be taught to other victims of throat cancer who cannot speak. As a reward for their unselfish contribution, the hospital has taken out membership in the Walter Reed Society for each of the volunteers.

Special awards have been presented to outstanding heroes among the human guinea pigs. So far, they have been given only to living heroes, but there has been a proposal to add posthumous awards, honoring volunteers who have died as the result of their contribution to humanity. Nothing better illustrates the thin line between life and death for these laboratory heroes than the inscriptions on the 1952 awards:

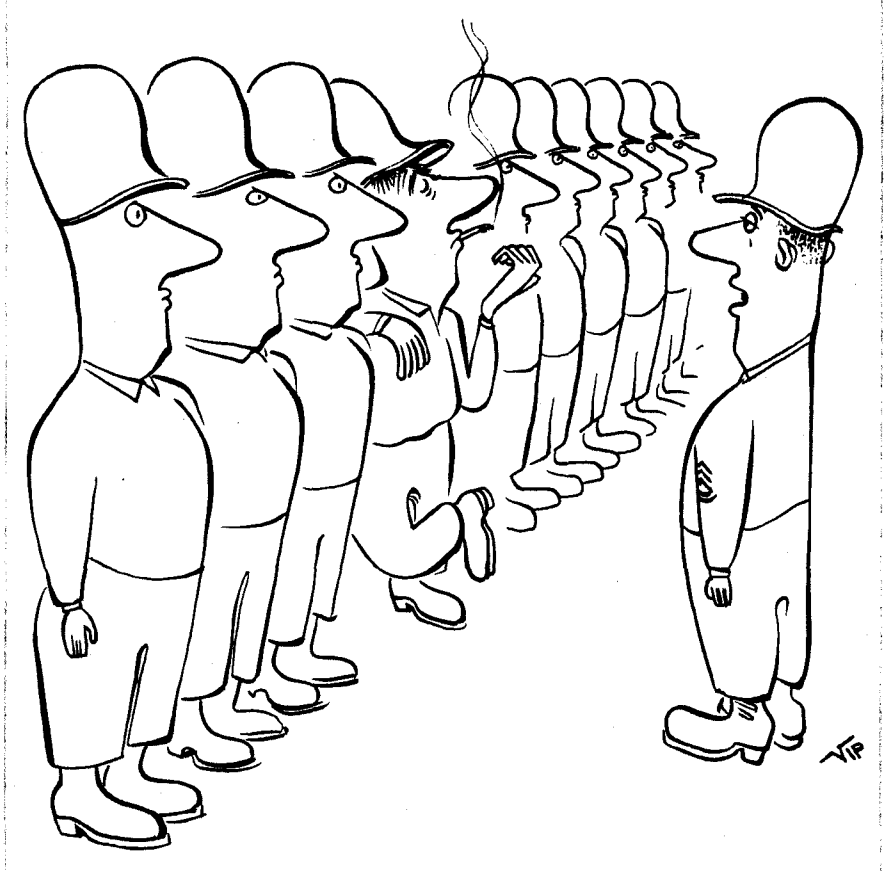
"Dr. Emil Grubbé gave to the world our most wonderful instrument of healing—the X-ray machine. Destined to become the greatest single therapeutic agent in medicine, X ray is effective in the treatment of more than 500 diseases. In giving this wonder of medicine to the world, Dr. Grubbé paid a high price. His first tests to develop the machine to perfection were upon himself. His left hand was completely destroyed, his upper lip burned away, and his body scorched in many places."

"As the discoverer of ethylene anesthesia, Dr. Arno B. Luckhardt not only submitted to early tests of the gas but also made more than 800 demonstrations in which he was anesthetized. In studies of the effects of adrenalin and histamine on gastric secretion, Dr. Luckhardt repeatedly made tests on himself. In studies of pain, Dr. Luckhardt has subjected himself to great discomfort and considerable danger. He has injected cobra venom into himself, seeking to discover its effect upon cutaneous pain."

Drs. Grubbé and Luckhardt—along with hundreds of others—are men whose own health has been damaged by their attempts to help mankind. Perhaps they are comforted, however, by the fact that at last someone has begun to answer the following question, which appears on every Walter Reed Society Certificate of Award:

"Who shall measure devotion, or put a price on sacrifice . . . who shall assess the long war against the power of Death . . . or set a sum upon the gift of Life?" ▲▲▲

COLLIER'S "Have one more, Cuthbert. After all, you've got to drive!" ERIC ERICSON



COLLIER'S "You're the new man, I presume" VIRGIL PARTCH

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The "UNDECIDED VOTE"

The Crossley Poll and Collier's writer-photographer teams went to three counties which traditionally vote the way the nation does. The big story is the number of people who haven't made up their mind

WILL Dwight Eisenhower or Adlai Stevenson be our next President? On an election eve, political leaders often publicly predict landslide victories for their parties. They do so regardless of their personal—frequently shrewd—appraisals. That's normal. This year, however, promises less profit than usual for political prophets. For the record, both Democratic and Republican chieftains are making the customary confident predictions, all right. But, privately, they honestly don't know. They're worried.

Why the heavy doubts about the outcome of the '52 campaign? An astonishing number of voters say they haven't yet decided on a Presidential candidate. Depending on the way they swing, the election could be anything from a nip-and-tuck squeaker to a runaway for either party.

Seeking a new insight into the pre-election situation, Collier's has surveyed several remarkable political areas. Twenty-six of the 3,070 counties in the U.S. have been on the winning side in every national election since 1896, except when strong third-party movements affected the vote.

The counties are Calaveras, Sacramento, San Joaquin, Solano and Yuba, California; Haralson, Georgia; Vanderburgh, Indiana; Jasper and Palo Alto, Iowa; Androscoggin, Maine; Hennepin, Minnesota; Coos and Strafford, New Hampshire; Grand Forks, North Dakota; Belmont, Cuyahoga, Portage and Summit, Ohio; Crook, Oregon; Fayette, Pennsylvania; Grand Isle, Vermont; Kanawha and Marion, West Virginia; Dane, Wisconsin; and Albany and Laramie, Wyoming.

We chose three of these counties for our poll—Coos in New Hampshire, Vanderburgh in Indiana and Calaveras in California—because of their geographical spread, because they have been so accurate in the past and because they have markedly different political heritages.

Public opinion interviewers from The Crossley Poll went into each county while Eisenhower and Stevenson were making their first major campaign swings. Collier's writer-photographer teams also visited the areas independently to learn the reasons behind the residents' voting preferences.

Several steps were taken to insure maximum accuracy in the poll. The Crossley organization divided each county into population groupings—cities, small cities and towns, villages, rural nonfarm areas and agricultural regions. Each grouping was allotted a percentage of interviews to correspond to its proportion of the entire county population.

Approximately 400 persons of voting age were interviewed in each county, and the following polling methods were rigidly observed: (1) Sexes were alternated. (2) Ages of interviewees were taken at random, but only one qualified potential voter was taken per family. (3) At least two thirds of the interviewing was done in the late afternoons, evenings and week ends, so that employed men and women would be adequately covered. (4) To avoid transient interviewees, institutions, hotels and military barracks were eliminated, as well as noncitizens and residents of other localities.

The answers Crossley obtained are statistically summarized on these pages. The majority of *decided* eligible voters in all three counties were for General Eisenhower—and by margins substantial enough to overcome the allowed polling error of plus or minus three percentage points. Indiana's Vanderburgh County came closest to the average of the results in all three. Calaveras County, in California, was most favorable to the Republican candidate; Coos, in New Hampshire, least favorable. Almost 10 percentage points separated these two "extreme" counties, for example, in their attitude toward Governor Stevenson.

But the significant story in all three counties was that 24.8 per cent of the voters either hadn't formed opinions or wouldn't disclose them. In this respect, they were a mirror of the national trend. A nationwide Crossley poll conducted at about the same time found 24.4 per cent of all the potential voters in the United States still undecided.

Yet an interesting discrepancy developed between the three-county totals in the Eisenhower and Stevenson columns and the totals for the nation as a whole. The average sentiment for Eisenhower in the test-tube counties was 43.7 per cent, for Stevenson 30.6. Nation-wide, only 37.4 per cent of the potential voters polled were for Eisenhower—and Stevenson led him by one tenth of one per cent. What does that mean? Were the three counties leading a trend not yet apparent in the rest of the nation—or had they not yet caught up with a trend which had already taken hold elsewhere?

They could switch. The polls show that although Coos, Vanderburgh and Calaveras were for Eisenhower in September, it is mathematically possible

THE RESULTS

In '52, the potential voters in all three counties lean to the general. At least 400 in each county were queried in the poll

	EISENHOWER	STEVENSON	Other	Undecided
Three-County Total	43.7%	30.6%	0.9%	24.8%
Coos County, N. H.	41.9	35.5	0.7	21.9
Vanderburgh Co., Ind.	43.0	30.1	1.1	25.8
Calaveras Co., Calif.	46.3	25.9	0.8	27.0

1948 ELECTION

The "barometer" counties paralleled the nation four years ago. Note how close Calaveras was to Truman's national percentage

	DEWEY	TRUMAN	Other
National	45.3%	49.9%	4.8%
Coos County, N. H.	46.2	52.3	1.5
Vanderburgh Co., Ind.	45.7	54.0	0.3
Calaveras Co., Calif.	47.1	49.7	3.2

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN FLOREA, ROCCO PADULO AND ARTHUR GRIFFIN

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Will Decide the ELECTION

for all three to line up behind Stevenson by November. Here's why:

First, there could be an overwhelming Democratic preference among the undecided voters—as there apparently was in 1948, when an estimated 70 to 75 per cent of them throughout the nation eventually cast votes for Truman.

Second, local issues can sway "decided" voters up to the last minute. In fact, that may have happened in one of our three counties in 1948. It was an Evansville (Vanderburgh County) railroad engineer who jolted G.O.P. candidate Thomas E. Dewey's campaign train while Dewey was speaking from the rear platform at Beaucoup, Illinois, in a now-famous incident. Dewey's spur-of-the-moment characterization of the engineer as a lunatic may very well have cost him votes back in Evansville. While the state of Indiana was going Republican that year, Vanderburgh County was 54 per cent for President Truman.

Did the Dewey-engineer incident alone save Vanderburgh's record as a political barometer? Probably not. There are a number of more substantial reasons why the three counties have accurately reflected national political trends for 56 years. Let's take a closer look at why they have been right in the past and what their residents say about the present.

COOS COUNTY

The 35,932 persons (1950 census) who live in the most northerly county in New Hampshire pronounce its name with two syllables, Coe-oss.

The county has one city—Berlin—and 21 towns. (The town of Lancaster is the county seat.) Berlin, which has a heavy French-Canadian vote in its 16,615 population, is strongly Democratic, like New York City and Chicago. The rest of the county, with the exception of three towns, is just as regularly Republican. For that reason, the voting balance in the county is comparable to that of states like New York and Illinois, where large, traditionally Democratic cities struggle for state-wide control with the normally Republican rural areas. Most of the experts in the county, Democratic, Republican and neutral, said they thought Berlin would go Democratic in November with its usual Democratic majority, large enough to put the county as a whole in the Stevenson column. This opinion was general despite the early Eisenhower sentiment shown in the poll.

John Houlihan—a nominal Republican who, with his Democratic brother, Tom, edits and publishes the pro-Stevenson weekly Berlin Reporter—had not conclusively made up his mind about his own vote, but he thought the county would go Democratic. "We've got two big groups up here that never cross party lines. The farmers don't even consider the candidate; they just vote Republican. Our French Canadians and millworkers feel the Democratic party has helped them. And since they outnumber the farmers, we can be pretty certain that Coos will go for Stevenson."

Clinton L. White, editor and publisher of the stanchly Republican and ironically named Coos County Democrat, agreed. "We're small businessmen and farmers and solidly Republican. But Berlin always turns the tide for the Democrats."

But there was also considerable outspoken sentiment for Eisenhower throughout the county. "America today is in sore need of a spiritual revolution, and Eisenhower is the man who can lead us to it," said the Reverend Charles H. Moyer of the Gorham Methodist Church.

"I voted for Truman in 1948," said Norman LaCroix, a Berlin gas-station attendant, "and I sure learned my lesson! It's more than time we had a change and got something besides money-spending and corruption. I'll vote for Ike."

René Héroux, the Berlin chairman of the Eisenhower for President campaign, predicted that the Republican vote in Berlin would be larger than most people expected. "Many Democrats and independents are disappointed because Kefauver didn't get the nomination," he said. "Before the New Hampshire primary last March, Kefauver and his wife came up here and went from door to door, talking French to the people. They went crazy for him. But I don't think they feel close enough to Stevenson to want to vote for him."

Nevertheless, the Democratic leaders are supremely hopeful about Berlin. They point out that business has been good for the huge Brown Company—which manufactures paper products and employs 3,100 local workers—and therefore for the city in general. "I think we're going to have the biggest Democratic landslide since 1936," said Emmet Kelly, former Democratic state chairman.

"The Democrats will carry Coos again," agreed Mayor Aimé Tondreau, who is also a barbershop owner, watch repairman and gunsmith. "It isn't a perfect party, but it is, more than any other, what a party should be."

Mayor Tondreau's attitude was reflected by many of his constituents. Mrs. Rosaire Labrecque, a young housewife, was typical. "I want to vote for the Democrats," she said. "It's my first vote and I don't know too much about it. But, like my husband says, they're for the poor people."

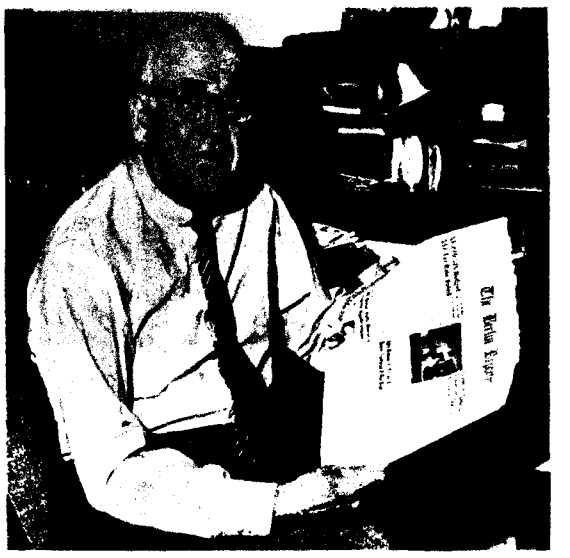
VANDERBURGH COUNTY

It is difficult to distinguish the busy, industrial city of Evansville in southwestern Indiana from the rest of Vanderburgh County. Evansville is Vanderburgh's only incorporated community, and its metropolitan area encompasses about two thirds of the county. The city's population is almost 130,000, the county's only 164,000. The county has a dozen firms which employ more than 1,000 workers each. Mayor Henry Roberts figures that about half the 78,500 people in Evansville's labor force work in heavy industry. Along the outskirts of the city proper are factories, suburban residential areas, farms and even oil wells. In recent months there has been little unemployment.

Two reasons were offered to explain Vanderburgh's habit of voting with the nation. Mayor Roberts, a Republican, credited the county's sizable independent vote. "I think the independents hold the balance of power across the country," he said, "and they tend to vote pretty much the same way in every section. About 30 per cent of the voters in our county can be classed as independents. If the nation's independents favor the Republicans in any given year, our county goes Republican. If the independents vote Democratic, I think we do, too."

In the 1950 election, the strength of the independent vote, coupled with the various candidates' personal popularity, created a record amount of what Evansville Hoosiers call "ticket scratching." The Democrats' biggest vote getter won the sheriff's office by almost a 10,000 majority out of some 57,000 votes cast, but a Democratic candidate for one of the county-commissioner posts came out on top by fewer than 70 votes. The Republican candidate for Congress carried the county by more than 2,500 votes, but a victorious Republican county commissioner triumphed by fewer than 50. The mayor said he felt that the independent vote this year was leaning toward Eisenhower and that the Republicans would carry both the county and the nation.

Mace Broide, political editor of the Evansville



Coos County city and farm voters are sharply divided, newspaper owner John Houlihan said. Trend is like that of many key states

Evansville Mayor Henry Roberts credits large independent vote for putting Vanderburgh on the winning side in past national elections

State Senator Jesse Mayo, a Calaveras County job printer, says that his county takes its politics seriously, but without any hoopla

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Barber Aimé Tondreau, mayor of Democratic Berlin, N. H., guessed: "Eisenhower will lose because . . . he's been talking in generalities"

Desmond Sears, a Calaveras mine owner, is all for Ike. "The Democrats," he said, "have done everything they could to stop mining of gold"

Railroader Harold Coleman, of Evansville, Ind., "votes for the man." He'll wait until the last minute, when the campaigns are over, to decide

Lucille Merrell, housewife from Evansville, admitted switching loyalty. "I liked Ike," she stated, "until I heard Stevenson speak"

Press, offered another reason for the county's past voting record. "Vanderburgh," he said, "approximates a national cross section. Our 160,000-plus population, for example, is in pretty close proportion to the country's 150,000,000-plus. We have a Catholic population of 23,000—not far off the nation's average—a sizable Negro vote, and a goodly share of businessmen, union workers and farmers. We're pretty representative of the rest of the country, and that shows up on Election Day. Right now it's anybody's race."

One voter who helps make it so is Harold Coleman, a switchman on the Chicago & Eastern Illinois Railroad. "I'm neither Democrat nor Republican," he said. "I vote for the man. This year both candidates seem to be good men. I'm listening to both men's speeches and I'll wait until the last minute to make up my mind."

In Vanderburgh, the Democrats have no monopoly among the labor voters, and the Republicans none in the rural areas. Lester Grace, a spray painter at a refrigerator factory, and a CIO man, was all for Ike. "The government's got to be cleaned up, and we'll never be able to do it with Democrats," he said. Housewife Sara Magazine echoed his thoughts. "I'm sick and tired of fur coats and home freezers," she said. And off in Scott Township, outside the city limits, farmer Bruno Wittman asserted that he's always voted Republican in national elections and saw no reason to change his mind this year.

But Stevenson supporters were found among all voting groups, too. "I liked Ike," said Mrs. Lucille Merrell, another housewife, "until I heard Stevenson speak. Now I'm all for the governor." Hod carrier Leonard Ward, an AFL man, backed Stevenson because workers "have had it pretty good under the Democrats." Leo Rexing, who has a 300-acre farm outside Evansville, also was for Stevenson for economic reasons. "I made less than $200 during all of 1931; now things are comfortable and we don't want," he said. Two sons of voting age agreed. The two major political leaders assessed Vanderburgh's sentiment in vastly different ways. "We'll carry the county by 5,000 votes," said J. Ervin Taylor, county chairman of the Republican Central Committee.

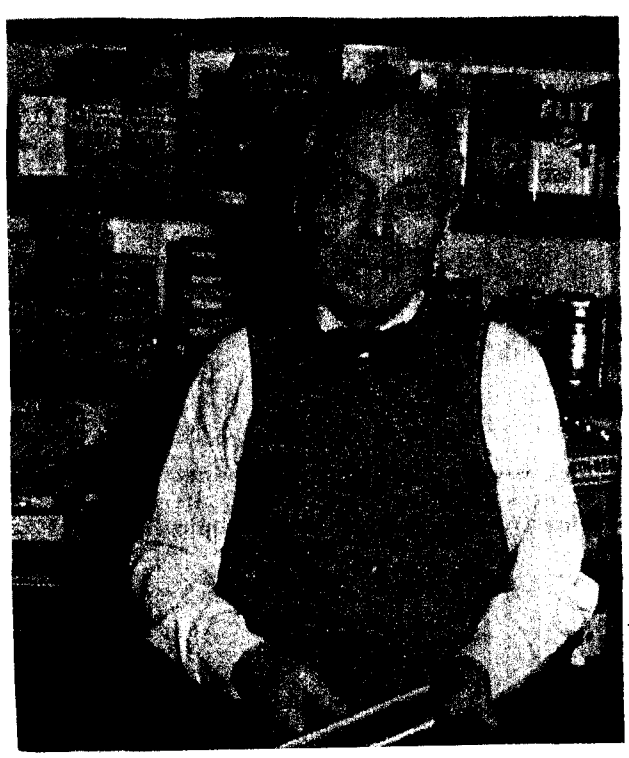
"Stevenson will sweep Vanderburgh by 10,000," was the prediction of Taylor's Democratic equivalent, R. Vance Hartke.

CALAVERAS COUNTY

Eight weeks before Election Day, politics had affected the calm of Calaveras County so little that there wasn't a single handclap for either Eisenhower or Stevenson when their pictures appeared in a newsreel at the Angels Theater in Angels Camp. Angels Camp, with a population of 1,163, is the second largest community in the historic central California county, located east of San Francisco. Only the county seat, San Andreas, with 87 more residents, is larger.

The lack of outward enthusiasm for the candi-

Berlin hardware store owner J. Clare Curtis is an independent for Eisenhower, but added: "We couldn't go very wrong with either man"



Mrs. Donat Gallant, of Stark (Coos County), said in support of Eisenhower: "He knows more about the war business, and how to keep us out of it"

Mrs. Margaret Arsate, a Calaveras County turkey rancher, is afraid of the government debt. "I'm a Democrat," she stated, "but I'll vote for Ike"

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Painter Jake Parr, on the job in White Pines, Calaveras County, said: "I'm going to vote for Stevenson because I've always voted Democratic"

Union member Lester Grace, spray painter in an Evansville manufacturing plant, is for the G.O.P. "The government's got to be cleaned up," he said

Bank treasurer Norma Twitchell, of Gorham, in Coos County, said: "Ike hasn't had too much experience, but he's with the right party"

dates doesn't indicate that the 9,850 people of Calaveras County don't have political opinions. "We're a strange group up here," said printer Jesse M. Mayo, who has been a Republican state Senator for 14 years, although the Democrats have a three-to-two majority in registration. "The people vote for the person and what he stands for rather than for the party."

The kind of independence Mayo spoke of is seen among persons like Milan Dragomanovich, who owns a general store in San Andreas, and Mrs. Margaret Arsate, who has a turkey ranch near Altaville. Both are registered Democrats who intend to vote for Ike.

But history, as well as political independence, has had much to do with Calaveras County's voting pattern in the past. Unlike Coos County, Calaveras does not have a marked party division between rural and city voters. And it doesn't have anything near the equivalent of a cross section of the national voting population that Vanderburgh County has. Instead, the local issue of gold has played a large part in determining the county's political preference through the years.

Although lumber is now its largest industry and there is a great deal of varied agriculture in the western section, the life of Calaveras County once revolved almost entirely about gold mining. While the county name was being immortalized in tales by Bret Harte and Mark Twain (The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County), untold millions were taken from its mines. Until the days of the New Deal, the Republicans had the edge in registration. But with the raising of the price of gold in 1934, the edge shifted to the Democrats.

However, gold has not gone up in price since then, although its value on the world market is at least twice the $35-an-ounce U.S. government price. There is still gold in the area, but there is little mining, which helps explain the marked anti-administration feeling of people like Desmond Sears, one of the owners of the Calaveras Central Mine. "One of the reasons I'm for Eisenhower is because of his experience in Europe with people who understand the real value of gold," Sears said. "This should be a real benefit in helping to re-establish faith in this country in the American dollar and its purchasing power, and in backing it with real value."

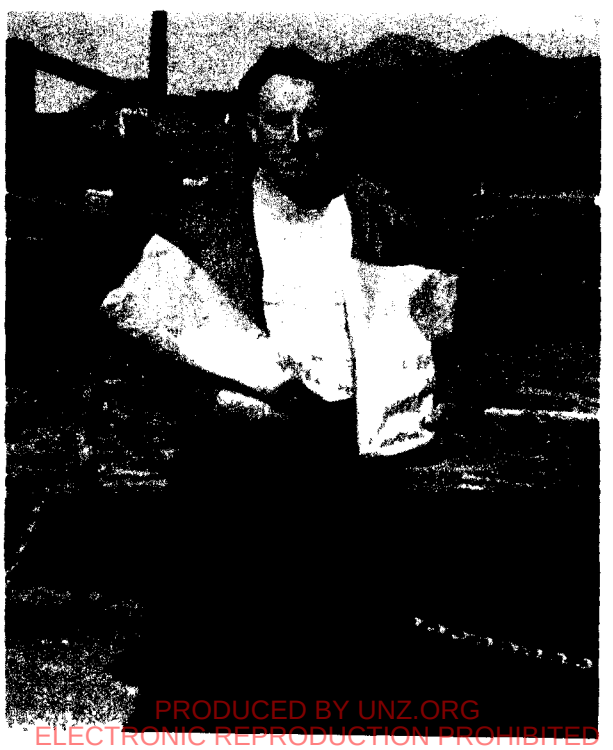
Despite the gold issue and the often-expressed desire for a change, there is still some optimism among regular county Democrats. "We've had prosperity up here," said pharmacist Kenneth MacDonald, of Angels Camp, chairman of the Democratic Central Committee. "Employees at the lumber and cement plants are getting good wages and steady work. And I think the people of this county will vote for Stevenson to keep up these good times."

Coos, Vanderburgh and Calaveras—the "never-wrong" counties—are all leaning the same way as Election Day approaches. Will they maintain their historic tradition and vote with the country again? We'll know in a few days. ▲▲▲

Hod carrier Leonard Ward, on a construction job at Evansville's G.O.P.-occupied City Hall, said: "Stevenson's for labor and the people"

Insurance broker Mrs. Mildred Wilson, of Angels Camp, Cal., warned: "In 1948 nobody admitted he was for Truman, but Truman carried the county"

Ernest Finley, chemist at a Groveton, N. H., paper mill, likes Stevenson because "he's a Democrat and his party is the party of the workingman"



Vanderburgh County farmer Leo Rexing and his sons, Ralph (l.) and Cletus, are for Adlai—"Couldn't make money under the Republicans"

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The Bowstring Murder

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

Norton was professionally interested in a specimen of Scotland Yard paper work. He read the brief array of facts which preceded an inquiry from a superintendent of the murder squad. The superintendent was asking the Special Branch for information about Frederick Tempest, O.M., Ph.D., D.Sc., etc., who had been found strangled with a length of cord in his bachelor apartment that morning. The crime had been committed between eleven and twelve o'clock the previous night.

Reading on, Norton could readily understand the agitation in Whitehall. Tempest had been a nuclear-fission man, and though he had withdrawn from government-sponsored atomic work after Hiroshima, his head had still been full of dangerous knowledge.

HUNZIGER was clearly implicated. His fingerprints had been found all over Tempest's flat, and the bowstring was known to be his favorite method of murder. To the American agent it seemed entirely probable that the killing had some connection with his own mission in London.

"Yeah, I walked into it," he agreed, as Warwick put down the telephone.

"Yes. It ties in with your information. Hunziger is an extremely successful jewel thief, and diamonds are his specialty."

"Tell me about him."

"I wish I could, old boy," was Warwick's regretful answer. "We've been after him for six years, and we don't even know what he looks like. The only thing we've got on him are his fingerprints. In six years he's done seven big jewel jobs, and three of them have been murders. For a long time we just called him Mr. Prints. Then we got a name, Hunziger, from a dying man. He's a queer type. He cases his jobs thoroughly, but when he cracks them he leaves his dabs all over the place, as if he doesn't care. Our fingerprint men simply go along and puff their dust around, and there you are—Hunziger again."

"Do all his murders have a robbery motive?"

"Yes, except this fourth murder, which doesn't seem to have any motive. We can't even guess what Hunziger could want from Tempest."

"Could Tempest have been in some diamond racket?" Norton wanted to know. "Smuggling, for instance?"

"That's always possible, but I'd say it's very unlikely. I'd say Tempest was honest."

"A good guy, huh?"

"A great man, I always thought. I met him a number of times when I was working on security with M.I.5. I don't think he was greatly interested in money."

"I'm figuring he was interested in diamonds. I can't see Hunziger, whoever he is, handling a million-dollar deal and a murder at the same time, unless it's all the same job."

"Nor I," Warwick agreed. "If we find Mercer, we may get next to Hunziger. In any case, we must locate your man as soon as possible. A million dollars. . . ."

"A murderous sum," said Norton. . . .

An American in London is just as easily identified as an Englishman in Chicago. That afternoon Ralph Mercer ventured out of doors, under the impression that he looked like a Londoner. He was spotted in the Strand and followed to a small hotel in Norfolk Street.

The police closed in suddenly on Mercer's hotel room, and he was arrested without violence. When he was searched, a shallow, polished leather box full of gems was found in his pocket. It was a fabulous collection: four hundred large, perfect white diamonds. Evidently Mercer wasn't expecting the police. Evidently, too, since he carried so much treasure so nonchalantly, he had some reliable way of avoiding customs barriers.

When Norton openly admired the diamonds, Mercer glared at him. "You an American?" he demanded. "Why are you here with the limey cops?"

"That money Bolinski gave you was stolen from a United States government office," Norton said coldly.

Mercer was too shocked to answer.

A search crew was left in the room, and the prisoner was taken to the nearest police station. There he was interrogated, but he wouldn't talk.

"Too bad," Warwick said to Norton, when the questioning was over. "We'll leave it until we know something about those stones. I'll get Grafton Devine. He's the expert we usually consult. There's money just in *knowing* about diamonds, man. Devine is about the top independent expert in London, and he does damn' well for himself. Charges us very little, though; says he likes to see our police at work."

But Mr. Devine was not available. He was away on business, his secretary said. So Warwick called up Tim Lake, a small, spare, lively man from the Precious Stone Laboratory in Hatton Garden. Lake arrived with a suitcase full of instruments, and his glance immediately focused on the box of diamonds.

"Is this the stuff?" he asked. At Warwick's nod he opened the box and stood staring at the contents in utter astonishment.

"Are they diamonds?" Inspector Warwick asked.

"My goodness, yes! And *what* diamonds! Heavens, man, where did you get this lot?"

The refracted sunlight made the close-packed gems seem to burn with ten thousand points of white fire.

"What will they be worth?" Norton asked.

"A million pounds, I shouldn't wonder," said Lake. He picked up a ten-carat brilliant and turned it in the sunlight. It threw out rays like a star.

He set to work, picking out diamonds at random and testing them with a small square plate of polished corundum. They scratched the plate easily. "Nothing in the world like a diamond," Lake said fondly. "As old as the earth, as clear as spring water, as indestructible as faith."

He opened a black leather case and produced an instrument which looked like a baby ciné camera. "Rutile refractometer," he explained. "Absolutely the latest thing. Gives you readings you wouldn't believe." He fiddled with the new toy for some time; then he said, as he peered through the eyepiece, "Lovely reading. Two point four one seven. It couldn't be anything else but a diamond with a refraction like that."

LAKE'S next instrument was a binocular microscope with a queer, built-in lighting arrangement. He plugged it into a wall socket. "Now," he said. "I'll see if I can tell you where these stones were mined."

He put a large brilliant on the cradle and stared through the eyepiece. At once there was a subtle change in his attitude. For a long time he was quite still, and the watching men grew tense.

At last Lake put the brilliant aside and picked up a baton diamond, a polished oblong of great beauty. Then he tried an emerald-cut, then another brilliant. Presently he looked up.

"I've never seen anything like the inclusions in these stones," he said in a

COLLIER'S "My husband's in there developing pictures. Listen to him roar when I rattle the knob" SIDNEY HOFF

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BUTCH

"I'd like t'ask him if an instruction booklet came with it, but he looks like such a *grouchy* guy"

COLLIER'S — LARRY REYNOLDS

worried voice. "It seems incredible, impossible, almost—but . . ." He had another long look through the microscope, then he stood up straight. "It's quite incredible," he said, "but I feel sure these diamonds are not natural stones."

"You mean they're artificial?" Warwick asked quickly.

"Products of human artifice, yes. They're synthetic."

Mercer had been present throughout the examination and his comment was a rude word. Tim Lake looked at him with sympathy. Of all the men there, Lake was the one most capable of understanding the onetime jeweler's scorn and disbelief.

"They're really fine gems," he said, seeming to apologize for the stones. "They're as hard and bright as diamonds. In fact, they *are* diamonds—but not natural stones. It's a great pity. Such lovely, clean gems."

"What are you guys trying to pull?" Mercer demanded. "There's no such thing as a synthetic diamond."

"It had to come sometime," Lake said. "Sooner or later somebody was bound to find out how to make a diamond. Synthetic sapphires and emeralds have been on the market for years."

"Diamonds are different," Mercer said stubbornly. "Nobody could make a diamond."

"It certainly is hard to believe," said Lake. He became thoughtful. "There is one more test I can do here. Could we have these blinds down, Chief Inspector?"

Warwick switched on the lights and pulled down the blinds. Meanwhile, from his suitcase Lake brought out a compact little ultraviolet lamp with a black glass filter. He plugged it in and waited for it to warm up.

"If these are natural stones they'll fluoresce irregularly," he said. "Some will glow brightly, some dimly. And in different colors: mostly blue, some yellow and a few green."

Warwick switched off the lights, and the onlookers waited in the shadowed room.

Tim Lake put the open box into the lamp's rays, and uttered an exclamation of surprise. The compact array of gems gave off a vivid orange glow which colored the gloom. They were a beautiful sight, all evenly bright and evenly orange.

"I shall want to make further tests in the laboratory, but this quite convinces me," said Lake, holding the glowing box of stones and looking like a sorcerer. "No parcel of natural stones in the world ever fluoresced all this color. And look at the uniform brightness; all exactly alike."

Mercer moved suddenly, and Warwick and Norton jumped to intercept him. The ex-jeweler thrust his left hand into the ultraviolet rays. There was a solitaire diamond on the middle finger, a good stone about a half carat in weight. As if to emphasize the difference between synthetic gem and true stone, the diamond glowed with a bright, sky-blue fluorescence.

AFTER the examination of the diamonds, Warwick telephoned Mercer's hotel room. "Found anything?" he demanded.

"Believe it or not, sir," answered the sergeant-in-charge. "Hunziger's prints are here."

"Splendid," said the Special Branch man. Obviously his prisoner had seen and conversed with Hunziger.

He rang up Tempest's flat. "Any sign of a motive yet?" he asked.

"Never a one," was the reply.

"You haven't found any diamonds, by any chance?"

Knowing Hunziger's record, the man at the other end was not surprised by the question. "We've found half a dozen dull bits of stuff which *might* be uncut diamonds," he said doubtfully.

"What! You have?" Warwick shouted. "Send them over here!"

Fifteen minutes later a detective

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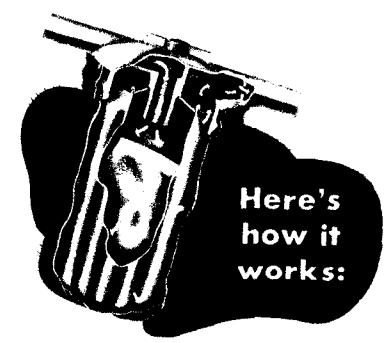

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arrived with the uncut stones, and Tim Lake looked at them. They had the greasy feel and the frosted look of genuine "rough," but they were synthetic. The tests left no doubt of it.

"Another link between Mercer, Tempest and Hunziger," Warwick said jubilantly. "This job is going like a dream. We'll catch that slippery devil and hang him."

IN THAT mood of savage geniality he turned to his prisoner. With murder as the next item on the agenda, the ex-jeweler was in some haste to establish an alibi. He admitted that the dollars-for-diamonds deal had been consummated in his hotel room between nine and ten o'clock the previous night. Afterward, from ten to midnight, he had been steadily drinking Scotch and soda in the hotel bar, and then had gone straight up to bed. The waiter and the porter and the upstairs maid could back up his story, he said.

"That has to be verified," said Warwick. "You're not in the clear. It *was* Hunziger brought you the diamonds and took off with the dollars—wasn't it?"

"I never knew the guy's name," said Mercer.

"What was he like?"

"I didn't notice."

"About what age was he?"

"I can't remember."

"Look here," said Warwick in exasperation. "That man has swindled you and involved you in a murder. You could still be an accessory. And don't forget, if you get ten or fifteen years in this country you'll serve your sentence. Cold cells at Dartmoor, and killing work in the quarries. No talking, no smoking, and damned little to eat. It's horrible, man!"

Mercer was shaken by the not-quite-truthful picture of penal servitude, but he didn't break down. "I'm not talking," he said.

"You're helping Hunziger to get away. He'll take a cool million abroad. He'll be having a lovely time with the girls while you're looking through the bars and longing for a smoke."

"I'm not talking," said Mercer.

"I can't understand you," said Warwick. "This man has done you down. You've nothing to be afraid of. He has no mob behind him. He's a lone wolf, and when we catch him he'll swing. There's no reason for you to keep your mouth shut."

"I never blabbed to the cops," said Mercer, "and I never will."

So it went on. While the renewed hue and cry for Hunziger gathered momentum, Warwick sweated Mercer for hours. But the prisoner would give no information. At last the Yard man gave up, temporarily. He took Norton out to a pub.

"I'm afraid I was overconfident," he admitted, as they sat at a bar, eating turkey sandwiches and drinking ale. "The job was going too fast, and now it's broken down. I don't know what the devil to make of Mercer. Why won't he talk?"

"Tradition," Norton said solemnly.

"The obstinate blighter," said Warwick. "I'd like to bang his head against a wall."

"Why not? Why don't you get rough with him?"

"If he were British it would have been done, long since. But he's an American citizen. I don't want a consular inquiry about rough treatment. Bad for my promotion.

"I wish I could get a clear picture of Tempest's connection with the job," Warwick went on uneasily. "It sounds slightly incredible, but it looks as if he were the man who made those fake diamonds. After all, *somebody* made them. But why did he have dealings with a fellow like Hunziger? It looks as if Hunziger had been entrusted with the diamonds to sell. He sold them, and then went back and gave Tempest the chop. Why in heaven did he do that? He was in possession of a million dollars, and all that he had to do was disappear."

"He went back to get the diamond-making process, and then he killed Tempest to keep him quiet," said Norton. "That epitomizes a whole pattern of existence. A man uses his patience, capital and knowledge in making a great discovery. Then some crook not fit to walk within a hundred miles of him comes along and takes everything. That's what always happens when thieves come in contact with creative men. It burns me to see them getting away with it."

"Hold on a minute," said Warwick. "If Tempest was accessory to the sale of four hundred home-made diamonds for a million dollars he was a bit of a thief himself."

"No," Norton replied. "That doesn't sound like Tempest at all." He tapped an evening newspaper which lay on the bar. "I've been reading his obituary. He must have been a fine man. In his lifetime he passed up a lot of chances to make himself rich. He wouldn't join in a swindle."

"Suppose he'd used up all his capital? You can put that in your pattern of existence—what many a good man has to do for the sake of the ready."

"That wouldn't make Tempest turn crooked. I'm sure of it."

"You think Tempest was kidded along, swindled, robbed of his secret and murdered?"

"That's what I think," Norton said grimly.

There was a thoughtful silence; then Warwick said, "The only thing we can do is keep on trying to soften up Mercer. Let's go and have another session with him."

AS THE day drew to its close, the search for Hunziger required more and more men. The word was out to all districts, from Dover to Holyhead and from Plymouth to Aberdeen. The newspapers had the story too. They did not know that the great sum in dollars was stolen money, but it was still a perfect story. MILLION DOLLAR FUGITIVE, the headlines shouted.

Throughout the rest of the day and night, thousands of men were questioned and dozens arrested and released, but Hunziger was not seen. There were many reports from civilian sources, but not one of them led the police to the wanted man. Several crackpots gave themselves up at police stations, to be kicked out by irritable detectives when it was found that they were not and could not have been Hunziger.

"I'm scared," Warwick admitted. "I'm afraid he scampered before you even arrived in town. We're making no progress. Midnight, and we haven't even found Tempest's laboratory. I hope Tim Lake was right about those stones. He's good, but I'd have felt safer with Grafton Devine. With him we'd be certain."

Still, whether or not he had made the diamonds, Tempest had not been the sort of man to be idle. He would have had a laboratory somewhere. Every routine means had been used to find his name in connection with premises away from his home, and now it was feared that he had operated his laboratory under a false name or a company name. But the labor of seeking, telephoning and questioning went on, as the minutes and hours marched away.

IT WAS four o'clock in the morning, when the first information came in. It was from an unexpected quarter. A constable on night duty out at Potter's Bar had been gossiping with the watchman of a brickyard. The watchman had also been a truck driver for the same firm. He had seen Tempest's picture in the Evening Standard, and he was quite sure that he had delivered several loads of high-grade firebricks to him at a place in Rotherhithe about three years before.

The constable called up the manager of the brickyard, who referred him to the firm's London traveler. The traveler said, "Rotherhithe. I remember. It was a single order. Afterward I called regularly for a time, but the place was always locked up. The address is the Old Brewery, Tobago Lane."

Warwick and Norton were still at Scotland Yard when the news was transmitted to the Information Room.

"Rotherhithe," said Warwick. "Let's go there."

He drove across Westminster Bridge toward southeast London. The car made good time along the empty streets.

In Jamaica Road, they met an elderly sergeant of M Division. "You can't mistake it," he said. "It stands by itself in the middle of bombed-out ground. Turn left at Lower Road."

They found Tobago Lane within sight of the cranes, masts and funnels of the Surrey Commercial Docks. The Lane itself was a stretch of cobbles across ground which had once been covered with warehouses. But the Old Brewery had been spared. In the middle of the cleared ground it stood alone, an L-shaped building with a stubby, square chimney stack.

They left the car and approached on foot. Looking around, they found that the place was locked up, as the traveler in bricks had found it so many times.

"There's a window here might do," said Warwick, taking out his penknife.

He slipped the catch and opened the window. They climbed through, into a dusty storeroom. From there they walked into a long laboratory furnished with benches and ovenlike metallurgical furnaces. Those small furnaces could not possibly have raised the almost atomic heat which would be necessary to make diamonds. There would have to be something bigger. The two men moved along, looking for it. They stepped quietly on the stone floor.

At the end of the room there was a small office, and opposite to it was a big alcove. Most of the alcove was occupied by empty oil drums which were piled precariously almost to the ceiling, but in a small cleared-off space a huge

Next Week

What to Look for On Election Night

Veteran newscasters Bob Trout and Paul White tell you how to interpret the tabulations that will pour from your radio or television set. In addition, an hour-by-hour chart for all 48 states will help you spot trends as the evening wears on. Here is a "must" guide to the climax of the hectic '52 Presidential Election year

CLANCY

COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

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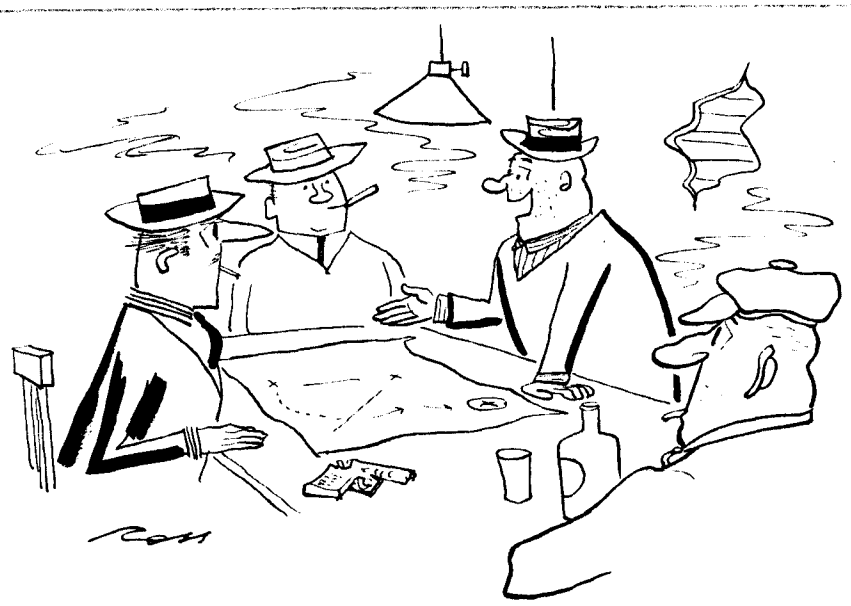

COLLIER'S **"I've got a much simpler plan. I'll get a job at the bank and *embezzle* the dough"** AL ROSS

flagstone had been tilted by some mechanism, so that it gave access to a cellar. The investigators stopped when they saw it.

"Our man's been here," Warwick whispered.

"Correct. Don't move," said someone behind them. "Now put your hands up."

They stood still while they were deftly searched. Then the voice said, "All right. Turn around."

THEY turned, and saw a man of medium height, ordinary in general appearance. But the eyes in his dark, sardonic face were not ordinary. They were so black that iris and pupil seemed to glow with the same flat, disturbing intensity. In that moment of strain they were like the eyes of some predatory animal.

The man held a Luger pistol in his right hand, and there was a suitcase on the floor at his left. Obviously he had been hiding behind one of the furnaces.

Because he knew the man, Warwick was less apprehensive than he ought to have been. "Devine!" he exclaimed. "How do you come into this? I thought—" He stopped, then said, "No wonder you weren't in your office yesterday. You were busy! *You're Hunziger!*"

"To my friends," he said coolly.

"How nice for you! Grafton Devine, the diamond expert, moving freely among the big stuff, picking your jobs. Ye gods, the police have been slow!"

"On the contrary, I should congratulate you," said Hunziger. "I didn't think you would find this place so soon."

Norton was looking at the suitcase. "The plunder, huh?" he said. "Have you got it all?"

"Of course. But— An American? Why are *you* here?"

"Looking for the money you've got there."

"So it was stolen money. I wondered about that. No matter. It can be changed easily enough in France."

"How long have you been here?" asked Warwick.

"I'll answer that one too. In fact, it's a pleasant change to talk to somebody. I've been here eighteen hours, culling information from Tempest's files. I've got all I want, except details of the actual plant. I must see that. Unfortunately I had to move a lot of filthy oil drums to find the cellar entrance. I'd just got it open when you arrived."

"How did you get in with Tempest?"

"My dear Warwick, you forget my reputation. Even Scotland Yard consults me. Tempest came to me in strictest confidence and asked me how to go about the business of selling synthetic diamonds. *Very* interesting! I told him to keep quiet while I looked around for a market, and the rest was easy."

"Ralph Mercer was your market," said Norton. "How much did Tempest want for his diamonds?"

"He was delighted with an imaginary offer of sixty thousand dollars for the four hundred stones he had ready," Hunziger replied. "He entrusted them to me without a murmur."

"And you sold them for a million and murdered the poor guy to get his secret," Norton said contemptuously.

The cold voice cut Hunziger's complacency like a whiplash. His dark glance appraised Norton, and he felt the other man's enmity. His response in the circumstances was typical: a mocking smile. "Yes," he said. "Apparently you know it all, but you won't live to talk about it. Now I want to see what is downstairs. Go on down those steps. Turn on those lights. And remember, don't try anything. I'm a practiced hand with a pistol."

They walked down stairs fitted with rubber mats.

THE cellar had two floors, each as large as the room above, but for two thirds of their area they were packed to the ceiling with earth and rubble. This obviously had been taken from a wide semicircular shaft which had been sunk a good thirty feet down beyond the lower floor. Rising from the shaft was a tapering tower of yellow firebrick. It leaned slightly, and where it joined the cellar wall below the square chimney there were round white doors like staring eyes. From the lower floor, thick asbestos-covered pipes snaked down to its base.

"That's a furnace," said Hunziger. "The narrowest, hottest furnace you'll ever see. I expected something like this. It is nothing less than an artificial volcanic pipe. Unprecedented heat in a confined space. Tempest has reproduced the conditions under which nature made diamonds."

There was a deep humming sound, and the floor of the cellar began to vibrate. "What's that?" Hunziger snapped, alert and vicious. He was a changed man. His pistol became an active menace.

Someone answered him calmly, but

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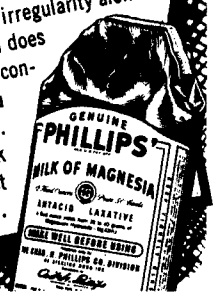

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in a voice of thunder. "You have less than ten minutes to get out of here."

"That's Frederick Tempest!" Warwick gasped.

The voice went on, "This is the only sure way of protecting my secrets. When you walked down the stairs you stepped on a switch. In ten minutes, which is the length of this record, the place will be on fire from end to end. The fans are driving vaporized fuel into the cold furnace. It will ignite at a certain pressure and burn explosively enough to burst the furnace. Get out now, while you have the chance."

The voice stopped, and there was no sound but the humming of the powerful fans. They seemed to shake the whole building.

The listeners had instinctively edged nearer to the cellar steps. Hunziger was at the foot, while his captives stood apart, five yards away from him. He was smiling again. The others could almost read his thoughts. This would be a sweet cremation job. It was just a pity he hadn't been able to examine the furnace.

Warwick and Norton stood helpless, white-faced as they looked at death. They were brave men, and all they asked was a fighting chance; but they were also human, and death was unwelcome. Norton's glance showed his angry unwillingness to accept the final defeat from this smooth murderer.

The disembodied voice began again. "You have less than six minutes to get out . . ." And as Hunziger's gun shifted to point at Norton's heart, the fighting chance came.

THERE was a great crash overhead, then a confused bumping and rolling. Hunziger had been careless in piling the oil drums, and the vibration of the fans had overbalanced a shaky stack. One stout drum came rolling and bounding down the cellar stairs.

Hunziger turned involuntarily, and, hampered by the suitcase in his left hand, jumped to avoid the drum. In that instant his two enemies leaped into action, and the simultaneous attack confused him. His pistol wavered before he fired. His bullet grazed Norton's head; then he went down, with both men on top of him. Warwick grabbed the gun while Norton got strong fingers inside Hunziger's collar and in an excess of fury banged his head hard and often on the stone floor.

Tempest's voice was still calmly announcing his warning. Warwick dragged and heaved the half-conscious Hunziger up the cellar steps, and Norton followed with the suitcase. They did not stop until they were at a safe distance from the building.

It was a good explosion. There was a heavy rumbling sound, and then the building appeared to have burst a blood vessel. The windows had a dull-red suffused look, and the walls seemed to swell. Then the windows flew out, and soon the place was a roofless ruin from which solid, perpendicular flames roared skyward.

Warwick called the fire brigade and returned to stare ruefully at the blaze. "What a ruddy job this has turned out to be," he grumbled. "You tread on the mat and set the place alight. Let's go. We can't just stand here watching a fire." . . .

At Bow Street, Mercer was roused and brought into the Charge Room to confront Hunziger. He immediately rushed at the man and struck him before he could be dragged away.

"I figure they've met before," said Norton dryly. "You could call that a sort of identification."

He opened the suitcase and removed two loose-leaf books. Beneath the books, flat bundles of brand-new hundred-dollar bills were neatly packed: sixteen bundles in a layer, six layers, and four bundles over. It was all there —*one million dollars.*

He checked numbers from a notebook and closely examined some of the bills. "This is it, for sure," he said.

Warwick grinned. "Now, let battle commence. The money belongs to the United States, but the British Treasury will object to a million dollars going out of the country if it wasn't declared when it was brought in."

"There'll be no trouble," said Norton. "It'll go to the Bank of England, to be repulped in the presence of the usual witnesses."

Hunziger was recovering. "Counterfeit!" he said bitterly.

"As crooked as you are," said Norton. "It was made by the Germans during the war, as an item of currency sabotage. But it was never issued, and our troops found it after the war and sent it to Washington. Most of it was destroyed, but some sap in the Treasury thought he'd like to have a million dollars right there in his office. Well, somebody talked and it was stolen. My task was to recover it before it got into circulation."

Hunziger looked with hatred at Ralph Mercer.

"Don't blame him," said Norton with false sympathy. "He was the biggest sucker of all time. He never knew anything."

Mercer was not insulted. He no longer had to worry about having been swindled out of a million dollars. His reputation as an honest illegal trader in gems was intact.

Warwick drew Norton aside. "Why didn't you tell *me* it was snide money?" he asked reproachfully.

"Sorry, old man," was the reply. "My orders were to tell nobody till I'd gotten the stuff. Besides, you might have lost interest in it. You see, I had to get it at any cost."

THE Scotland Yard man sighed, and nodded to admit the wisdom of Norton's reticence. The sum of one million dollars had appealed to his imagination. But a gleam came into his eyes as he looked at Hunziger. "I've got him, anyway," he said.

The American agent went to the table and picked up the loose-leaf books. He glanced through them, letting the edges of the pages fall away from his thumb. He looked at the titles: Carbon Treatment, and Heat and Pressure. Hunziger appeared to have been knowledgeable in his selection of material. Obviously the two books contained the summation of Tempest's years of research.

"The value of this'll be in industrial diamonds," said Norton. "The miners and engineers of the world need them. And our Mr. Hunziger preserved this knowledge for posterity. If he'd looked in the cellar before he made his notes, everything would have been destroyed. There's a certain irony in that. Yes, sir, a certain irony. Poor Tempest is dead, but wherever he is I think he'll be satisfied with the outcome of this. His own arrangements helped to make it so no crook got anything out of the deal."

The rasp came into his voice as he looked at the prisoners. "You hear that, you fools? You were licked from the start." ▲▲▲

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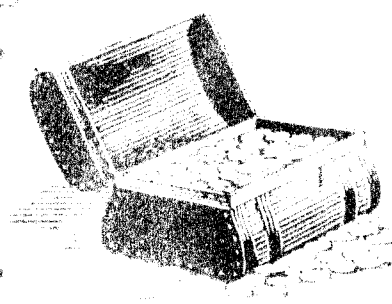

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Before plane's take-off, TWA weather officer briefs (l. to r.) pilot Robert Talbott, navigator Ben Blythe and copilot Dick Marquardt

Engineer Bateman Atkinson (right) checks the gas supply. The flight burned 5,038 gallons

How Flight 932 Got to Paris

By RICHARD WITKIN

To the passengers, it seemed a simple operation. They'll be amazed, and so will you, to learn the behind-the-scenes story

THE air lines have flown so many people to Europe—the figure is nearing 2,000,000—that the average passenger is almost as casual about an ocean hop as he is about driving 50 miles to visit his aunt. Tucked into a thickly upholstered chair, completely out of touch with the cockpit, today's air traveler gives little thought to how the plane gets where it is going.

But a transatlantic flight is a complicated operation involving such items as, $200,000 worth of radio equipment; enough instruments, levers and switches to fill the dashboards of a hundred cars; an exhaustive system of weather reporting; an ingenious method for capitalizing on wind currents; and a navigation lab that looks like a cross between a designer's workbench and the Mount Palomar Observatory.

An ocean hop depends on a great deal of machinery and, until scientists design a fully automatic air liner, a high degree of human skill. The average flight requires a crew of nine—three pilots, two engineers, navigator, radioman, purser and hostess. The chief pilot is not only the man at the wheel but the captain of the ship, keeping close tabs on the others' work. The crewman with the most to keep tabs on—the work horse of the outfit—is the navigator, who is so busy juggling sextant, pencil and charts on the overwater leg of the trip that he hardly has time to mop his brow.

I recently flew from New York to Paris. My interest was not in who the passengers were or how they passed their time on board; rather, I wanted to see how a commercial air liner, using the latest devices and techniques, manages to make its way unerringly across the ocean. I chose to ride in the cockpit most of the way, and what I learned, despite some carry-over of basic knowledge from my days as an Air Force pilot, was a revelation—especially the fabulous new navigation technique that deliberately steers a plane miles off course to save flying time.

The story of Flight 932 actually began two hours

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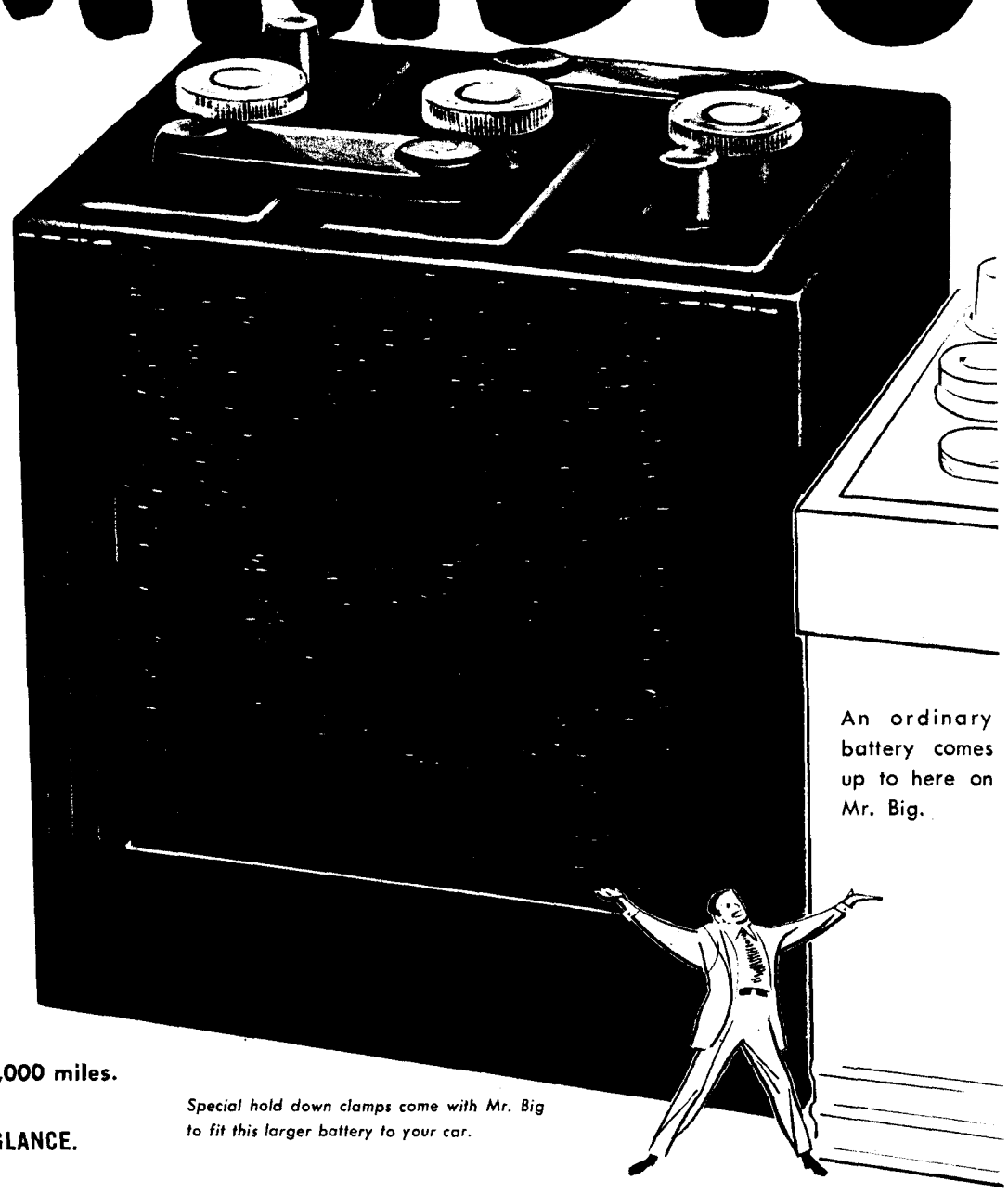

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Pilots deliberately steer transocean planes off straight course—to save time

Captain Talbott, copilot Marquardt, alternate engineer Sid Carter

Navigator Ben Blythe plots 932's course from Newfoundland to Paris

before the scheduled noon take-off, in the operations office of Trans World Airlines' hangar across the field from the passenger terminal at New York's International Airport. There the crew received a preliminary briefing. Everyone but the purser and hostess, who made straight for the kitchen to look after the food for the flight, gathered round the dispatcher's counter while he pointed up high lights on the latest weather charts. The charts showed mild cloud build-ups halfway to Gander, Newfoundland, and a mere scattering of cloud formations the rest of the way to Paris. They forecast less than normal tail winds en route.

The dispatcher handed the chief pilot, Captain Robert H. Talbott, lists of the passengers and cargo. They added up to a heavy load—30 passengers and a cargo-compartmentful of films, drugs, dresses, brassières, girdles, auto parts, cigars, bulbs and electrical appliances. The dispatcher told Talbott the eight-ton pay load was so heavy and the tail winds so undernourished that he was scheduling the plane for a refueling stop at Gander instead of letting it scoot to Paris nonstop.

The plane ticketed for Flight 932, the Star of Delaware, was on the ramp in front of the hangar. It was a four-engine triple-tailed Lockheed Constellation, a $1,500,000 high-powered glutton for work. Ground attendants were crawling all over it, loading fuel and cargo. After the briefing, the two engineers went out to the ship and, solicitous as horse trainers before a big race, gave it a thorough going-over.

An hour before take-off time, the rest of the crew strolled out. Everyone climbed aboard to taxi the Connie across the field and pick up the paying customers. Talbott, a forty-three-year-old Purdue graduate who has flown the Atlantic more than 300 times, led the way up the scaffold stairway to the cockpit.

His crew, most of whom he had flown with previously on some trip or other, were quite a bit younger—in their late twenties or early thirties. Originally from Arkansas, Georgia, New York, Indiana and an Indian reservation in Montana, now they all live on the East Coast within a few hours of their 300-mile-an-hour office. Several had found their way into the flying business by way of the Air Force; they had manned B-29 Superforts on the bomb run over Tokyo, or DC-4s and Commandos on transport routes to Bombay, Britain and Brisbane. They wore their gray uniforms in the informal, almost flip manner traditional with American fliers.

Talbott lugged a brief case thick as a courtroom lawyer's, and so did almost everyone else. Talbott's included, among other things: a full set of air traffic regulations, a manual diagraming the plane's every bone and fiber, a special pilot's navigation kit, lists of every radio aid-to-navigation on routes from San Francisco to Bombay, a flashlight and a raincoat.

For a couple of minutes the cockpit was a Marx Brothers scramble. Talbott, squeezing his brief case between the two pilots' seats, said: "The guy who designed this cockpit put in one of everything but a place to stick all this reading matter."

"If you'd leave out those 25-cent mysteries," copilot Dick Marquardt replied, "you wouldn't have so much trouble."

Indignant Protest from Navigator

"In case anybody's interested," piped up the navigator as he removed half a dozen flight caps from his desk and piled them atop his radio set, "I'm not running a hat-check concession."

"Nobody's interested," said the copilot.

"Somebody give him a quarter tip," said the engineer, who then looked out the door to see if the ground crew were ready to stand by the engines with fire-extinguisher bottles. The chatter turned businesslike as soon as the pilots set to work starting the engines. That done, the copilot called the tower for taxiing instructions, and Talbott taxied the plane slowly to the passenger terminal for the last lap of the preflight routine: a more detailed weather briefing from a government forecaster; a check with the ticket counter to see if everyone was accounted for; a trip by Talbott to the customs office to clear the cargo.

At 11:40 A.M. Eastern daylight time, the terminal's public address system directed the plane's 30 passengers to the boarding gate. Talbott, bringing up the rear, maneuvered his 200 pounds into the left-hand pilot's seat, got the all-clear from the purser and asked the copilot to start reading the check list of 71 "must" steps preparatory to take-off. At 12:06 the Star of Delaware, throbbing impatiently at the entrance to Runway 7, received permission from the tower to take off. Talbott rolled the plane into position and pushed the throttles forward, while the engineer, riding sideways behind the copilot before a teeming panel of engine instruments, peered at the dials for the slightest jiggle of a malfunction. A short way down the runway, in plenty of time to call the whole thing off if one engine so much as cleared its throat, Talbott shouted to the engineer: "Take-off?"

"Take-off okay," came the reply.

The Connie sailed into the air at 12:07—50 tons of airplane, cargo and humanity bound for Paris at last by way of a superskyway 17,000 feet up. Talbott tuned one of his two radio compasses to the Montauk beacon at the tip of Long Island and banked the ship to follow the compass needle along the coast. Roosevelt Field, Lindbergh's take-off point for Paris 25 years ago but now a wistful factory site, drifted by past the left wing. Soon the copilot picked up his hand mike and told the airways station at La Guardia Airport that Flight 932 was climbing on course over Fire Island, estimating arrival over Montauk in 17 minutes. It was the first of a stream of radio contacts destined to keep the Connie in intimate touch with the ground all the way to Paris. Lindbergh's only ground contact had come when he buzzed a fishing vessel to shout: "Is this the right way to Ireland?"

The two pilots and engineer had the show all to themselves on the coast-hugging leg to Gander. The radioman's wooden desk, behind the pilot's seat facing the wing, was deserted. So was the navigator's station on a dais farther

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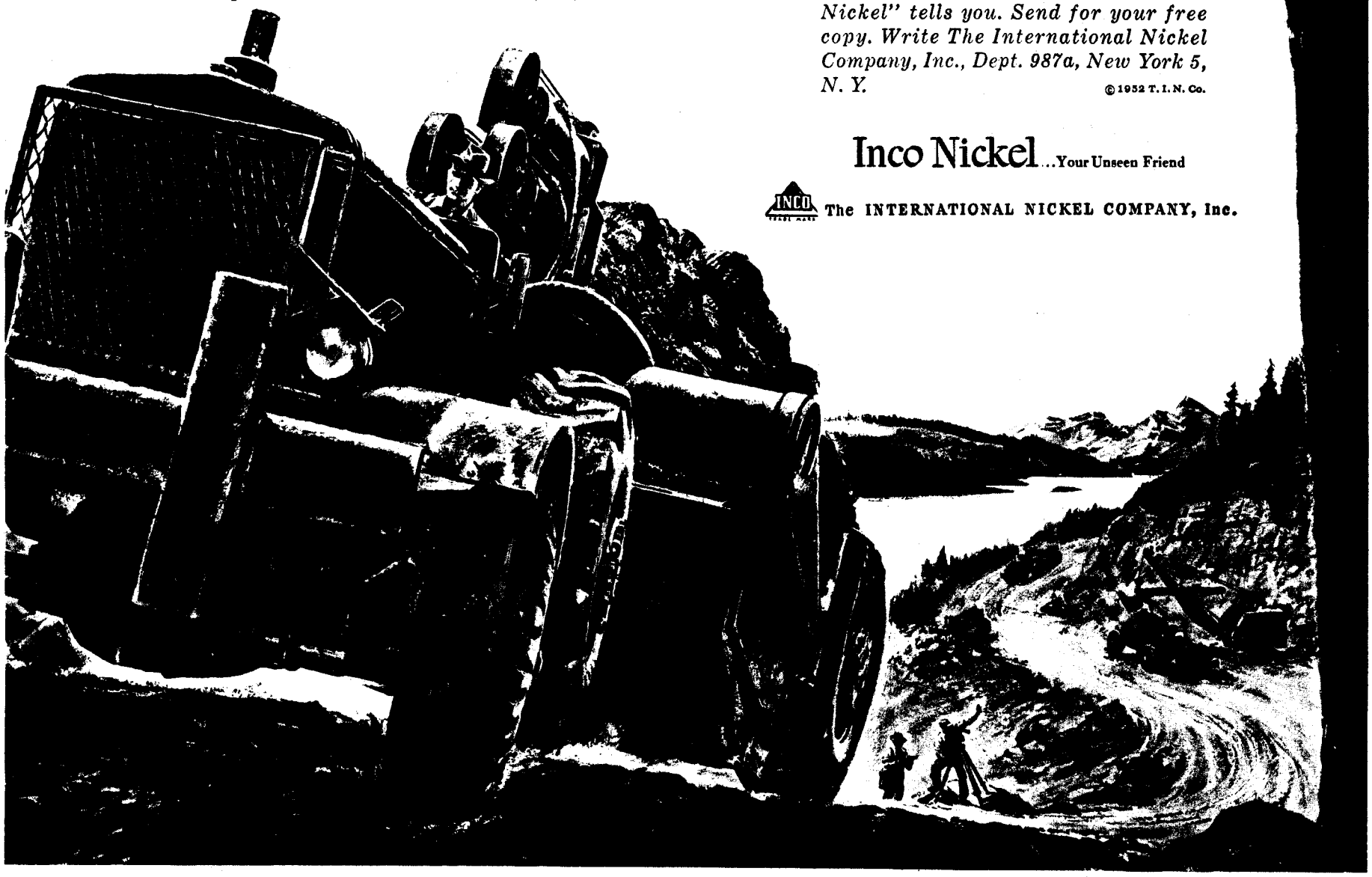

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While passengers relax, the cockpit of the air liner busi

back—a forward-facing metal desk complete with radio set, sextant case, drift meter, a drawer full of charts and a trough full of pencils. The navigator and radioman were deadheading to Gander in upper and lower crew bunks across the aisles. On the run to Newfoundland, no different from an overland run to Chicago, their services weren't needed. The pilots navigated for themselves by following the compass needles and tuning their radio compasses to airways radio stations studding the route 15 or 20 minutes apart. But the navigator and radioman would be in for a busy time once the plane left Gander for open water, where rapid-fire Morse code has to be used for long-distance radio contacts and there aren't nearly enough floating radio stations for dependable navigation.

The relief pilot and alternate engineer rode extra seats always set aside for the crew in the passenger cabin. This second platoon is carried along because federal air-safety regulations limit crewmen to 12 hours on duty at a stretch, and New York-to-Paris takes about 14 hours. A pilot or engineer can get a little groggy manipulating gadgets and staring at dials too long.

Exactly four hours after take-off, Talbott let the Connie down gently at Gander, an unglamorous hangar-and-barracks community thrown up with wartime haste in the thick Canadian woods. "Wouldn't mind a couple of weeks fishing up this way," he said as he led his crew down gray hangar corridors to the dispatcher's office.

"Welcome to Newfoundland," was the dispatcher's greeting. "Salmon are running nice." It was almost as if he had heard Talbott's remark, but the coincidence was not unusual because he knew of Talbott's hankering to hang up his crusher hat in a few years and live in semiretirement hauling vacationers on fishing trips in his new cabin cruiser.

"You'll never retire," the dispatcher said. "Ten years from now you'll still be screaming from 20,000, 'Give me another altitude. Lot of damn' ice up here.' "

The captain smiled. "Wanna bet?" he asked, and turned his attention to the up-to-the-minute weather map the Gander meteorologist had drawn on the basis of hundreds of reports radioed from ships and planes. The weather all the way to Paris looked easy to get along with. Talbott and the navigator then examined the dispatcher's calculations on the fastest route to the French coast, based on a remarkable new method of figuring that cuts flying time by taking detours. The calculations, which figured to take the plane far north of the straight-line great circle course, double-checked okay.

Just short of an hour after the Gander landing, the Star of Delaware was in the air again, making tracks for Paris. The second platoon had taken over the copilot's and engineer's seats; the first platoon had taken over the crew bunks. The navigation and radio sections were open for business. The cockpit, busy enough on the trip to Gander, now began to bustle like Macy's before Christmas.

The plane had barely cleared the ground before the navigator was up to his elbows in charts, dividers, plotters and pencils. The engineer pulled out his fuel-consumption charts and started calculating how much gas the plane should burn on the climb to 17,000 feet. The radioman punched out a staccato rhythm on the old-fashioned wireless key at his desk. Eighteen minutes after take-off, he got through all the way to Paris, far out of normal range of voice transmitters. The Morse code message read: "TWA 932 QTN (departed) CYQX (Gander) 2059Z (8:59 P.M., Zebra time) QAH (cruise) 17,000 QRE (expected arrive) 0628Z (6:28 A.M. Zebra time)."

Advantages of "Zebra Time"

Zebra time, four hours ahead of New York daylight time and figured on the 24-hour clock, is the time at the Greenwich meridian. It is used for all plane-to-ground messages. Otherwise, if clocks had to be changed in one-hour installments as successive time zones were crossed, the confusion would be horrendous.

Talbott was handling the wheel. Relief pilot Rollie Wirth, after realigning the gyroscopic with the magnetic compass, pulled out a cigarette.

Position reports are made at least once an hour over the ocean so that air-sea rescue units will know where to concentrate a search in case a plane suddenly stops checking in. Forty minutes out of Gander, navigator Ben Blythe told radioman Ben Hurt the plane was over Shark intersection. The radioman relayed the information to Gander. If you looked below when the Star of Delaware reported being over Shark, all you could see, in all directions, was ocean. Shark is simply a figment of the imagination of Canadian-American air-traffic controllers—an arbitrarily defined spot on the globe 49 degrees 40 minutes north, 51 degrees 30 minutes west. The authorities have spotted such imaginary gateways up and down the coast and laid down regulations that all transoceanic air traffic enter or exit through them. These gateways have no official connection with continental air-defense commands, but anybody picked up on radar sneaking through a back alley is likely to find an inquisitive jet fighter looking him over in no time.

Having checked in at Shark, the navigator gave Talbott a new compass heading to follow—109 degrees. Now we come to that ingenious figuring technique for saving flying time by going the long way around. Based on a formula that looks like a holdover from an alchemy experiment but is really the outgrowth of wartime research, the calculation method is a little like saving time in your car by taking a winding back road to avoid traffic slowdowns on the main road. Only you don't keep turning the wheel in the plane as you turn the car wheel; you hold the wheel steady on a single heading and let varying wind currents snake you along the back-road course.

The formula works this way:

You start with a number derived from the difference between the barometric pressure where you are and the barometric pressure where you're going. (That simple number is really a summary of all the forecast wind currents en route.) You multiply the wind currents by a number relating to the latitude in which the ocean hop takes place. You divide the result by the plane's average air speed. The answer—provided the weather forecasts hold up—will be the number of miles right or left of destination you will finish up if you bird-dog straight for it and don't

Captain Robert H. Talbott has his meal brought to him in the cockpit

Radioman Ben Hurt naps en route to Gander, where he goes on duty

Purser Leon Walling and hostess Merry Bennett preparing a meal

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ke a bargain basement at Christmas

bother about cross winds blowing you this way and that.

Suppose the formula tells you the net effect of all the different wind currents will be to blow you past your destination so many miles to the right, south of your course. In that case, instead of setting a course straight for your destination, you point the plane so many degrees left of the straight-line course in order to compensate for the total drift to the right. And no matter how far you are blown left toward Iceland and then right toward the Azores, you should come out right on destination. Not only that, but you'll make the trip in the fastest possible time.

Figuring on Wind Currents

Sounds incredible, but it works. Let's take the formula and see how it specifically worked for Flight 932, which was supposed to hit the French coast at the radio beacon at Ploneis. The calculation was made, you'll remember, in the dispatcher's office at Gander. It showed that if the Connie set a bird-dog course for Ploneis, wind currents en route would probably guide the plane across the French coast 58 miles to the right of Ploneis. It was then simple to calculate that the plane should fly with its nose pointed two degrees left of the bird-dog course in order to hit Ploneis on the button; hence, the 109-degree compass heading the navigator told Captain Talbott to follow.

As the flight turned out, the Connie flew in an arc that veered as far as 76 nautical miles north of the great circle, or shortest-distance, course. But it beat the great circle flying time by 20 minutes. It costs about $1,000 an hour to keep a Connie in the air. If the air line could cut out 20 minutes on each of its 64 ocean crossings a week, the annual saving would come to more than $1,000,000.

The freak of nature that makes the formula possible is this: wind currents in the temperate zone between North America and Europe blow in regular circular patterns—enormous spinning towers of air, hundreds of miles in diameter, ambling about the ocean. In a high-pressure area, the tower of air spins clockwise; in a low-pressure area, counterclockwise. Thus, when flying from New York to Paris, you can save time by picking up free shoves from tail winds on the north (top) side of clockwise highs or the south (bottom) side of counterclockwise lows.

The locations of the high- and low-pressure areas are all spotted in the barometric pressure figures that go into the formula. The single compass heading which the formula tells you to follow manages to avoid all the head winds and ride all the tail winds. You'll wander way off the great circle course, but the extra speed from the tail winds will pay big dividends in shortened flying time. If the pressure figures that go into the formula change on the way, the navigator keeps abreast of any changes. All he has to do then is put the formula through its paces again and work out a new compass heading. You can't go wrong.

So 109 degrees it was, and Talbott climbed the Connie on course past 15,000 feet toward its assigned altitude of 17,000.

"I wish Airways Control hadn't turned down our request for 19,000," he told the copilot. "Better tail winds up there."

"I don't remember the last time I got an altitude I asked for," said Marquardt. "I love our European cousins, but it always turns out some Britisher or Dutchman is taking off in front of me hogging the best winds."

"I think we ought to take it up with the United Nations," Talbott said.

At 21:45 Zebra time, the radioman tuned in 500 kilocycles—international distress frequency—to keep an ear open for any plane or ship in trouble. Radio operators on planes and ships all over the world were also tuning in at exactly the same time. The "listening watch" is kept for three minutes twice each hour. Radioman Hurt heard no SOS and tuned out.

Talbott leveled out the plane at 17,000 and switched on the automatic pilot, the greatest laborsaving device since the cotton gin. Ask any pilot. "George," as the autopilot is affectionately known in the trade, gave Talbott a chance to turn his attention to matters for which no one had yet rigged up gyroscopes. He was the captain on the bridge now; double-checking on the navigator's double-checking. He picked

Alternate engineer Sid Carter and hostess Merry Bennett checking through French customs after the Star of Delaware completes trip

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When pilots on ocean flights get tired, they have an ea

up from the radioman the latest weather reports dot-dashed from Shannon, Prestwick, London, Paris, Lyons and Geneva. Then he asked the engineer how things were going.

"The oil-pressure gauge on number three engine is dancing a little jig," the engineer said. "Probably nothing wrong with the engine—just a temperamental gauge. Think I'll switch to another engine and see if the same thing happens."

Talbott watched while the engineer connected the gauge to give a reading on number four engine. The needle gave the same wobbly reading it did on number three.

"Just the gauge," Talbott said. "When we're an hour and a half out of Paris, let's radio ahead and tell them the next crew will need a new gauge before taking off for Zurich."

"Will do," said the engineer.

Time to "Establish a Fix"

It was an hour since the plane had checked in over Shark—time for the navigator to try to pin down the plane's position again or, in navigator's lingo, to "establish a fix." It was a time of day when most of his navigation tricks couldn't work. The sun, painting a vivid orange sunset dead astern, was too low for a sextant shot. The stars weren't out yet. And a marshmallow cloud layer below concealed the whitecaps that would have enabled him to calculate wind drift through the drift meter. But neither sleet nor rain nor anything else—except a broken instrument—can mess up the formula. Just as it is used to measure total drift for an entire trip, it can be called on to measure the number of miles of drift between the last "fix" and the current position. That drift figure enables you to determine on the map the exact direction in which you have been flying. You can't pinpoint position, since you can make only a close approximation of the distance flown on that heading, but you're in good shape until the stars come out.

The stars obliged in time for the next fix at 23:29. Navigator Blythe climbed on a stool to peer through his periscope sextant. He took readings on three bright stars—Deneb (tail), Arcturus (guard of the bear) and Altair (bird). He translated the readings into lines on his chart of the ocean, and established a "fix" a little south of the predicted course but still a good deal north of the great-circle route. The plane was making 254 knots (292 miles an hour), helped by a 10-knot tail wind.

While entering these facts in his log, the navigator kept an eye on his radio compass, which was pointing to "Ocean Station Charlie," a nearby U.S. Coast Guard ship. Ocean Station ships are posted regularly at 10 spots in the North Atlantic under a 13-nation program co-ordinated by the UN International Civil Aviation Organization (ICAO). Their job is to feed out weather reports, guide planes with their radio beacons, and toss a life line to any ship in distress or a plane that might suddenly have to make an unscheduled stop at sea.

The Coast Guard cutter Dexter was manning the Charlie station at the moment. The navigator yelled forward to radioman Hurt that the plane would be abeam the cutter in 15 minutes. He suggested radioing position to the Dexter before checking in with Gander *again*. "Good idea," Hurt said. "You know, every time I call a poor buzzard on a weather ship, I feel like I'm talking to a guy in Siberia."

The radioman made contact with the Dexter on a voice frequency at three minutes to midnight, Zebra time, reporting that the plane would be 70 miles south of its station at 10 minutes after the hour. He asked if the cutter could pick up the plane on radar to verify the position. While waiting for the Dexter to study the radar blips, the radioman checked in with Gander. The cutter called back and said that the Connie was too far away to pick up on radar (which won't bend around the earth's curve).

The shut-eye schedule showed that it was Captain Talbott's turn to take over one of the crew bunks. He routed out Dick Marquardt to share the flying with Rollie Wirth. But, before turning in, he went into a huddle with the navigator to see how the HOWGOZIT was going. The HOWGOZIT is another bit of paper work for the paper-harried navigator, and the name is simply a lazy way of saying: "How goes the fuel supply?" It's nothing but a graph with a few innocent-looking lines and arrows that can save a lot of embarrassment. A couple of lines drawn before take-off show how much fuel you should have burned for the number of miles you've gone. Another drawn gradually en route shows whether the engines are sticking to their ration. The graph screams "trouble" long before you might suddenly find yourself still four hours to fly at sea, with only three hours' fuel left and not a gas pump in sight.

The arrows are added to enable the pilot, in case of emergency, to make a quick decision on whether to head back to Gander or push on to France. One is labeled "Point of No Return," meaning: when you've passed here, forget about Gander, you couldn't make it if you wanted to. The other is labeled "Equal Time Point," meaning: when you've passed here, whether you can make it to Gander or not, it's quicker to France.

The navigator told Talbott: "We'll have enough extra gas to make Berlin if we have to." (The flight took 5,038 gallons.)

Talbott replied: "Any time Paris is weathered in, I'm heading for the Riviera, not Germany." He bade the navigator, *"Bon soir!"* and crept into his bunk.

At Work on the Flight Log

Blythe quickly shoved the HOWGOZIT aside and, hardly pausing to light a cigarette, went back to his left-handed scribbling in the flight log. He had no sooner caught up with his bookkeeping than it was time to take another star "fix." Both the "fix" and the drift calculation from the formula still tallied, except for a few negligible miles, with the route mapped out at Gander. On a slip of paper Blythe wrote out a new compass heading for the pilots, who promptly passed the buck to the automatic pilot. The compass change did not mean that the formula had come up with a new drift correction; the nose still had to be pointed two degrees left of the straight course. But the new compass heading took account of nature's whimsey in failing to plunk down the magnetic pole right on the North Pole. Because of the divergence, you have to make allowances of so many degrees, the number depending on the plane's longitude. Longitude rolls by fast in a five-mile-a-minute Connie.

An hour later, Flight 932 had just about outdistanced the previous supply of stars and the navigator picked out three new ones for his "fix." He then got a double check from the formula and, half an hour later, a triple check from Ocean Weather Station Jig, which was near enough for radar to work.

KENNESAW

"I told you it wasn't easy to learn to drive, Bessie"

COLLIER'S — REAMER KELLER

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cape. They just let "George" do it

The coast of Europe now was a mere two and a half hours away, and numerous reassuring signs were popping up to vouch for the uncomfortably intangible statistics of the navigator. There were the Piccadilly accent of the Britisher manning Jig's radio and the brogue of the Shannon operator, to whom the plane's hourly position reports were now being directed. And dead ahead, less than four hours after sunset, were the spectacular advance streaks of the rising sun. Talbott stuck his head out from behind the curtains of the lower bunk and said to the navigator: "Hey, Blythe, how about hauling down that sextant of yours so I can close the door to the galley. You have to be an acrobat to put your pants on in here."

"How did you get them off?" the navigator asked, taking down the sextant.

"I don't remember," Talbott said.

Hostess Merry Bennett knocked and brought in hot coffee. Then she took over the lower for her own rest period.

"How many hours do I have?" she asked, before buttoning up the curtain.

"Not quite three," Talbott said.

"What? I thought I had four or five."

"Well, we'll just fly around a while," the pilot assured her. "Let us know when you've had enough sleep and we'll go in and land."

She stuck out her tongue and disappeared.

The navigator, a study in perpetual motion, now proceeded to fix the plane's position from a dozen different "road" signs. His performance in the next 10 minutes, with the radioman's help, was enough to make the most casual air traveler sit pop-eyed on the edge of his seat. The navigator tuned in, successively, the Bushmills (England), Ploneis and Shannon stations of a remarkable radio network known as Consol. (The stations squeak out 60-signal combinations of dots and dashes which, when decoded via special table, give the plane's direction from the station. The plane's position is where any two direction lines—or bearings—cross.)

Lindbergh Incident Recalled

The radioman meanwhile held down his Morse key to let three Royal Air Force stations take similar bearings, relaying them to the navigator. Then the navigator shot one last star "fix" before sunup, and finished off with another check from the formula. It was somewhere along here that Lindbergh yelled at the fishing trawler for directions.

The formula now showed that Flight 932 had drifted three degrees to the right over the past hour. The plane had ridden around the top side of the clockwise-turning circle of wind and, after pointing its nose for hours as though it were hightailing for the British Isles, had been whirled down toward the northwest tip of France—just the way the formula planned. Tail winds en route, however, had exceeded predicted speeds and the navigator now cut his estimate on arrival in Paris from 6:28 to six o'clock even, Zebra time; seven o'clock, Paris time.

"Half an hour earlier to hit the sack," said copilot Marquardt when the navigator announced the new estimate.

"I hope they don't stick us in that hotel right off the Étoile," said Talbott. "You can't sleep with those crazy French drivers tooting their horns all the way around the Arch."

"You should've grown up in Brooklyn," said engineer Carter. "I'll sleep."

Four hundred miles out of Paris, the cockpit began to buzz. Talbott called the air lines' station at Orly Field, Paris, and got an okay to descend to 9,500 feet after crossing the coast. Radioman Hurt relayed a final set of RAF bearings to the navigator. The hostess brought the pilots their breakfast while there still was time left before they had to take over the wheel from the automatic "George." Engineer Carter wrote out a message to radio the ground crew at Orly telling them to stand by with a replacement for the number three oil-pressure gauge.

Two Who Had Earned a Rest

The Star of Delaware hit the French coast on course just south of Brest at 04:49 Zebra time. It checked in over Ploneis five minutes later. That was the factory whistle for the navigator and radioman, who started to pack up while the pilots navigated for themselves again along French airways radio stations. The radioman went back to the washroom to shave. The navigator asked purser Leon Walling to bring him a cup of coffee, and took a long weary time folding up charts and log sheets strewn on his desk, putting plotters and dividers in the drawer, fitting the sextant in its case and straightening out the reference books in the shelf under the radio.

At 5:15, Captain Talbott notified Orly Field that Flight 932 had barreled down to 9,500 feet and was abreast of Jersey Island. He was cleared down to 3,500. The green countryside, daubed with patches of low white clouds, looked like green countryside anywhere in Indiana or Georgia. Just when you were beginning to pick out differences in farmhouse architecture, the unmistakable post-card landmarks of Paris emerged from the early-morning haze. Talbott called the Orly Field tower for landing instructions and circled to come in. The wheels screeched onto the runway at 6:03.

When the engines were stopped, passengers and crew filed out the rear door of the Connie and headed for customs. The officials cut formalities to a minimum and, while porters and taxi drivers hustled away with the stamped luggage, passengers exchanged a babble of greetings with friends who had struggled out of bed at dawn to meet them.

"How was the trip, darling?"

"Smooth as silk."

"You look wonderful, Sally. Were you able to sleep?"

"After dinner I just leaned back—and the next thing I knew we were flying over France."

"You're 20 minutes ahead of schedule, Fred. I almost didn't get here in time."

"These new planes are amazing. They fly themselves. Simple as taking a Pullman to Boston."

The crew bus was pulled up alongside the passenger coach and taxi stand. Captain Talbott checked in with the dispatcher's office. Most of the other crewmen wandered about the terminal, making odd purchases—all except the navigator, who was on the crew bus already, hat pulled over his eyes, sound asleep. ▲▲▲

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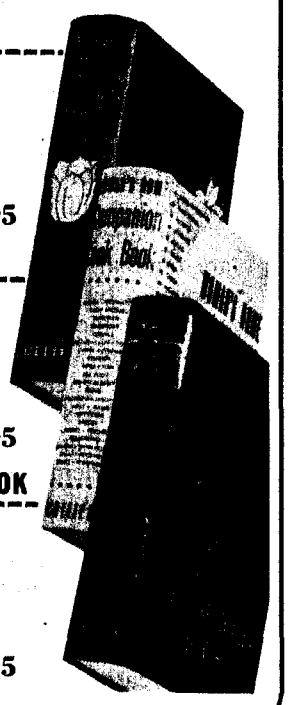

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LOWELL HESS

Here's How *We* Vote

JUST AFTER last summer's political conventions, and before the campaign was under way, Collier's announced its support of General Eisenhower's candidacy for President of the United States. Since then we, like the rest of the country's voters, have done a lot of listening, looking, reading and thinking. And now, with the election only a few days away, we want to restate our conviction that Ike is the man for the job.

We believe this, first of all, for reasons which are familiar and which have been exhaustively discussed by the candidates and their supporters. The theme of "time for a change" may seem today a little flat from overuse, but the need for change is something that time cannot wither. The scandals within the Truman administration are as ripe and unsavory as ever. The embezzlements, shakedowns, bribetakings, tax evasions, influence peddling and other messy doings are as real as when they were first disclosed. It *is* time for a change.

But there is another consideration that influences us even more strongly—our national security and the dangers that threaten it. For some reason, this overriding issue did not get the attention in the campaign that it deserved. But it was always there—the threat of further Communist aggression, or, what amounts to the same thing, the threat of a defeatist weakening of one or more of the free powers which would permit the Soviets a bloodless conquest. Either one of those catastrophes could put our country in imminent peril of war on this continent.

We do not underestimate the importance of many other issues which got a great deal of attention from the campaigners. There are grave difficulties and deep differences connected with such problems as civil rights, federal spending and taxes, lax security in government, the Taft-Hartley law and tideland oil deposits. But these are problems that can be worked out, as most of our domestic problems are worked out, through patience and compromise.

There is no time and no chance for compromise with Communist ambition, for the free world can hope for no spark of candor or good will from Moscow. The free world can only hope to negotiate from strength when it has strength, and that strength does not yet really exist. To gain it the free world needs not only a strong America, but a strong perimeter of hopeful, courageous, co-operative nations along the borders of the vast Soviet empire.

This is the problem which will face the new President, as it faces the present one. And we are convinced that no man in the United States is as well equipped to solve it as General Eisenhower. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the setting up of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, both military and civil, was a personal accomplishment of the general's. To say this is not to disparage the efforts of the statesmen, the officers and industrialists, the soldiers and workers of Europe and this country who have contributed much. Nor do we overlook the treasure of American citizens' dollars which have made the program possible.

But after all the human and material ingredients were assembled, it took General Eisenhower's unique ability, we believe, to organize and to persuade, to prod and to encourage, to inspire others with his hope, energy and selfless sincerity. It was his drive that enabled NATO to develop from the dubious gamble of its precarious beginning to a point where, today, it is at least within sight of its immediate goal.

That goal was despaired of only a few weeks ago, and it could be despaired of again. For the long-range goal of NATO, the military and economic integration of free Europe, is far from achieved. It will take leadership as well as effort to reach it. And we can think of no leadership so inspiring on both sides of the Atlantic as that of Dwight Eisenhower, whose record proves him a great general, a great administrator, a great patriot, a trusted friend of the free world, and a man most likely to arouse a wholesome and fearsome respect in the Kremlin.

Some have said that General Eisenhower, as President, would have much to learn about domestic affairs. That is true. But other men have had much to learn, too, and all of them certainly have not possessed greater intelligence and perception than the general. Further, the Republican candidate as a military commander had a knack of acquiring men of great capability as aides and advisers, and of getting them to work together harmoniously. We don't think that knack would desert him as President, and we are not worried.

What does worry us is the inexperience that Governor Stevenson would bring to the problems of foreign policy and foreign relations. He would have to learn, quickly, and for the sake of American self-interest, the many intimate and intricate details of getting the Western European nations and their leaders to work even more closely as a team, and—eventually and just as important—of getting the new free governments of Asia to do the same.

It is no discredit to Governor Stevenson that he has not had this experience. Nor do we hold to any theory of the indispensable man. We simply believe that of the lessons that both candidates would have to learn, those assigned to Governor Stevenson would be far more important and urgent and difficult, and that he is less well equipped to master them than General Eisenhower is to master the lessons of domestic administration.

We would like to end with the prediction that Dwight Eisenhower, if elected, will be a great President. We say this in the knowledge that he made mistakes in his campaign as a political amateur listening to too much conflicting advice. But let us not forget this: a Presidential candidate is not a President. The point of a campaign is to win, and in the course of campaigning, any Presidential candidate must be a great many things to a great many people. But once in office, the new President is, within the limits of our constitutional government, "the boss."

So let us, as voters, ask ourselves honestly what kind of "boss" we think each candidate would make. Which one has the better qualities of courage, calmness and assurance to bring to an exhausting and tremendously responsible office? What and how many are the commitments of each, and to whom? Which is the less susceptible to pressure, and therefore freer to apply his full strength to the great tasks at hand?

To us, the unqualified answer to those questions is Dwight Eisenhower. We hope, deeply and sincerely, that the majority of American voters share our opinion.

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